

March 31, 1965

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FOR 1965**

Page 2

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Pages 16-19

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MAKE YOUR OWN**

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 31, 1965

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WORTH REPORTING

SCOTTISH-BORN

Mrs. Jennett T. Stewart, of Edinburgh, finds little time for her own housework, although she is devoted to the housewife's cause.

Mrs. Stewart, at present visiting her daughter Joy, a nurse in Sydney, as part of a "daughter-seeing" tour (she also has a married daughter in Toronto, Canada), is minutes secretary to the Scottish Housewives Association.

She describes the association as "non-political, inter-

OUR COVER

● Governor Mark Hatfield, one of the new roses to be exhibited by leading nurserymen at the Rose Show arranged by the National Rose Society of N.S.W. at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, Sydney, on April 6 and 7. This one was grown by the George Knight Nursery at Homebush, N.S.W. The picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

poet—"very gloomy verse, mostly about what I call 'the human predicament'; member of the Edinburgh Festival Voluntary Guide's Association; member of the Scottish Patriots, an organization led by 73-year-old Miss Wendy Wood.

Wendy Wood has been gaol'd three times.

"But she's quite well acquainted with the C.I.D. now," said Mrs. Stewart, "and they seem to be rather good-natured about her seductive conduct these days."

Sister's first

ONE of the most popular awards at the Australian Catering Exposition, held at the Chevron Hilton Hotel, Sydney, was the first prize to Sister Casimir, in charge of catering at Lewisham Hospital, Sydney.

Sister Casimir has been 20 years at Lewisham.

"I came here as a nursing sister," she said in her soft,

gentle voice. "Then they wanted somebody to look after the kitchens. I seemed to be the only one interested. And I've loved it."

Sister's entry was in the category "One Cold Sweet Dish for 4 Persons." She entered an Orange Cream Charlotte Russe.

"I'm so excited," she beamed. "I've won second prize twice before. But first prize — that's wonderful!"

Sister Casimir was busy in the hospital kitchens when we visited her.

"I don't do as much cooking now as I'd like," she said. "Menus and orders take most of my time.

"We prepare over 230 meals a day here."

Her flower-filled office has about a dozen cookery books in a small bookcase. And right on top of the cabinet was The Australian Women's Weekly "Cookery in Color."

"It's a lovely book," said Sister. "I use it often."

● Sister Casimir in the kitchens of Lewisham Hospital, Sydney.



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H149

Cilla sets the style

● *A flair for mad clothes makes Britain's top-pop girl Cilla Black a trend-setter in young fashion.*

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NEW SOUTH WALES

IN Britain, everything Cilla wears is IN. Her "dolly" dresses (above-the-knee or ankle-length), her leather gear (boots, suits, coats, hats, and shoulder bags), and her mod-bob hairstyle are copied all over the world.

"I'm just crazy about clothes — any clothes, as long as they're different and fashionable," said 21-year-old Cilla.

"Collecting clothes is my hobby. I have hundreds of dresses, piles and piles of shoes, and so many mad hats I'm not game to count them.

"It's important to me that my fans think I look good. If they don't like something, I don't wear it again.

"One time I bought a crazy black and white patent leather dress and a few people laughed at it, so I gave it away.

By KERRY YATES

"I went really mad for this Australian trip. I brought more — and crazier — clothes than I've taken anywhere — about 20 outfits. Cilla has been in Australia since March 15 for concerts in Brisbane, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Perth.

"I've given up wearing long dresses, except for television shows — I can only wear them once, anyway. They're not fashionable any more.

"I don't like leather as much as I used to, because everyone's wearing it in London now.

"I never buy clothes in other countries, except maybe a cute hat or two, because I think English fashions are the smartest in the world at the moment.

"But I'd love to buy a white kangaroo skin coat and hat in Australia."

A big topaz ring Cilla bought in Hong Kong is the only jewellery she wanted to wear on this tour.

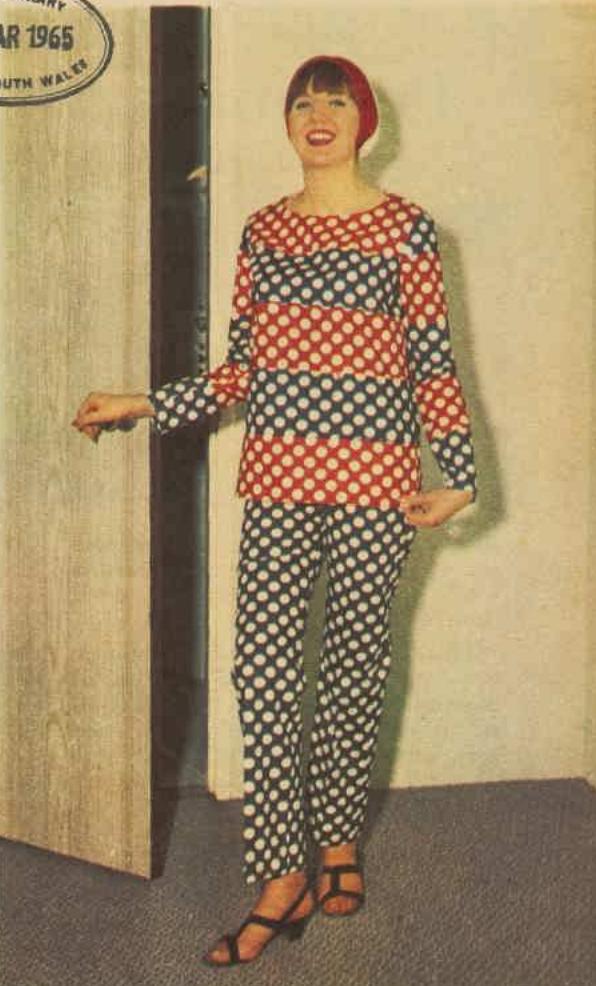
"I never wear jewellery, and I only like gimmicky pieces on other girls," she said.

"I spend about £100 a week on clothes. It seems a lot, but I often get six or seven new outfits a week."

Cilla, who insists that her pale English skin "browns and never burns," has with her two bikinis she bought in the Canary Islands.

"I came out of cold storage, you know. There's more snow in London than there's been for years," she said. "I promised I'd take home an Aussie suntan."

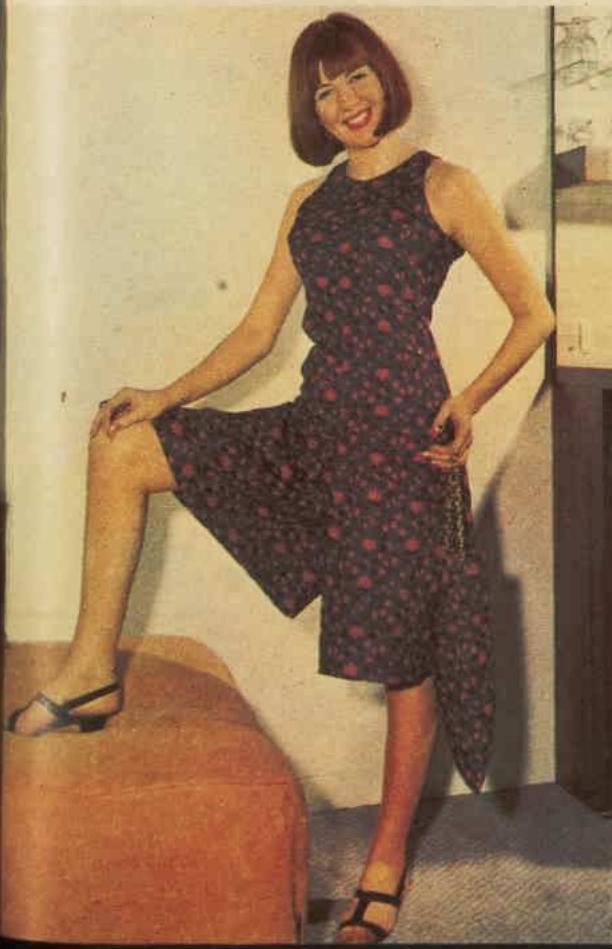
Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.



● *"I wouldn't dare to wear my crazy spotted slacks suit if I were in London. My friends there would think I'd really gone crazy."*



● *"I like pretty, feminine styles and materials, lots of bows and frills; girls to dress like girls."*



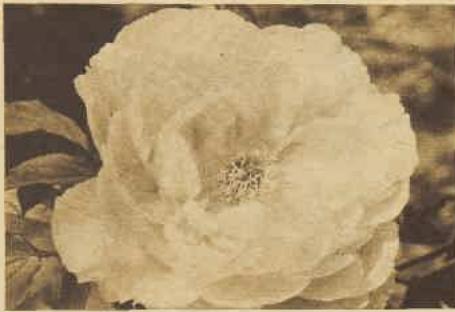
● *"I buy some dresses off-the-peg in Liverpool, but mostly they are made by my marvellous dressmaker in Kensington from ideas I find in magazines — particularly French ones."*

● *"For casual wear I just love the new slacks suits with bell-bottomed, hipster-style pants, matching jackets, and crazy-colored skinny tops — the Doctor Look, the very latest."*

NEXT WEEK:

All about Perennials

— Lift-out book



● Perennials, like the paeony rose above, are the backbone of the garden whose owner cannot devote as much time as he would like to his plot.

This colorfully illustrated eight-page book to keep lists 65 species of perennials, from the well-loved types to the unusual, with advice on each plant's "likes" and "dislikes," and how to grow them.

EASTER COOKERY



● A five-page feature of new ideas for Easter — gaily decorated eggs to trim your table or top your gift; delicious and decorative sweets and desserts; and some advice on Easter holiday cookery, telling how to plan easy but satisfying meals.

Chanel Spring frills, ruffles

● Chanel showed another dizzy success collection for Spring. But the success was not color or skirtline — frills and ruffles made the big news. Two color pages show how.

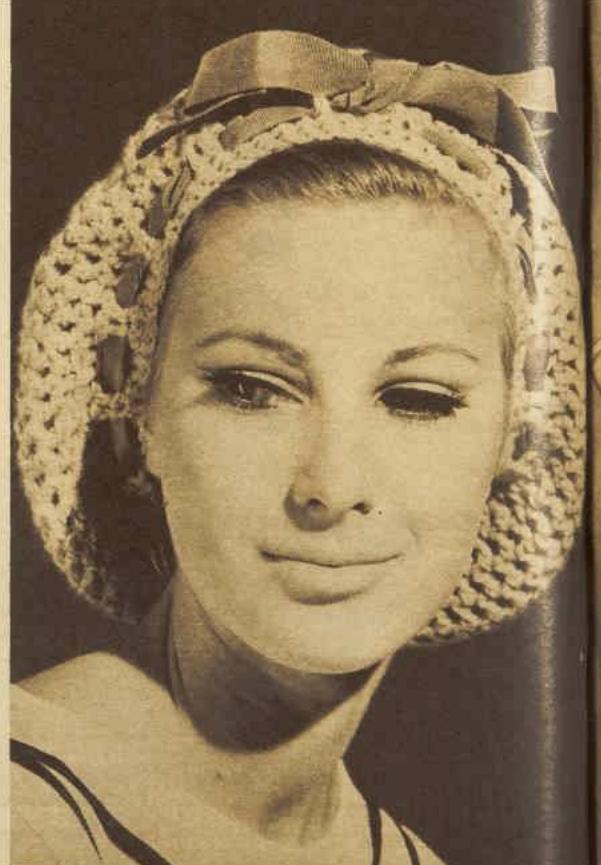
UNDERSTANDING TEENS

● Are problem 13-year-olds "menaces" — or just acting their age? A child-care expert presents case-histories to answer the vexed question.



BLACK MOHAIR mushrooms splendidly above an elasticised nylon band in this see-through snood of chef's-cap persuasion. A perfect design for winter.

PARIS has a dozen-and-one different ways of adapting the snood, all of them tops. The furred Dessanges version below makes much of the back of the head, is one of the prettiest.



WOOL CROCHET snood is handsomely threaded and bowed with matching grosgrain. Snood designs of this kind that cover all the hair are tipped to start off the season. Pull it back and down — and see what dash it adds!



NET LACE applique for evening in this airy little head-piece from Riche of London combines glamor with the practical points of the snood.

THE SNOOD— NEW AGAIN

• The versatile snood—new in Paris all over again since its heyday in the early 1940s—is here for winter. These newsy shapes cover up the hair, hold wispy ends, and perch prettily in all sorts of beguiling ways.



NARROW scrap of a satin band with a flat bow on top anchors this snood of fine black nylon on the back of a smooth hairdo and sets off its fullness to perfection.



CUTE chignon snoods—a pair of them—restrain unruly hair ends, add elegance to a topknot (black mohair) and back bun (cotton mesh). Both styles are trimmed with perky, shiny bows. (Six snoods featured here are from Henriette Lamotte Boutique and Roger Mulot Pty., Sydney.)



CHENILLE snood in brown and beige (left) with a satin bow at centre front. Hair may be a bird's nest underneath, but with this cover-up version who would ever know!

SNOODS TO
MAKE, page 61

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LIFE BEGINS AT 50

By KERRY YATES

● When Sydney housewife and schoolteacher Mrs. Peggy Deem turned 50 last year she hated it. She decided to have her hair re-styled, buy some brighter, younger clothes, learn to drive, and even take lessons in jazz ballet. Anything to fight feeling old.

"AND I'm a different person," said Mrs. Deem, who was 51 in February. "I feel more contented, healthier, and younger than I have for years."

Mrs. Deem and her husband, Victor, a chiropodist, have three children—Michael (27), Richard (20), and Angela (16)—and live at Maroubra.

She first decided on her "fight 50" campaign when a sister in Melbourne sent her the traditional gold gift for her 50th birthday.

"It was a lovely gold brooch but it made me realise I was really 50—and it was awful," said Mrs. Deem.

"Many women have a secret fear of reaching 50, but I had always thought I wouldn't mind."

"But when the day came, I did."

"I took a good look at my life and realised it was at a standstill. I was wasting it."

"I would come home from work to the shopping and housework and I rarely went out."

"Of course I was luckier than most women, as I have a job I adore," added Mrs. Deem, who teaches at Maroubra Junction Primary School.

"I went back to teaching about ten years ago after 17 years at home with my children, and I really enjoy it."

"But still I found myself becoming more and more tired and irritable. Suddenly I felt 50 and I decided to do something about it."

The first thing was to make an appointment with a hair-dressing salon, where she had her hair cut and set in a shorter, softer, younger style.

Worth it

"It worked wonders and I started to have my hair set every week, something I hadn't done for years," she said.

"All women should try to have a hair-set every once in a while—it's worth the money for the lift."

Mrs. Deem also decided to wear more make-up and take more time applying it.

"Instead of just a quick dab of powder on my nose and a bit of lipstick, I started using some of the marvellous



JAZZ BALLET class with Mrs. Deem in centre and her daughter Angela at left. "I've already lost two inches off my hips, and have a 35-26-36in. figure," Mrs. Deem said with delight.

night creams, skin tonics, and foundations available and my skin soon looked much better for it," she said.

"I even began to wear a little eye make-up, something I'd always admired on younger women but never bothered with myself."

Also last year Mrs. Deem, who usually makes her own clothes, saved up and bought a few dresses.

"I like sewing but I just wanted to spoil myself for a change," she said.

"I bought a couple of nice cotton shifts, and a lovely bright yellow summer coat, which I'd have thought twice about buying even ten years ago, but which makes me feel great now."

Mrs. Deem gave away all her dark clothes and started wearing pastel shades, mostly pinks and yellows.

"In their 50s many women become sloppy in their dress with the attitude, 'I'm too old to bother any more'—but that's the age when dress is so important, for you're not young enough to get away with looking sloppy."

Another thing Mrs. Deem did last year was learn to drive. After 30-odd years of thinking about it, she finally enrolled at a driving school and after five lessons got her driver's licence.

"I was thrilled," she said. "I'd always wanted to drive but thought I'd never be game enough to go out in the Sydney traffic."

"I'm strictly a 30 to 35 m.p.h. driver but feel very confident and I'm never out of our family car now. I spend most of the weekends and some nights during the week popping off to visit my friends—it's lovely."

"I've already been on several long trips around N.S.W. and plan to visit a sister in Melbourne and one in Tasmania."

Mr. Deem is very proud of his wife's driving effort.

"She's confident, and competent too," he said.

"We think it's great too," said Richie, Mrs. Deem's younger son.

"Angela and I used to tease Mum about driving when she first started to learn and we never thought she'd make it."

"But she's really good."

Mrs. Deem thinks the most marvellous thing about driving is to be able to go shopping in a car after so many years of dragging parcels home from the shops.

"I used to feel so exhausted, but now I feel 100 per cent better off. Shopping is no longer a burden, but rather fun."

In fact, six months ago Mrs. Deem was feeling so fit she decided to join her daughter's jazz ballet class.

Leotards

"In my younger days I used to play a lot of tennis and golf but over the past few years I felt too old and tired to be bothered—but not any more," she said.

"Jazz ballet is quite hectic and calls for a lot of energy, but I really enjoy it."

As Mrs. Deem couldn't attend special classes for housewives in the daytime, her teachers, Cor de Regt and his wife, Anita Ardell, invited her to join a Tuesday night class with Angela and about 15 other students, boys and girls 30 to 35 years her junior.

And clad in black leotards she does difficult "West Side Story" type dance routines for an hour every week.

"I mightn't have the 'oomph' and youthful bounce of the rest of the students but I can manage all the mechanics of the jazz steps."

again—something I'd never done for years," she said.

"I was at the pool with some of my schoolchildren one day and they dared me to dive instead of pushing off from the side, and I did."

Mrs. Deem is already enthusiastic about other plans for her 50s. She wants to play chess well ("My son has already taught me to play but I want to be good enough to join our local chess club"), redecorate her home ("I've so many plans for my husband when he retires"), and take lessons in continental cookery."

And some day she'd like to do a couple of night courses at technical college, including one in advanced mathematics and motor mechanics.

"I think all women should have some interest away from the home and 50 is a fine age to start doing some of the things you've always planned to do," said Mrs. Deem.

"At that age the worries of raising children and building a home are usually settled and you find more time and money for yourself."

"Life doesn't end at 50; in fact, it can begin again. I've proved it—50 can be fun."



FAMILY GROUP, from left, Richie Deem, 20, Mrs. Deem, Angela, 16, and Mr. Deem, who is proud of his wife's driving and dancing.

SHE'S A NEW WOMAN

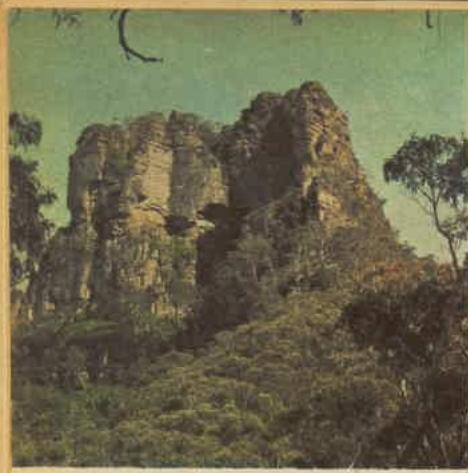


SNAPSHOT above shows Mrs. Deem before she decided that life began at 50. At right, as she is today.

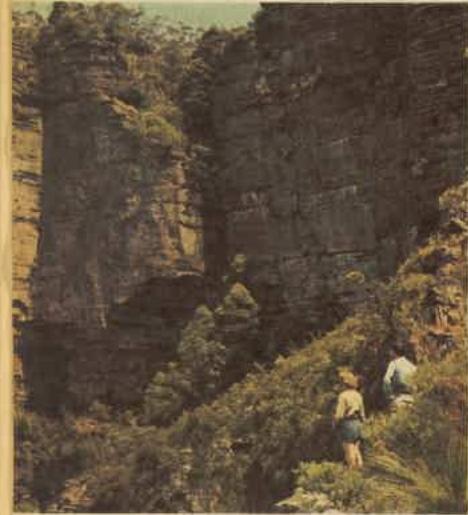
"So many women make the mistake of dressing in old-type 'grandmother' clothes when they're far too young," she said.

"No woman over 40 should wear black. Pastel colors are so much more flattering. A woman can look smart at any age."

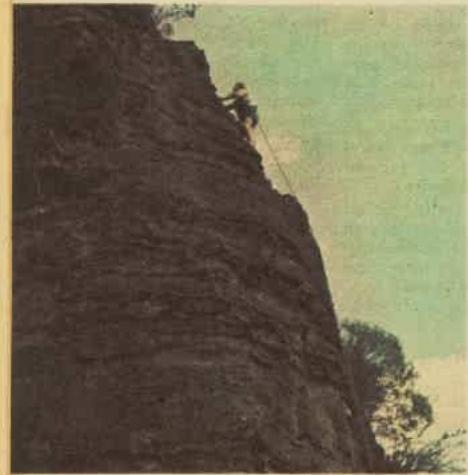




1. Narrow Neck Bluff. Climbers' route was up the right-hand corner. Compare with picture 4, below.



4. Walking between crags, high on Narrow Neck Bluff, Paul and Lynette survey its stupendous face. (Compare their position with picture 1, above.)



5. Lynette silhouetted against the sky on the last crag before the main face of the Bluff. This was quite early in the climb.



6. View (left) of Mt. Solitary and the Ruined Castle from the top of the last crag before the Bluff's main face.



2. Lynette (right) leads the third pitch, a gully between two of the minor bluffs which stud the ridge as it sweeps up to the cliff's main face.

3. Paul Smith (right) joins Lynette on the crest of a crag. He was second to her lead in the team of three, and is protected here by the belay she has made.



TOPPING A CRAG

Lynette looks up astonished to see that after 2½ hours' climbing there is still a lot of Narrow Neck Bluff towering overhead. View from near this spot is shown at left in picture 6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

THE TRIUMPHANT DAY...

when Lynette, 12, led the rope on Narrow Neck Bluff

By Lynette's father, George Brown, of Heathcote, N.S.W., who also took the color pictures during the climb in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

MY youngsters have always been free to come along on most of my forays; accordingly they have each had an early introduction to rock-fishing, bushwalking, etc.

For over 12 months now one of my principal pastimes has been rock-climbing instruction with the Senior Scouts, and so the little Browns have also had an early close-up of the grand sport.

So far only the eldest girl, Lynette, 12, has been bitten with the climbing bug; right from the first she wanted to climb!

Now, Senior Scouts, aged from 15 to 18, are very different from a small girl; most of them are as big as I am, and not a few of them really tower over me.

The Rock Climber Badge course for Senior Scouts has its critics, who maintain that the pastime is too dangerous for teenage boys. I have refuted this hotly; as an active participant, myself trained in climbing by the Scouts, I have every faith in the course.

So I gave Lynette my blessing.

We make an oddly assorted pair when climbing together, but a wide vista of mutual fun and adventure has been opened before us.

After initial training on low cliff faces, Lynette was ready to tackle some of the easier climbs in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., but neither of us was prepared for the triumphant day when Lynette led the rope on Narrow Neck Bluff.

On that weekend Lynette made one of the easier climbs on Narrow Neck, and also the Three Sisters, all at middle man, the safest and least responsible position on a rope.

That Saturday she showed, for the first time, very good balance, nerves of steel, and, most important, a real instinct for the best line on a face. She repeatedly took a better route than I did.

Best of all, her belays and safety practice were tip-top, and I realised that my tomboy daughter had the makings of a real climber.

On the Sunday we climbed Narrow Neck Bluff, possibly the most impressive of all the grand cliffs of Katoomba. The Bluff juts out from Narrow Neck over the knife-edged ridge which joins Mt. Solitary and the Ruined Castle to Narrow Neck Peninsula.

The start, up a ragged sort of chimney, appeared easy. I asked Lynette if she would like to lead. "Do you think I could, Daddy?" asked Lynette in astonishment.

Up she went, and that was it.

There is no greater pleasure in climbing than to lead a rope where you have not been before, and Lynette, with the bit between her teeth, gave a faultless exhibition for over three hours. She led all but the two most difficult pitches, but the pity was that Dad was too tied up with his duties as second to take pictures.

Accordingly, we planned to climb it again, this time with a rope of three so that I could be released to use the camera.

We finally made it with Paul Smith, of the Caringbah (N.S.W.) Senior Scouts. Paul holds the Rock Climber Badge, so he is ahead of Lynette, but he most unselfishly climbed as second to let her lead.

Whenever I show these pictures my contemporaries shudder—"Isn't it dangerous?" "Oh, that's too hard for a little girl!" etc., etc.

The trouble is, a lot of my contemporaries have lost the use of their legs. Lynette climbs because she wants to, on climbs of her own choice, and for her it's pure fun.

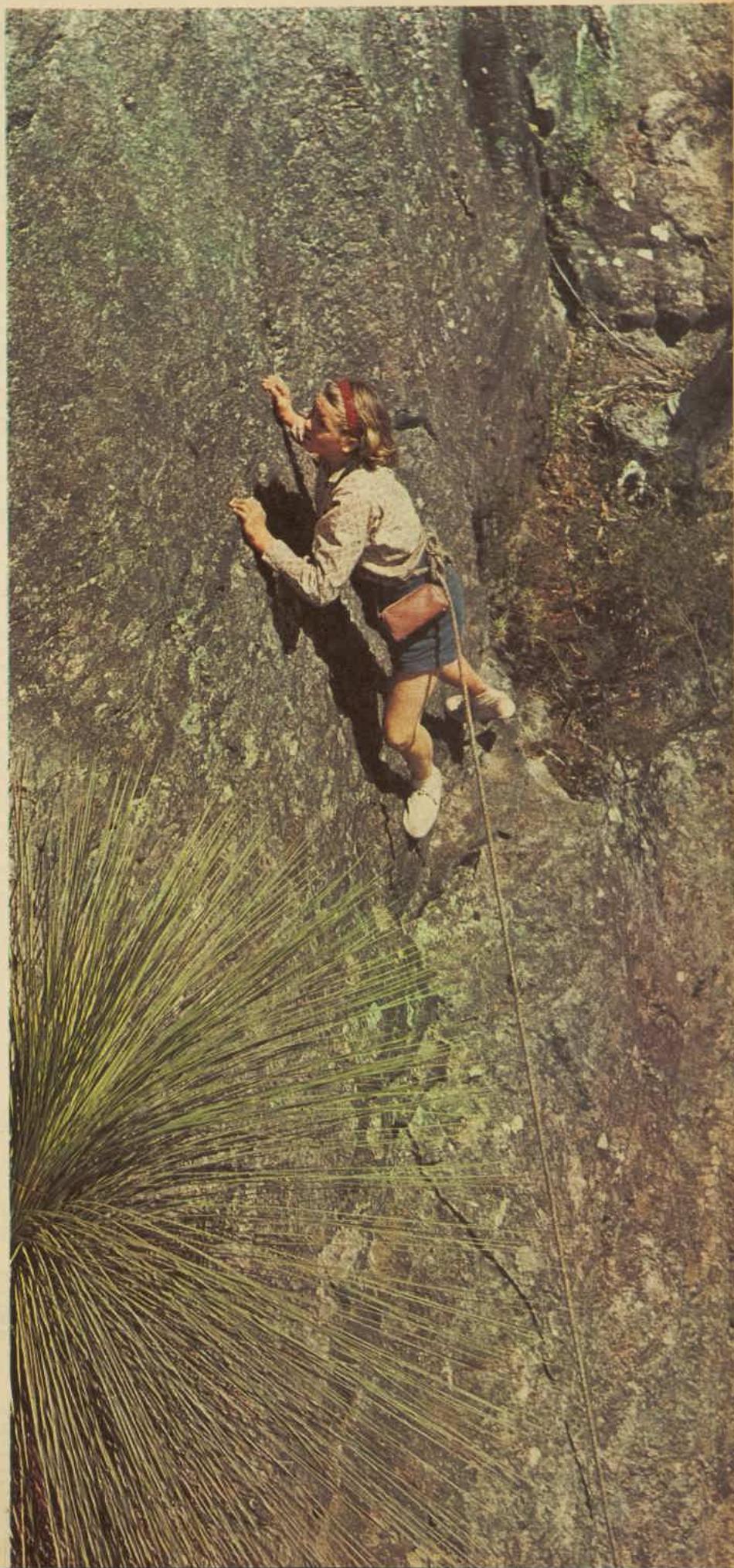
She's a little young to realise that each time she has to call on her determination, or summon up a little more courage to make a move, she is exercising resolution and her powers of decision just as surely as her muscles.

A climber never thinks that he has "conquered" a crag or a mountain; his satisfaction after a successful climb lies in the knowledge that he has surmounted great potential dangers through training and teamwork.

His only "conquest" is over his own weaknesses—fear and recklessness.

THE FOURTH PITCH (right) on the Bluff. Lynette's father commented: "Lynette shows nice balance here; her body is clear of the rock. Most beginners tend to hug the rock unnecessarily."

LEFT: Mr. George Brown during training at Kuring-gai, N.S.W., pictured by Rod Hope.





Mrs. Fay Eisenhauer of Panorama Road, Lane Cove, N.S.W. loves her new, lively good looks — and counts on All-Bran to help her keep them!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more

"Now I feel like a new personality"

Young mother Mrs. Fay Eisenhauer is a picture of health — with a clear, glowing complexion, sparkling eyes and a bright, bubbly personality! Yet only six months ago she had all the symptoms of irregularity. "My skin was dull and drab," Fay said. "There were dark smudges under my eyes... even my hair was out of condition." That's when she switched to All-Bran for breakfast.

Renewed verve and energy. "I had read in advertisements how All-Bran helps you feel better all round while it maintains regularity," she explained. "But I was still amazed when in a matter of days I began to get back my

old verve and energy... and at the end of a fortnight my skin had cleared up completely! All-Bran is such a delicious way to get bulk and nourishment — no wonder I wouldn't have anything else."

How All-Bran helps you! All-Bran isn't a medicine or drug. It's a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital bulk your system must have to gently, naturally maintain regularity. When you enjoy All-Bran each morning, you're helping yourself to new health and vitality, a new enjoyment of life! Prove it for yourself! Put All-Bran on your shopping list now.



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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

ONE of the "doctors in the house" at the Rotary Colonial Ball, on March 26, held for the Bathurst Sesquicentenary celebrations, will be Dr. Hugh Busby, great grandson of the city's first surgeon.

Setting the pace for the 1815-1860 period theme of the ball, to be held in a huge former Army store at Kelso, near Bathurst, will be two Cobb and Co. buggies, centrepieces of the decor.

The expected 2250 guests will all be dressed in costumes of the period and will dance to a modern and an old-time band. President of the organising committee, Mr. Charles Kohlhoff, and Mrs. Kohlhoff, together with the Mayor and Mayoress of Bathurst, Alderman and Mrs. Parnham, will be among the official welcoming party.

Country people who have planned to take parties to the ball include Mr. John Tracy and Mr. Bob Blacklock, of "Rokey," Sodwalls, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sutherland, of "Wirringulla," George's Plains, who will have Mr. and Mrs. John Bambach, of Vaucluse, as their house-guests, and Mr. and Mrs. Rowan Hickson, of Bathurst, whose party includes Mr. and Mrs. Clive Evatt, jun., and Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Henchman.

FASHION honors to the younger set this week. I thought Libbi Rudwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cook Rudwick, of Roseville, looked so elegant at the Loreto Ball. She wore a full-length, delphinium-blue gown with a french lace top. The slim peau-de-soie skirt was widely ruffled at the hemline. By the way, Libbi has just returned from a holiday in Brisbane, where she stayed with former schoolfriends.

ATTRACTIVE Diana Thomson will entertain 150 young guests at a cocktail party which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Thomson, of Warrawee, will give for her at Elanora Country Club on April 9. The party will coincide with the opening of the Royal Easter Show, so Diana's guest list includes many country people, among them Howard Renshaw, of "Boogadah," Binnaway, newly engaged Marilyn Martin and Bim Thompson, Liz Buchanan, of "Delamere," Pokataroo, and Gayford Thompson, of Cassilis.



JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Townsend after their marriage at Christ Church, Coomadulla. The bride was formerly Miss Heather Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clarke, of "Comerford," Stockinbingal, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. R. S. Johnston, of Kempsey, and of the late Mr. M. T. Townsend. They will make their home at Stockinbingal.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Keith Stanton (left) with Lady Taylor at the champagne party held by the Torch Bearers for Legacy to open the exhibition of paintings submitted but not selected for the Archibald, Wynne, and Sulman prizes at Anthony Hordern's Florentine Galleries. Mrs. Niels Giddings, the president of Torch Bearers Entertainment Committee, welcomed guests.

NEWS from London of the wedding on March 27 of former Sydneyite Margaret Webster, who will marry Mr. Peter Sheppard at the Chelsea Old Church. Margaret is the daughter of Mrs. Beryl Goddard, of London, and Mr. Harry Webster, of Wollongong. She writes that she and Peter are planning a sumptuous reception at the Dorchester Hotel and will afterwards leave for a skiing honeymoon in Norway. They will return to Australia early next year to make their home in Perth.

MARATHON of farewell parties for the John Hendersons, of Killara, who sail for Europe in the Marconi on March 29, includes a cocktail party Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam will give for them on March 26. Among friends who'll wish them "bon voyage" are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Denis Rowe, and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Platt-Hepworth.

ANOTHER family leaving soon for far-away places are Mr. and Mrs. John Bovill and their daughter, Sancha, who'll fly to Athens, tour the Greek Islands, and then continue on to London. Before she leaves, Sancha will hostess a dinner party for eighteen guests on April 15 to welcome Londoner Deborah Vivian, who arrives the day before to spend a year in Australia.

I HEAR that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be guests-of-honor at a small family luncheon the Duchess' niece, Mrs. Philip Parbury, will give for them at her Edgecliff home during their stay in Sydney.

ONE of Mrs. Carl Wilson's most treasured souvenirs from her six months' overseas trip is a 160-year-old cautte of silver, still in its original cabinet. "I like it so much I can't resist using it for every meal," she said. Mrs. Wilson has been giving small dinner parties and luncheons to say "hello again" to all her friends — "It's been too hot to give a big party," she told me, "so I'm having four to six guests at a time."

ON the other hand, Mrs. Clarry Ball is hoping the weather will be fine and hot for the smorgasbord luncheon she's giving at her St. Ives home on March 24 to defray expenses for the Opera House Ball on June 18. The one hundred guests will include Mrs. S. T. Hibri, wife of the Consul-General for Lebanon, Mrs. Charles Eastman, and Mrs. Keith Yorston, who'll each bring a plate of food to the luncheon, which will be served around the swimming-pool in Mrs. Ball's lovely garden.

— JAYNE O'FLAHERTY



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. James Cotterill at the reception following their marriage at St. Anne's Church of England, Ryde. The bride was formerly Miss Genness McEvoy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude McEvoy, of Ryde, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cotterill, of Wallera Ranch, King's Canyon, Northern Territory.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bray, following their marriage at St. Philip's Church, Church Hill, with their attendants (from left) Mr. Peter Bradford, Miss Susan Bray, Mr. John Molyneux, and Miss Lyn McDowell. The bride was formerly Miss Betty McDowell, daughter of Mrs. Nell McDowell, of Neutral Bay, and of the late Mr. T. McDowell.



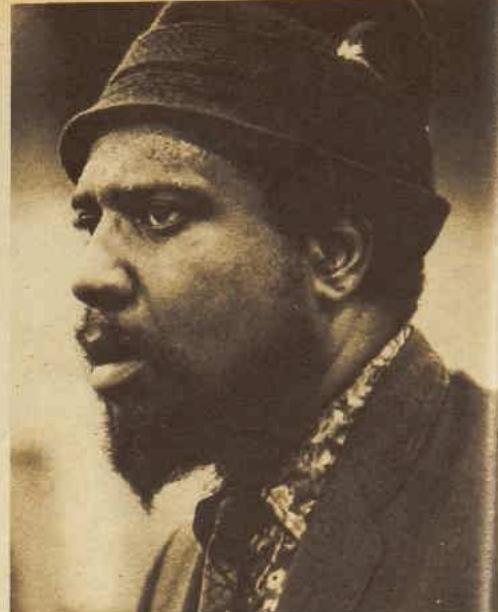
AT PREMIERE. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seidler (left) with Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Pile at the Australasian premiere of "The Yellow Rolls-Royce" at the St. James Theatre. The gala function was organised by the Cornucopia Committee to aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.



TRIO (from left) Mrs. A. F. Agnew, of Wahroonga, Mrs. Norman Clark, of Roseville, and Mrs. S. A. Butler, of Middle Cove, at the luncheon and fashion parade held by the Town and Country Committee at the Wahroonga home of Mrs. Vic Noble. Mrs. Noble and committee president Mrs. C. P. Ayers welcomed guests.



ABOVE: Debutantes Miss Catherine Armstrong (left) and Miss Diana Hogan with their partners, Mr. John Messara (left) and Mr. Nick Greiner, at the Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, Ex-students' Annual Ball at the Trocadero. Thirty-four debutantes were presented to the Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Herron.



MONK: High Priest of Bebop

... and he wants a Digger
hat for his collection

A USTRALIAN audiences should be prepared for a visual, as well as audible, performance by that eccentric genius of the jazz piano Thelonious Monk — due in Sydney on March 24.

The American negro virtuoso pianist and composer

By
ROBERT
FELDMAN,
in New York

may not bother to remove his overcoat, and he may possibly wear a hat during his gig (performance).

He will get up and do a soft-shoe dance during the drum riffs.

And he will probably wander all over the house when he should be on-stage leading his band, returning at the last possible moment to come crashing down, elbows and all, on the grand piano with the opening chord of his solo.

Don't expect him to bow, or acknowledge in any manner the audience. Count yourself lucky if he shows up on time.

Monk loves hats. He wears them always in public — Chinese coolie style, fur caps, silk skullcaps, baseball caps, and (odd-ons) Digger hats.

"Man, we got to have those," he exclaimed at first sight of the furred heads that came to greet him recently at Helsinki Airport.)

Thelonious Sphere Monk, 44, is certainly the kookiest, if not the best, of modern "name" jazz musicians. As they say, he's so far "out" he's "in."

Self-absorbed

The name fits so well you'd think it was invented after the fact: the man is individualistic, *o the r-* worldly, and self-absorbed.

On occasion, like a Trappist, Monk has the habit of withdrawing from the world — "disconnect," as he puts it — for days, speaking to no one, not even his wife, Nellie, or his adopted "mother," an unconventional Rothschild baroness

who pilots him round New York in her Bentley.

When he comes out of the trance, he is apt to head for the piano to work out some new idea, adding perchance an observation to reassure his friends, such as:

"Man, you know what the loudest noise in the world is? The loudest noise in the world is silence."

He is also — and this truth is too often obscured by his antics — a genuine jazz Great, an authentic genius of harmony and counterpoint who has earned the respect of world musical authority.

For a manager, he employs schoolteacher Harry Colomby, an old friend.

No luxury

Monk has a modest view of self that forbids indulgence or luxury.

He continues to occupy, with his wife and two children, the same cluttered two-room flat he lived in as a child in one of New York's worst negro ghettos.

His piano is in the kitchen.

Monk has never been addicted to drugs, but he has run foul of society several times, nonetheless, out of loyalty to friends.

The painful experiences which might have embittered another man have not soured him. He never put on the cloak of martyrdom.

"For a while I tried real hard to hate white people," Monk recalls, "but every time some white guy would come along and mess the whole thing up."

By the age of six he was picking out tunes on the piano by ear, in a style already offbeat, and at the age of 11 he was taking weekly piano lessons for 75 cents (about A6/9) a lesson.

But he remains basically a self-taught musician.

As part of his self-education, he listened to Earl ("Father") Hines, James P. Johnson, Teddy Wilson, "Fats" Waller, and other famous jazz pianists, admiring, but not imitating, them.

For two years he played the organ in a church.

At 13 Thelonious Monk was playing in local bands, occasionally for "rent parties," popular in Harlem

in the Depression, to raise funds to keep out the sheriff.

In those early days he played in the style of "Fats" Waller.

At 16 Monk left school and toured the U.S. for a year with a woman evangelist and faith healer.

"She healed and I played," he recalls.

Back in New York he entered the jazz world full-time, putting on a "zoot suit" and growing a beard.

In the late 1930s and early 1940s he joined a small body of jazzmen of his style, including saxophonist Charlie ("Bird") Parker, drummer Kenny Clarke, trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, and guitarist Charlie Christian.

Monk and his dedicated sidemen introduced, over a decade, the innovations that developed into the forms of modern jazz. These included bebop, whose flattened fifths and nervous rhythms made swing obsolete.

Bebop

Monk, who became known as "the High Priest of Bebop," has explained that he actually christened the new style "Bebop," but the word was misunderstood by his fellow musicians.

When be bop finally caught on, Monk was off in another direction, equally wide of the mainstream of jazz.

Working in dance halls and small bars for a pittance, he remained an inscrutable figure on the fringes of the popular music world.

In 1951 Monk and a musician friend were arrested when a packet of heroin was found in their possession.

Monk refused to let his friend take the rap alone and served 60 days in gaol.

When he got out, his cabaret card, the permit issued by the New York police to entertainers in New York nightclubs, had been lifted.

Monk spent six years in the wilderness before friends, notably the Baroness Panonia ("Nica") de Koenigs-warter, of the British branch of the Rothschilds, succeeded in getting the permit restored.

The Baroness, her Bentley, and the bottle of Chivas

Regal (Scotch) she carried in her large handbag became legendary in New York.

In 1957 things began looking up for Thelonious Monk.

The Village Vanguard and, more often, the Five Spot Cafe were turned into Monk-land for months at a time, with jazz aficionados soberly expertising at the expensive tables on the latest crazy innovation.

But in 1958 he lost his card again for two years when police found marijuana in a car he was in.

But that didn't stop him appearing in concerts at New York's prestigious town hall and at famous jazz festivals throughout the country.

Now Monk is becoming so accepted that no one would be surprised to find him suddenly mooching off in a new, untried direction.

But hardly anyone but Monk can play Monk's complex compositions.

Thelonious and Nellie have been married since 1948. They have two children, Thelonious and Barbara, at boarding school.

Travelling with the star are the rest of his quartet, Charlie Rouse on tenor, Larry Gales, bass, and Ben Riley, on drums—and his non-nonsense wife, Nellie.

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*the
CROYDE
look*

VIC. MELBOURNE: Ball & Welch, Miss Dobie, George, Miss Mooney, Mrs. CAMERON: May, Watson, CHADSTONE: Mrs. Frankston: Byrne's Frocks, GEELONG: Bright & Hitchcock, GLEN IRIS: Arles, KEW: Paulette, MALVERN: Delphine, NORTH KEW: Gay Girl, RICHMOND: Bettina, SOUTH YARRA: Delphine.

W.A. PERTH: Ahern, Beans, David Jones, Thompsons, MT. LAWLEY: Romaine, NEDLANDS: Shirley, PEPPERMINT GROVE: Marsha.

Q.LAND. BRISBANE: Allan & Stark, McWhirter, Lalla Webb, Woodward, TOOOWOOMBA: The Linen Chest.

TAS. LAUNCESTON: Vermila, HOBART: Mathers.

S.A. ADELAIDE: Martins, Miller, Anderson, Myer's, HAZELWOOD PARK: Linden Lodge, HYDE PARK: Tailorware, MALVERN: Anne Seymour, NORTH ADELAIDE: Simonetta, REYNELLA: Woolcock.

N.S.W. SYDNEY: Foy, Curzons, Farmers, Bowwits, Hardens, Richards, ALBURY: Spence, ARMIDALE: Curtis, CHATSWOOD: Daphne Reynolds, DOUBLE BAY: Zita Couture, GOULBURN: Ian Ferrier, GRAFTON: Vienna Styles, INVERELL: Mrs. G. G. G. JATOBOMBA: Wards, KINOS CROSS: Churchill, MOREE: The Frock Shop, NEWCASTLE: David Jones, ORANGE: Western Stores, PYMBLE: Prudence, ROCKDALE: Nancy Scott, TAMWORTH: Treloar, WAGGA: David Jones.

The Queen meets Duchess of Windsor at last



● Face to face across the years: the woman who might have been Queen, and the woman who became Queen because of her.

At the bedside of the ailing Duke of Windsor at the London Clinic after his eye operation, the Queen met her aunt-by-marriage, the Duchess of Windsor — and ended nearly 30 years' Royal ostracism.

Outside, crowds had gathered and were being held back by police. Onlookers likened the tension to the days of the abdication in 1936, when King Edward VIII gave up his throne to marry the American divorcee Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

Buckingham Palace said the visit was the Queen's own decision.

The only time the Duchess had met the Queen is recorded in her book, "The Heart Has Its Reasons."

By

ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

It was at Royal Lodge, where the Duke, then the King, took her to tea with the Duke and Duchess of York, when she was still Mrs. Simpson.

She recalls: "In a few moments the two little Princesses joined us. Princess Elizabeth, now Queen, was then ten, and Princess Margaret Rose was nearly six.

"They were both so blond, so beautifully mannered, so brightly scrubbed that they might have stepped straight from the pages of a picture book."

After their marriage the Duke and Duchess of Windsor lived out of England, pursued by the Press, always in the limelight, with a dignity not even their severest critics could fault.

The reason for the estrangement was the Duke's insistence that the Duchess be accorded the title of Her Royal Highness.

After abdication, when his dukedom was gazetted, it was subject to the special provision that the style of Her Royal Highness should not be borne by his future wife.

This provision was made "on the advice of Ministers" and at the insistence of Queen Mary.

How fiercely Queen Mary felt about the future Duchess

is revealed in a story the court jeweller told me.

Less than a week after the abdication, Queen Mary arrived with Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) at Garrards, the Royal jewellers, and asked that the heirloom pieces be taken from the safe.

"There was quite a celebration," the Royal jeweller recalled.

"On Queen Mary's previous visit after the death of her husband, she had driven up swathed in deep mourning, her face veiled, carrying a small velvet bag.

brief visits to members of his family in England.

When Queen Mary was alive, the Duke used to stay with her at Marlborough House. He had been left in no doubt about her attitude. Eighteen months after he abdicated, she wrote to him:

"My feelings for you as your mother remain the same, and our being parted, and the cause of it, grieve me beyond words. After all, all my life I have put my country before everything else, and I simply cannot change now."

As the years passed, the



THE DUCHESS of Windsor arrives at the London Clinic.

given permission for even still photographs of Sandringham.

The Queen's start in breaking the Royal ice should bring happier days to the Duke and to his sister, the Princess Royal.

As children, and when growing up, they were very close. It is said he chose her hats and dresses and helped her overcome her shyness as a young girl.

When he lived at Schloss Enzenfeld, Austria, in the months after the abdication, she visited him there with her husband, the late Lord Lascelles, leaving in such distress that the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

Over the years he saw his sister rarely, usually at Marlborough House when he stayed with Queen Mary.

Quiet visits

Since his mother's death, the Duke's visits to Britain have usually been on business.

Though few realised it, he had an office at Buckingham Palace.

When he brought the Duchess, they stayed quietly in the country with Lord and Lady Dudley, or with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, at Blenheim.

On Christmas shopping expeditions they stayed at Claridges.

The English have long admired the Duke for the discipline he has shown throughout his self-imposed exile.

Even his disappointment at not being given a more active part in World War II was taken with the same dignified attitude as all his other disappointments.

Watching the Duchess of Windsor leaving her lonely hotel suite to keep her vigil at the bedside of the man who gave up a throne for her, it becomes apparent that this is what they had between them that made the sacrifice worth while: a deep love, undying devotion.

attitude to the Windsors changed.

The nation has begun to feel solicitude for the ageing Prince Charming and an admiration for the wife who made their marriage such a happy one.

(The Duke said on their 20th anniversary: "If twenty years were to be erased, and I were presented with the same choice again, and in the same circumstances, I would act precisely as I did then.")

The first signs of a softening-up came from the Queen, when she gave permission for her homes to be filmed to illustrate the Duke's life for "A King's Story."

The Queen has rarely

INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK: New Broken Hill

By MARY BROKER

● The market certainly showed a sharp downward reaction to the increases in bank deposit and overdraft rates. But I think that things were taken rather too far; and the sudden rise after a series of heavy falls showed that the market thought so, too.

YOU may well ask why such a thing as increases in certain bank interest rates should have such a dastardly effect on the stock market.

The reason is that bank rates are being raised in line with bond rates and hence interest rates in general, so that money is dearer.

This leads to a tightening of liquidity — or money available — throughout the economy and makes it a little more expensive for industry to operate.

As I explained once before, too, yields on shares stay fairly closely in line with yields on Commonwealth bonds, so that any increase in the bond rate leads to higher yields necessary from shares, and therefore to lower share prices.

However, as I pointed out last week, times like this when the market is well down are the times to buy.

Of course, you need not buy into entirely new companies. In fact, a dull share market often provides excellent opportunities for "averaging down" or "dollar averaging."

This simply means lowering the overall purchase price of your shares. For instance, if you were averaging down on 50 C.S.R. bought at around 87/- last year (total cost about £220/4/-) and now decide to buy a further 50 at 65/- (total cost about £164/12/-), your average price would be 76/-.

Low price

If dollar averaging, your mean purchase price would be even lower. Having bought the 50 C.S.R. at 87/- for £220, you now put a further £220 into C.S.R., buying 67 shares at 65/- to cost you about £218. Your average price in this instance would be around 74/-.

This second system is well known in America, where a set amount is put into a given stock, say each year, giving a very low average price in the long term. Averaging down is more commonly used in Australia.

Over the next few weeks I shall suggest some good opportunities.

For the moment, I want to tell you about New Broken Hill Consolidated Ltd., one of the outstanding mining investments in Australia.

As the name suggests, New Broken Hill is the youngest of the companies operating on the Barrier, the present

company having been incorporated in England only in 1936. It is still controlled from the United Kingdom.

It is also slightly different from North Broken Hill and Broken Hill South Ltd., in that it does not have a huge portfolio of outside investments, so that its lead-zinc mining operations are virtually uncluttered.

The only diversification away from its basic mining is a 25 per cent interest in Sulphide Corporation Pty. Ltd., which operates a lead-zinc smelter at Cockle Creek, N.S.W., and through a subsidiary produces more than half the State's superphosphate fertiliser output.

Close tie

A 40 per cent interest is also held in Heron's Creek Timber Mills Pty. Ltd., which supplies most of the mine timber required by The Zinc Corporation Ltd. and New Broken Hill in their mines.

The remaining equity in each of these companies is held by Conzinc Riotinto of Australia Ltd., which emphasises the close connection between the two mining giants.

C.R.A. in fact owns 32% of New Broken Hill's capital, and is the company's manager in Australia.

With the booming lead and zinc prices of the last two years, net profit has multiplied more than three times from £stg.651,100 in 1962 to the just-announced record of £stg.2,178 million in the year to December 31, 1964.

Capital, I might add, is only £stg.1,221 million.

Dividend in the same period has been raised from 30 to 130 per cent.

Without the buffer of a sizeable dividend income, profits naturally tend to fluctuate in line with lead and zinc prices.

However, in an effort to reduce its already low costs, New Broken Hill is currently putting into effect an expansion programme which will increase output from 780,000 tons in 1963 to one million tons in 1967.

This increase in production will come from the zinc-rich "B" lode, where large-scale mining methods can be used. Moreover, reserves of higher lead grade ore will be conserved for the future.

The 5/- stg. shares (6/3d. Aust.) may look dear at 126/-, but with a 2-1 bonus to be made on May 3 your ex-bonus price will come back to around 42/-, which is not high for a stock of this calibre.

Fifty would cost about £319 and would give a total of 150 after the bonus.

PEYTON PLACE



THE FACES of "Peyton Place": (Foreground, from left) Ed Nelson, Dorothy Malone, Warner Anderson; (background, from left) Mary Anderson, Paul Langton, Barbara Parkins, Ryan O'Neal, Mia Farrow. BELOW: Mia Farrow (left) and Dorothy Malone, stars of the show. Dorothy, an Oscar winner, plays Constance Mackenzie, and Mia plays her teenage daughter, Allison.

- Wildly popular in America, "the continuing story of 'Peyton Place'" looks as if it's going to be almost as successful here. Based on Grace Metalious' controversial novel of the same name, the story tells of the happenings in a small American town—the loves, hates, and fears of the people involved.

"Peyton Place" is screened twice weekly on TCN9, Sydney (Mondays and Wednesdays, at 9 p.m.), and on GTV9, Melbourne (Mondays and Thursdays, at 8.30 p.m.).



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

Eartha would not be amused

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● **Mitzi McCall**, a comedienne in the Martha Raye tradition, does a delightful off-beat job in the Tuesday night edition of Channel 9's "Tonight" (9.30 p.m.).

PRETTY she is not, endearing she is—though I doubt if Eartha Kitt would find her endearing after her brilliant Eartha Kittening to "C'est Si Bon"—a splendid send-up indeed.

Charlie Brill is a good, straight-faced straight man, but why comedians feel they should do the pathos bit (this time a phone conversation between two star-crossed lovers) beats me, especially when the act is as old as Annie Laurie.

They'd be wise, too, to stop presenting themselves as a young couple trying to get along. From an overseas act I don't look for innocence but experience.

Flynn of the Orient

SAYONARA, Shintaro! Five o'clock is not what it was now that "The Samurai" has been replaced, on TCN9, by "Casey Jones."

Casey is a good, honest, clean-living all-American engine-driver (Walt Disney mass-produces the type—a breed that is upright, earnest, predictable, and as flavorless as your 71st hot dog), but Shintaro! Ah, there was a man! The Errol Flynn of the Orient.

True, he didn't have a vast range of facial expressions, but you laughed with delight when he gave you a smile and trembled with fear at his frown.

Shintaro and his Samurai sword had to take on eight armed men before the odds could be considered even. If there's more than one Shintaro in Japan, beats me how we ever won the war.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

A "brain" that doesn't think

COMPUTERS will only do what you tell them to do," said Gillian Stumbles, who programmes C.S.I.R.O. research data for their big new computer in Sydney.

"The computer won't think. It does as you instruct, even if you make a stupid mistake."

Gill, 27, is a South African who came back to Australia two years ago after she married Kevin Stumbles in London, where he was studying singing. He is chief radiographer at Mona Vale Hospital, N.S.W., and they live in Mona Vale.



GILLIAN STUMBLES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

● The world is in no danger of being taken over by the giant mechanical brains of computers.

Gill and her executive officer, Diane Castleman, programme the research from the C.S.I.R.O. radio-physics division and data from Parkes Observatory.

Outside firms can hire the computer for £15 an hour. "It's like a big calculating machine. You don't have to bother with the fiddly bits; you have to give it all the instructions and it does all the calculations," Gill explained.

"It can print, draw graphs,

and punch cards. If there's an error, you've told it to make an error. When anything goes wrong, you do get something printed out to tell you why, which is handy!"

"Every science student at university will soon have to do a course in programming, because you can't do science these days without using a computer. In three weeks or a month a student could learn enough to plan a simple programme," she said.

"For example, one of our current programmes involves 36,000 rainfall figures.

"We have records of 100 years' rainfall all punched on cards. It took the computer half a minute to do the actual calculation, which by hand would take the best part of a week. There were 395 separate calculations, adding and sorting these rainfall figures.

"We put through about 10 programmes in a week about 60 runs, and all this takes only about an hour on the computer. But it takes a whole week's work to get it there!"

— Jude Ainsworth



LITTLE MILLIE, star of the "Bandstand" special "Millie in Jamaica" on TCN9.

ON Saturday, March 27, at 6.30 p.m., TCN9 presents a "Bandstand" special titled "Millie in Jamaica," featuring a triumphant return to her native haunts of that mad, mad Millie of "My Boy Lollipop" fame.

On her seventeenth birthday last year Millie was given a golden disc celebrating more than a million "Lollipop" sales, and from her promoter and boyfriend (Chris Blackwell, 26, described as "the tall, blue-eyed, former aide-de-camp to the Jamaican Governor, Sir Hugh Foot") a 50c.c. motorcycle.

The producer of "Millie in Jamaica" said:

"We were there for the actual moment when she saw her parents and 12 brothers and sisters for the first time in two years."

The programme promises to be packed with plenty of Jamaican vitality and a new dance: the ska.

Little Millie's real name is Millie Small, and she comes from the slums of Kingston, where the 14 other members of her family still live in a shack deep in the heart of a sugar plantation.

Chris Blackwell was her Pygmalion. She was heading

the Jamaican Hit Parade (lots of kudos, very little cash) when he found her and brought her to England, where she studied speech training and dancing.

Now that she's on Hit Parades all over, I like to think the Jamaican Cinderella has been good for a few mods. cons. for the old folks at home.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Have you noticed how many things you have to get a licence for nowadays? If you want to get married, you have to get a licence; if you drive you need a licence; even to go duck-shooting or fishing you need a licence."

"The programme promises to be packed with plenty of Jamaican vitality and a new dance: the ska.

Little Millie's real name is Millie Small, and she comes from the slums of Kingston, where the 14 other members of her family still live in a shack deep in the heart of a sugar plantation.

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• **HITTING THE HEAD-LINES** in Paris—the revival of the marcel wave with deep, regular waving all over the head and a few wispy curls on the cheeks.

New Paris



FIRST STEP
(left). Hair is curled all over the head into long, parallel sausage curls.



WHEN curls are cool (right), hair is brushed out ready for waving, which begins at front of model's head.



WORKING
from part (left), top strands of hair are waved with tongs. Comb helps to form the deep waves.



WAVED top layer of hair (right) is brushed to opposite side, and other layers are then waved in a similar way.



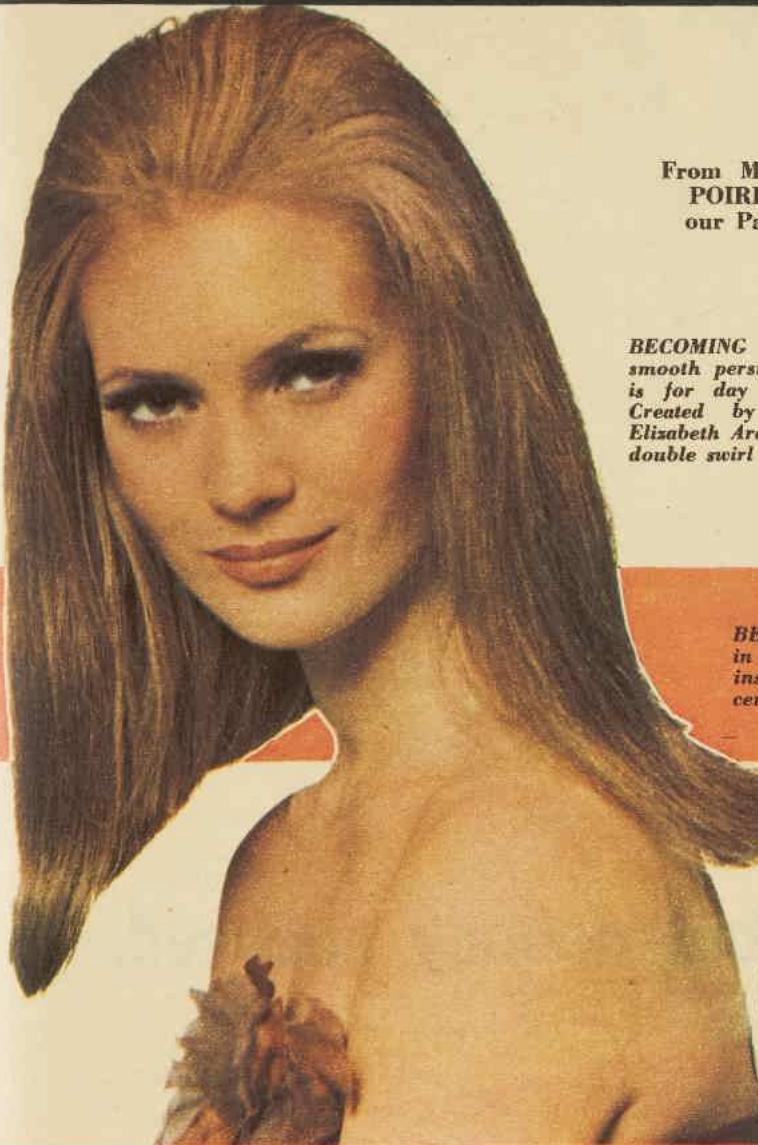
FINAL touch (left), with hair combed lightly into place in regular waves and face framed in wispy curls.



MARCEL-WAVED, face-framing hairdo by stylist Therese Chardin has taken Paris by storm, and many hairdressers are now doing fluffy versions of the old curling-tong waves and curls. Chardin's marcel is done with thermostat-controlled electric tongs so that hair cannot be harmed by overheating. Lotion inside crimping-bar keeps hair in good condition. In five pictures on this page, Chardin shows, especially for our readers, how she does the new marcel.

Hairstyles

• **CLOSE - HEAD SHAPES** with light teasing, Edwardian effects, and some soft in-between styles, lightly curved, are part of the Paris hairdo picture, too.



From MARCELLE
POIRIER, of
our Paris staff

BECOMING shape of
smooth persuasion (right)
is for day and evening.
Created by Claude, of
Elizabeth Arden, it ends in
double swirl over the ears.



BELOW: Edwardian appeal is still evident
in many new-season hairdos. Molinario took
inspiration from styles worn early in the
century for his upswept design with bangs.

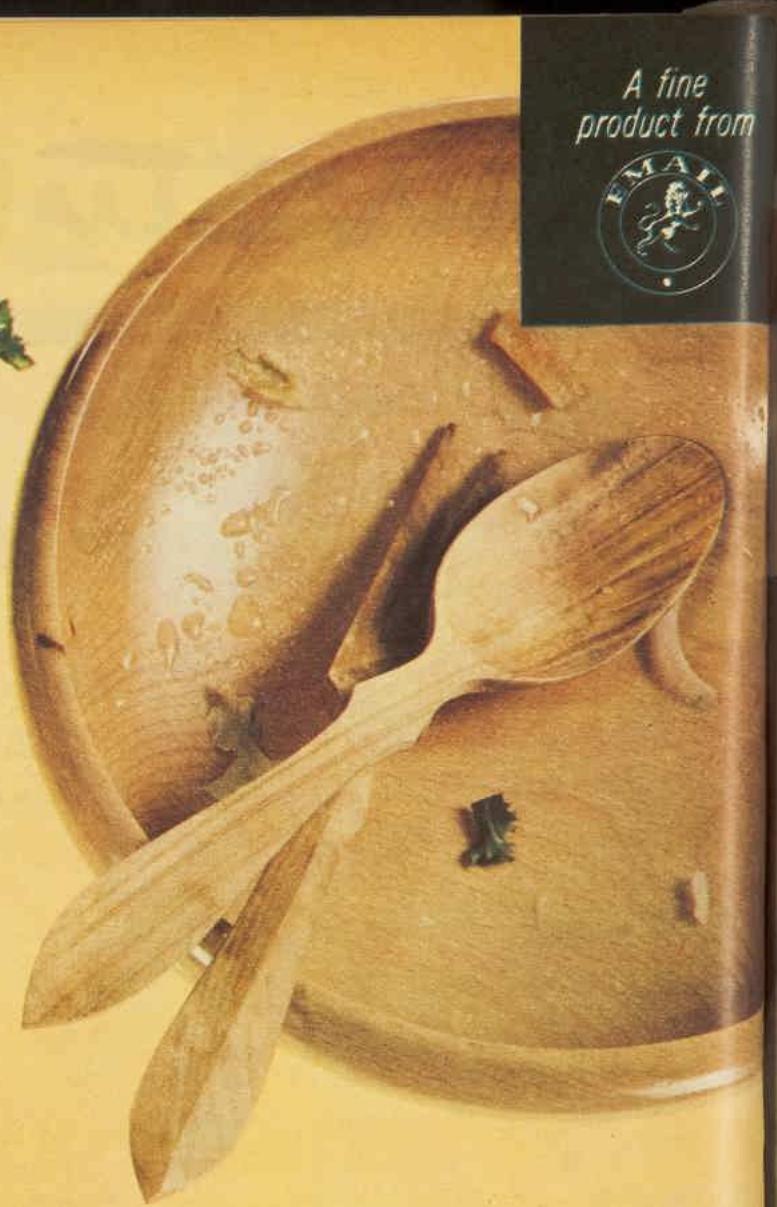


STRAIGHT young hairdo with a dramatic
twist — rather rare in these days of curls and
the like — designed by Carita of Paris to give
a *Mona Lisa* look. A real conversation piece.



MEDIUM - LONG
hair (left) curled
lightly under at
ends with two
comma curls at
front. (By stylist
Elrhodes.)

(Continued on page 19)



One week old . . . but nobody guessed.

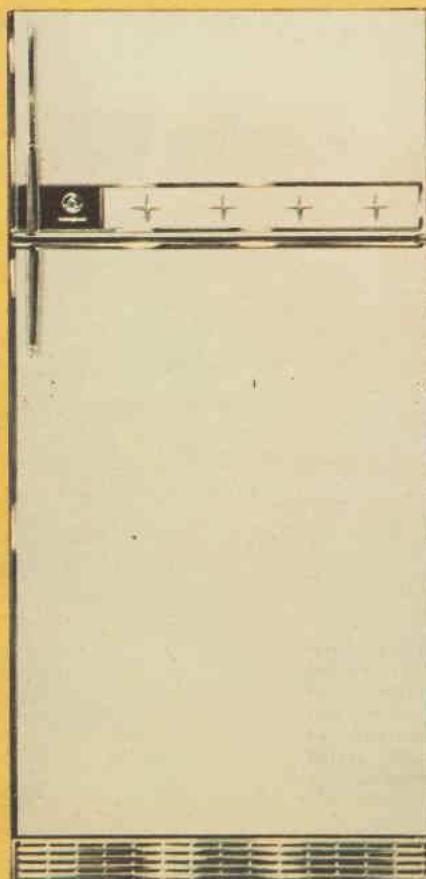
Owners of the new Westinghouse two-door refrigerator-deep freezer enjoy their food simply because it has all the freshness, flavour, colour and texture it had when first bought.

In fact, this capacity to hold original food freshness in the refrigerator section as well as the deep freeze is one of the outstanding points of superiority in this new Westinghouse.

Older type refrigerators cannot preserve freshness in this way for more than a day or two; after that, meat begins to shrink and darken, cheese goes hard and crumbles, salad vegetables grow "tired."

In the Westinghouse two-door, the fully automatic defrost system does more than prevent ice from forming.

It maintains not just cold but moist-cold conditions throughout the entire interior of the refrigerator section.



Under moist-cold conditions, food moisture remains where it belongs. Freshness, colour, flavour, texture, nutritional value remain with it—in your food.

The top door on the new Westinghouse opens a separate compartment which operates independently of the moist-cold refrigerator—true "deep freeze" that will preserve 100 lbs. of food indefinitely.

Other features are that ice-cubes will not "stick," that the interior is thoughtfully designed to hold the odd shapes of all those bits and pieces you expect your refrigerator to store.

Good food is costly. Preserving its goodness isn't—not with the generous terms and trade-ins your Westinghouse retailer offers. You can be sure if it's . . .



Westinghouse

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

New Paris Hairstyles *continued*

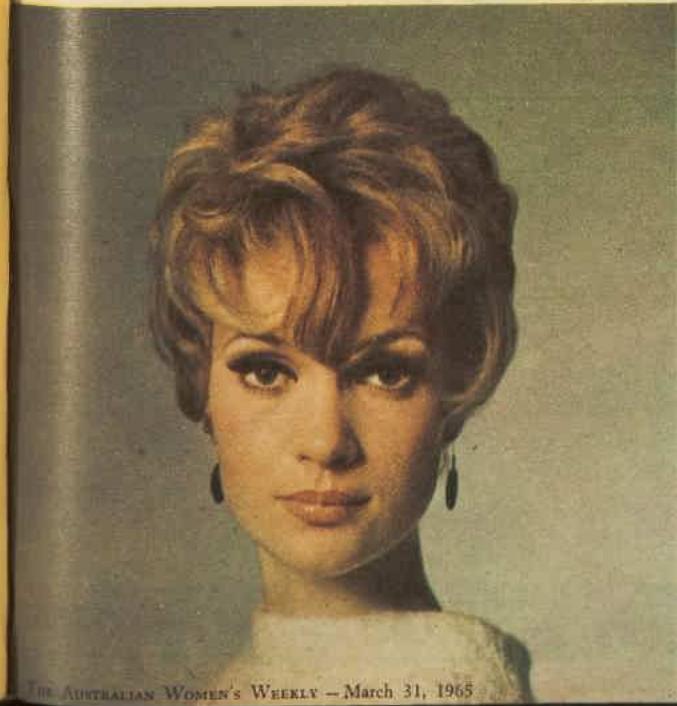
RIGHT: Venetian blonde in Des-sange's deeply waved hairstyle with loose ringlets at one side and prettied up for evening with bright flowers tucked into a curl.



EYE-CATCHING, windswept style in two tones (by Maurice Franck), designed for the young woman who cannot make up her mind whether she wishes to be blonde or brunette. Both shades are popular.

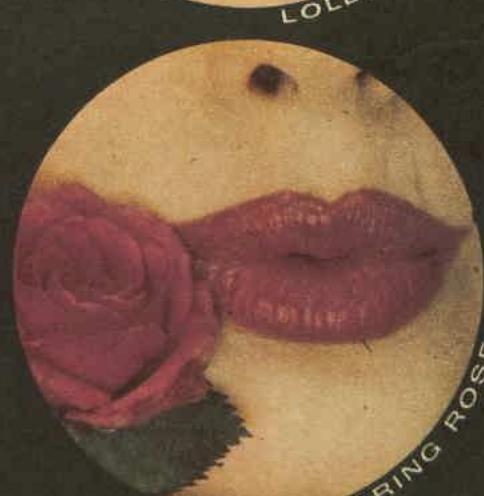
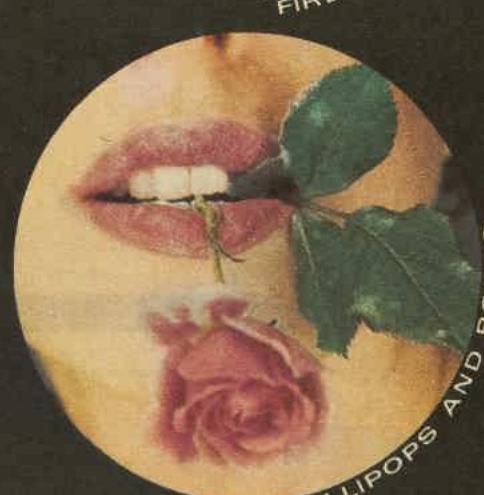
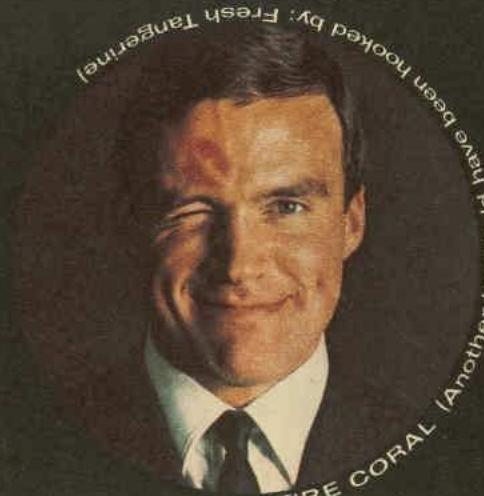
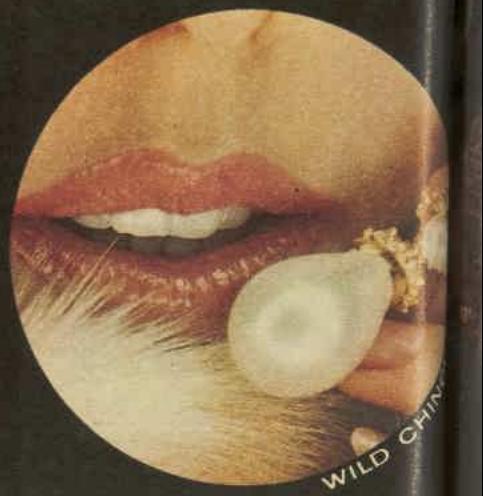
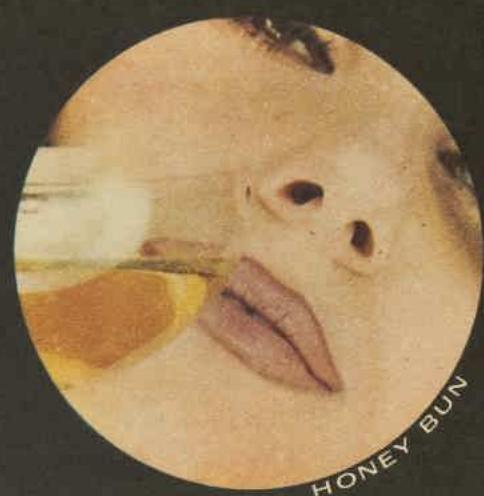


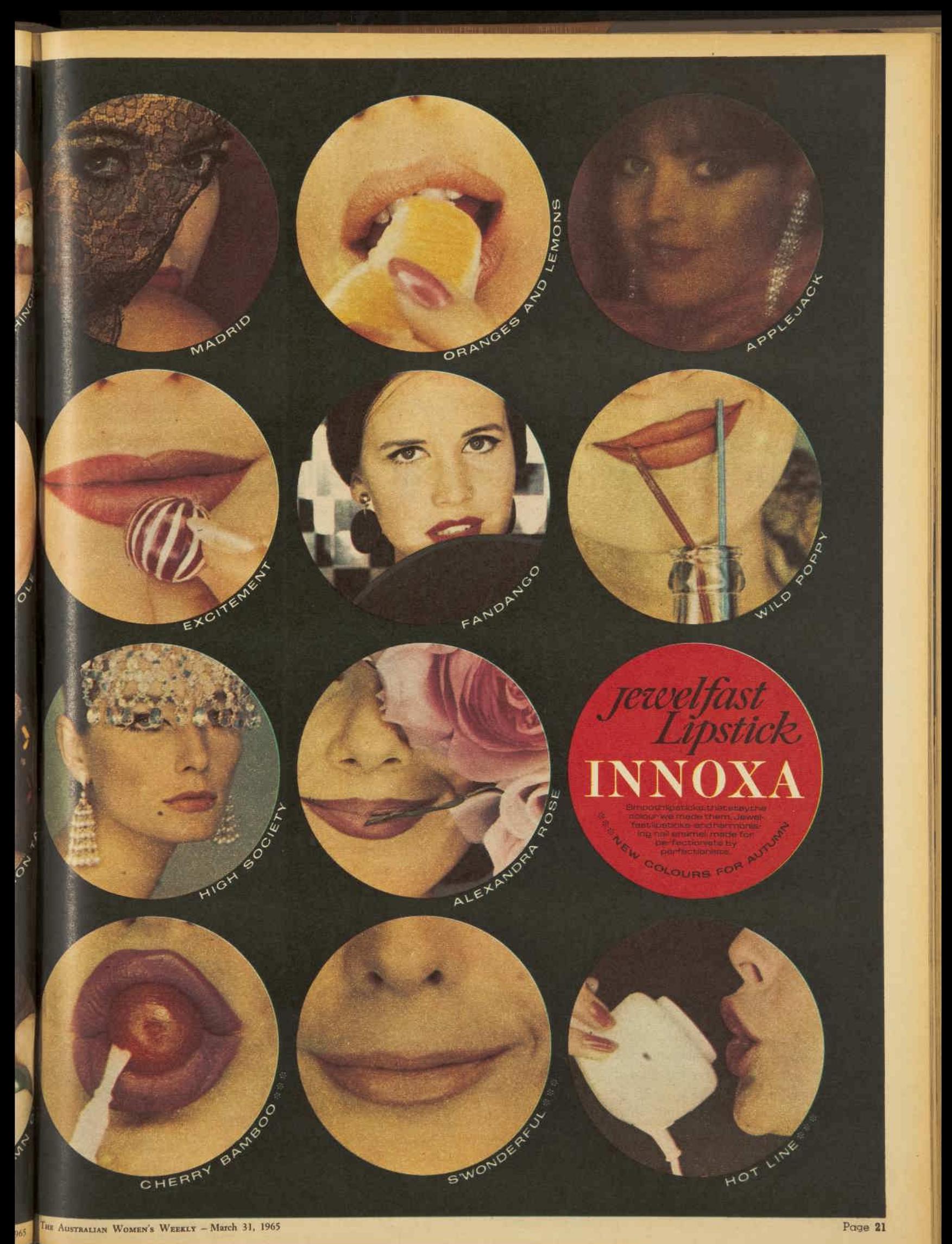
LEFT: Carita has not abandoned the small-head look, but this season it curls all over, with one curl in the middle of forehead.



RIGHT: Soft waves and upturned curls that frame the face are a compromise between Edwardian styling and the small-head look. By stylist Linterman.

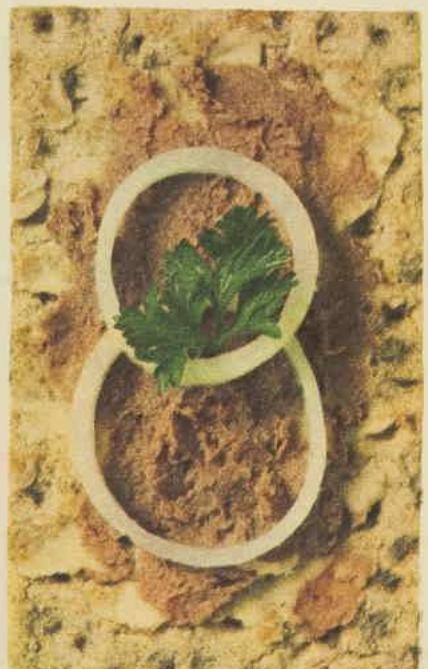
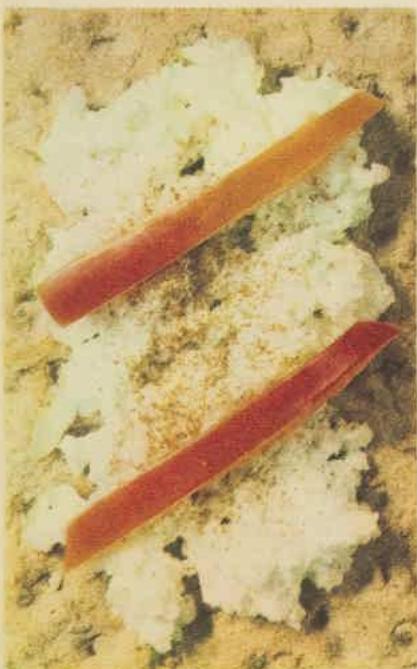








7 delicious ways to beat starvation diets



and still stay slim

Six of them *start* with Ryvita Crispbread. The seventh is crunchy, tasty, satisfying Ryvita Crispbread — served solo, or with maybe a dab of butter.

Ryvita Crispbread is a real *food*. It's packed with vitality-giving rye vitamins, minerals, proteins. It's packed with taste and crunch. And it's oh-so-low in weight-building calories.

So why starve yourself into shape? Eat all the Ryvita you like. Crunch into Ryvita and your favourite spread, forget your waistline worries. If you *must* snack between meals, have some more Ryvita. It makes you fit, keeps you slim. What's more, it's so tasty.

RYVITA

crisp rye bread

1-lb NETT

Romantic memories lingered
in the air . . . a short story

Goodbye, young lovers

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

WHEN she saw Scott approaching, she ducked her head. She had been putting bundles of groceries into the back seat of the car parked in front of the shopping centre, when Scott emerged from the florist's, carrying tulips and daffodils. He had seen her. More than that, he had seen her duck her head.

Now he was coming her way, after depositing the green-tissue-wrapped flowers into his convertible, and she was furious at herself for behaving like—well, face it—like a boy-conscious teenager. Scott was their friend, hers and Jed's, and they were going to Scott's and Anna's house tonight for dinner.

"Hi," said Scott. "Why were you hiding behind your groceries?"

"I . . . I wasn't hiding." To boot, she was stammering. "I . . . suppose I didn't realise it was you." Everyone knew she was a little nearsighted. She was regaining her composure, it was reassuring to note. "None of the men are ever home on a weekday, and I just didn't expect to see you. What are you doing home on a Friday?"

Once more she was Caroline Garrow, aged thirty-four, happily married to Jed, mother of thirteen-year-old Billy and nine-year-old Jenny. And Scott was their neighbor and friend, bachelor, brother of Anna, with whom he shared their house, rumored to have been divorced from a war bride, some said a countess.

He was smiling at her. "You look different, Caroline. Whenever I see you, you're smooth as enamel in your prettiest dress and with eye shadow on. I don't think I've ever seen you in the daylight."

Involuntarily, her hand shot up to her hair. She had forgotten a scarf, and the wind had done a thorough job; no sense trying to pat it into order.

"You look about twenty," he said.

Another of her annoyingly immature tendencies was that she still blushed.

He was kind enough to pretend he hadn't noticed. He said, "Why am I home on a Friday? I felt like it. If I'm going to have the headache of being president of the Caribbean Spice and Garlic Company, then I ought at least to have the privilege of staying home on a day like today."

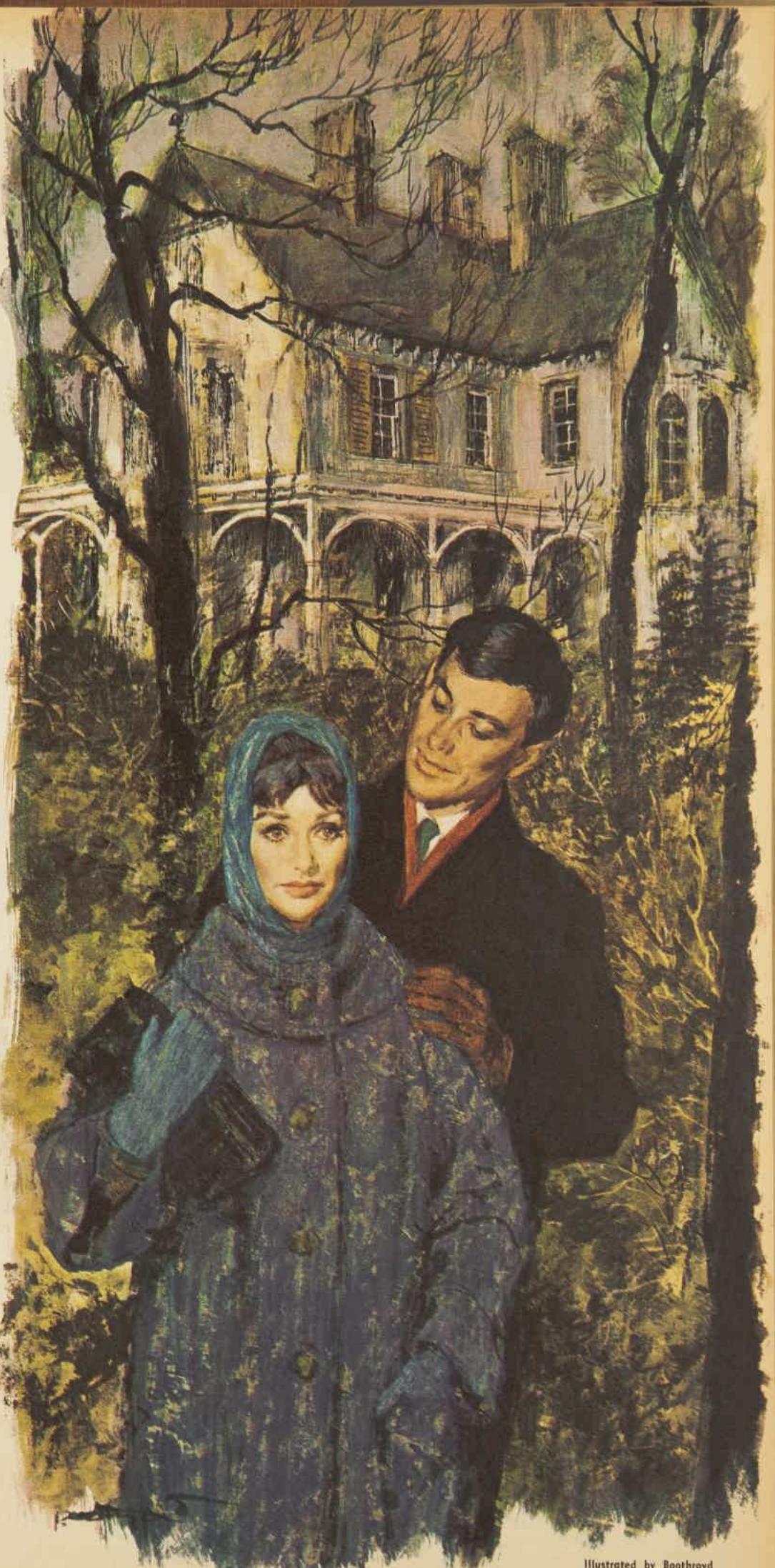
"What's special about today?" she asked. "Oh. You mean because you're having the dinner party tonight?"

Ah, no. I've just bought Anna the flowers she wanted, to fill a few vases to hide the rings on a few tables. And last night I brought her some fresh curry powder so she can cook away to her heart's content, but I'm just bartender at these parties, and my work doesn't start till tonight."

He grinned. "I stayed home today because . . . well, just look at today! Isn't it a magnificent day?"

To page 41

Caroline and Scott paused
outside the old house.



Illustrated by Boothroyd

Page 23

"Oh! Wouldn't it
be lovely . . ."



A wonderland of wonderful
Dickies
towels for EVERY-body



Fantasies of colour, wondrous designs in mix
and match sets, all with a soft touch of quality.



Designed and made
in Australia by
H. B. Dickie Ltd.
246 Hyde Street
Yarraville, Vic.



ILLUSTRATED
BY RICHARDSON

By
**FLORENCE
ENGEL
RANDALL**

WHAT WOMEN KNOW BEST

WHEN the doorbell rang, Barbara was on a stepladder painting the bathroom ceiling. The playpen was placed in the hall, blocking the entrance to the bathroom door. While Barbara's neck ached from looking up, the baby happily practised standing on his head. "Come in," Barbara called. She held the dripping roller motionless for a moment, listening. "The door is open," Barbara shouted, and a drop of pink paint fell on her nose.

"I can hear you," her mother said, her high heels clicking across the bare floor, "but I can't see you."

"I'm painting the bathroom. I'm afraid you'll have to move the playpen."

"I can't even move myself until I get these packages out of my hands. What happened to your hall table, Barbara?"

"It's down in the basement. I thought it would be fun to refinish it. Make it antique white or something. Just put your stuff anywhere, Mother."

Mrs. Jameson stood in the doorway, looking. Barbara thought ruefully, much too chic and certainly too young to fit the old-fashioned concept

To page 51

It was a most embarrassing experience for Barbara Warren when she attended the committee meeting.



The Golden Girl

**She was the envy of all
on board the ship . . .
a dramatic short story**

By ELLIS PETERS

**From the top of your head
to the tips of your toes . . .
and especially for your hands!**

Never before has there been such a successful 'all over' skin lotion as Herco. For every part of your skin needs the lanolin and olive oil nourishment in Herco Olivol Skin Lotion.

Hands, particularly, benefit from this wonderful lotion. There's no other part of your skin which suffers so much from hard work — deserves so much attention. Herco keeps hands smooth, soft and young-looking. But remember, Herco Olivol Skin Lotion cares just as beautifully for all of you! There are four convenient sizes priced from 2/9 to 7/-. Can you afford *not* to care for yourself with Herco Olivol Skin Lotion? Buy a bottle today—and there's a new 4 oz. size available in a smart, plastic pack.



**Your skin needs
HERCO
OLIVOL SKIN LOTION**

Use These Other Fine HERCO Products, too

* **OLIVOL SKIN CREAM.** This is for you, if you prefer a skin *cream* to a lotion . . . it's the same in its composition and effect as HERCO Olivol Lotion. 4/9 per Tube.

* **TURTLE OIL FACE LOTION.** When age lines begin to show on your face . . . that's when you need this unique Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. In less than 2 weeks, it will remove the obvious signs of your biological age. 11/9 and 15/6 a Bottle.

* **HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO.** Contains Olive Oil and provides a rich, foaming lather which deep-cleans your hair . . . leaving it soft, silky and easy to manage. 3/3, 4/9 and 7/6 a Bottle.

* **HANDS.** Finest barrier cream ever made — prevents dirt, grime, grease etc. entering the pores of the skin because it's Silicised! Leaves hands soft and smooth. 5/6 per Tube.

* **ESPRESSO TAN.** Tans you without the sun and contains a special insect-repellant, too. Saves on stockings, too . . . gives your legs a glorious, even tan in 4-6 hours. 10/3 a Bottle.

* **HERCO TAN.** A non-oily tanning lotion which screens out the sun's burning ultra-violet rays. At the same time, it is insect-repellant. 4/9 a Bottle.

THE purser said moodily, over his second beer after the theatre, "Everything's Shakespeare lately. He did his share of pinching, though. That 'my ducats and my daughter' stuff — there was another fellow did that better, I remember seeing the play once, 'The Jew of Malta,' it was called, and Marlowe was the author's name. 'O gold, O girl! Oh, beauty! Oh, my bliss!' Seeing 'The Merchant' tonight made me think of it again. And of a real-life case I once knew — only she wasn't his daughter. Not that one. 'I was a raw junior then, under old McLean on the *Aurea*, oh, ten years ago it would be. I dream about it sometimes, but not so often now. We were sailing from Liverpool for Bombay, my third trip, and this couple came aboard right in the rush before we sailed, and still you couldn't miss seeing them.'

"It was this girl. She was so blindingly pretty, for one thing, corn-gold hair, smoky eyes. And then, so touchingly pregnant. You know, those loose smocks, and then the very slender arms on the ponderous body.

"And the careful, faintly clumsy gait, balancing the weight. She went slowly on the companionways and held on fast to the rail. You could feel every male in sight holding himself back from rushing to help her.

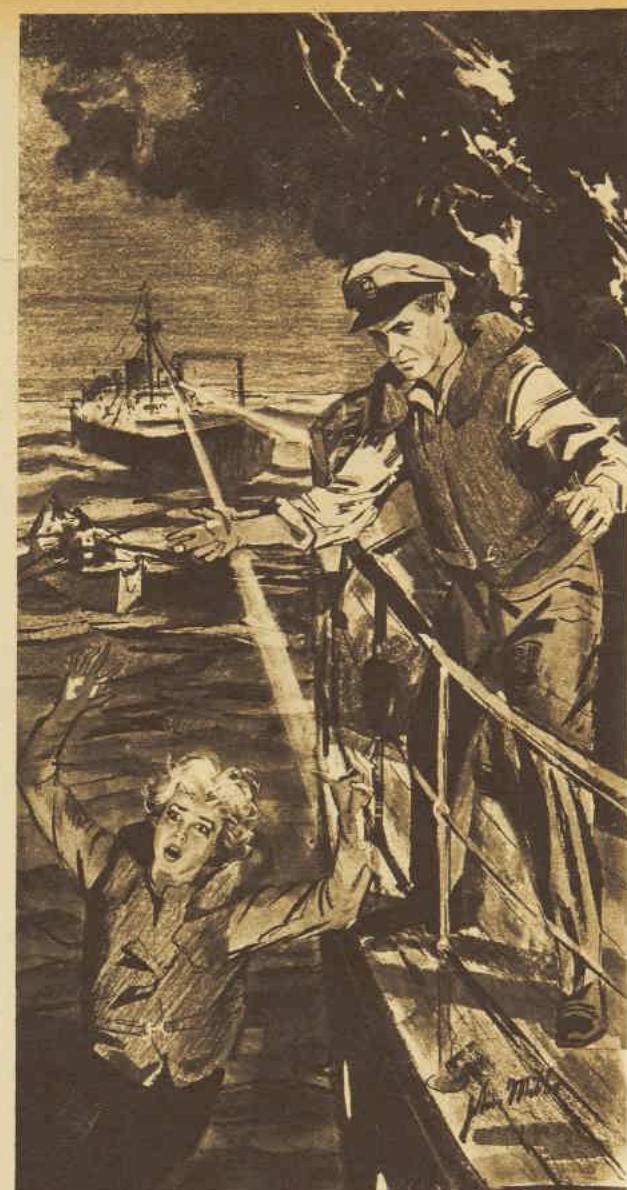
"They were booked through to Bombay, probably going out to some expert advisory job. The husband, he was older, probably forty to the girl's twenty-two or so, but he had something, too. The women got their heads together over him before we were an hour out.

"Big, good-looking fellow, dark and quiet and experienced-looking, hovering round his missus with such solicitude all the other wives on board turned green with envy. A reformed rake, they had him down for. Don Juan after he met the one girl.

"Try and get him away from her! Plenty of them did try before we neared Bombay. But no, as far as he was concerned there was no woman aboard but his wife. He hung over her with that brooding look every day of the seventeen.

"Two days out we had a boat drill. We always did, though we never expected more than half of 'em to show up, not at that time of year, with the sea acting the way it so often does act. I was the officer on their boat, and I took care to show up near their cabin when the first siren sounded.

"He wasn't there, he'd gone to get her some library books. I had the



With a terror-stricken expression on her face the girl fell heavily into the sea.

pleasure of helping her on with her life-jacket. Like most women, she hadn't a clue how to put the thing on, instructions or no instructions.

"She didn't seem so big under that loose tunic of hers. Just a bit of a thing she must have been normal times. I thought. And the way she thanked me, I'd have jumped overboard for her. Yes, she felt fine, yes, she'd go up on deck and report properly, like the others. And she did, too. Like a kid playing a game, the gayest person around.

"Her husband soon came on the run, wild to snatch her away from the rest of us and look after her himself. There wasn't a man who didn't grudge him his rights.

"Like that, all the way. At our film shows they held hands in a quiet corner. The women reckoned they hadn't been married all that long, and he hadn't got over the happy shock of getting her, and couldn't quite believe in his luck.

"We dropped about half our passengers off at Karachi, and made across for Bombay a bit subdued and quiet, as usual. And that night, round about midnight, the fire broke out.

"There was a ball going on at the time, we usually staged something gay to cushion the partings. So we never did find out how it started. All I know is suddenly there were alarm sirens below decks, and unaccountably none up in the saloons and bars, and the music went on, and up on the boat-deck there were still people in the pool long after there was near-panic below.

"Communications went west

because the whole loud-speaker system collapsed. And before you could say 'knife' there was smoke everywhere, and, in ten minutes more, chaos. Nobody could give orders beyond the reach of his own voice. And once people got frightened, the range of a voice wasn't much.

"It wasn't a panic. They were a pretty decent lot, they'd have been all right if there'd been any way of telling 'em all just what to do. But there wasn't, except in small groups, and there wasn't enough of us to go round the groups. And sometimes confusion and bewilderment can produce just the same results as panic.

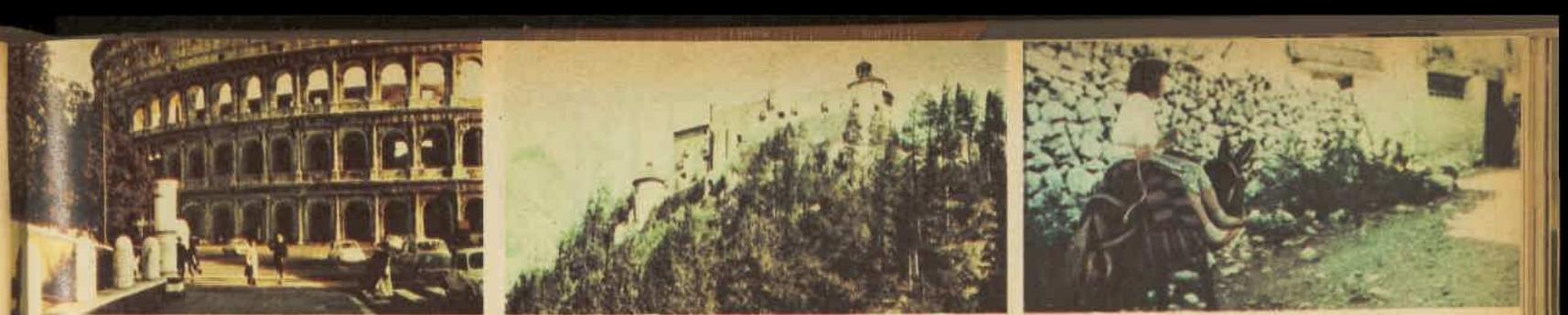
"The best of 'em, the ones who're game and try to do something, do the wrong things for want of instructions. And the others get in their way and ours. What can you do? Thank heaven it was dead calm, and two or three ships had got our calls and were moving in to pick up the pieces.

"It had to come to that. The fire spread like mad, and she began to list. We shoved everybody up on deck, got 'em into their life-jackets, and started getting the boats lowered. The din was something I'll never forget. Nobody was screaming, but everybody was shouting.

"I was clawing my way along B Deck in the smoke, opening cabin doors and fielding the stragglers, with one of the women on one arm and a Goanese steward towing two more behind me.

"I shoved open the door of 56, and there was our golden girl, clinging to her husband, her eyes like big grey

To page 34



somewhere overseas, someone longs to hear your voice

(and can in Italy for as little as 108/-)

You book the number you want through the Post Office. Within minutes you are on the phone speaking to your family, your friends as clearly as if they were next door. And to be this close to someone costs you as little as

THE OVERSEAS TELECOMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION (AUSTRALIA)

37/6 to New Zealand; 75/- to Great Britain; 108/- to U.S.A. (81/- if you call on Sundays); only shillings almost anywhere in the world. Who is there overseas you'd like to speak to, soon?



Page 27

Love it
live in it...
the Kayser line!

KAYSER
'Gina'



Love it in 'Gina'

the elegant Shadowprufe Bri-Nylon slip you can't see through — shows nothing but your beautiful outline. Pink Magic, Spun Gold, White.

9664 Sizes 32-40. 39/11

9694 Matching Half Slip. Sizes 24-30. 29/11

9264 Matching Brief. SSW-OS. 14/11

From the fashion world of Kayser International

PROJECT-MARRIAGE

A short short story

By
JILL HENRY

THE little restaurant was candle-lit, romantic. In the background a violinist played soft, haunting Hungarian music. But they might just as well have been in the office, listening to the clack of typewriters!

Alice gazed at Jeff in despair. His lean face was glowing—but not with adoration. He was paying her a compliment—but not the kind she wanted to hear.

"You did all right today. Came up with some nice feminine touches," he praised her. "You and me, we make a good team."

Couldn't Jeff see they'd make a good team as man and wife, too? Wouldn't he ever see her as a woman—something more than a feminine touch for an advertising campaign? She decided on drastic measures. Maybe jealousy would jolt him out of his shopbound mind.

"Guess who wants to marry me?" she announced. "Lance Atwell III."

"The son of the wholesale drug people? Hey—could you get him to swing his old man's account to our firm?" he asked eagerly. "If you could get us the Atwell account you could write your own ticket with the boss."

"Why should I? I may be leaving Rollins and Roberts soon," she said defiantly. "Lance has asked me down to Southampton for the weekend to meet his parents."

"Just when we were clicking so well," Jeff sighed. "Women at work! They always let you down."

"Some day you'll understand. Some day you'll get married, too."

"Not this boy. Not for a long time!" he spoke violently. "Give me ten years without a wife to distract me and I'll have an agency of my own."

She glared at him with hate. At that moment she decided she really would marry Lance Atwell III.

After a sleepless night, Alice decided to give Jeff one more chance. Who knows? Maybe he slept badly, too. In the small lonely hours of dawn, maybe he realised just how much she meant to him. At the station she went directly to the telephone booth and dialled his number. She told him she'd missed her train to Southampton. Somehow she was sure he would say "Thank heavens."

"Take the next train," he suggested.

"But it won't get me there till 3.19. Too late to lunch with Lance's parents. Too late to watch Lance's polo tournament. Oh, Jeff, maybe I'd better just give up."

"Be at the corner of Thirty-third and Eighth," Jeff took charge, "I'll drive you down."

As they left the drab approaches to the city, Jeff asked: "How come you missed your train?"

"I must have misread the timetable."

"Subconsciously you were afraid to meet Lance's parents," he deduced, and then scolded, "How many times do I have to tell you? You must believe in your product!"

How could a girl believe in herself when the man she loved was so ready to hand her over to someone else?

"That suit you're wearing. Good packaging." He obviously was trying to sell her to herself. "Gets across the wholesome country girl his parents would like."

"I don't have to put on a campaign to get Lance to marry me!" she retorted with spirit.

"Good," he said.

Jeff must care for her, Alice tried to comfort herself, or he wouldn't put what she wanted—or said she wanted—before his own interests.

"I'll miss you at the office," he confessed. "I never had much time for girls. I don't know much about the female mind and how it works. That's a handicap in writing ads."

"You'll find some other girl with bright ideas!"

"Yeah, some husband-hunting girl who'll want to mix business with romance," he growled, "not like you."

"I want to get married as much as the next girl!"

Abruptly Jeff turned into a dirt road.

"This ought to be a good short-cut," he said.

Dismayed, Alice looked at him. Did he have to be in such a hurry to deliver her to Lance?

"We may get lost," she protested feebly, hoping they would.

Lost, that was it! If she could steer him wrong, away



"Lance has asked me to the country to meet his parents," Alice said to Jeff.

from Southampton, she'd show him she could wear perfume, bat her eyelashes, and touch his hand by accident, too! She took the map from the glove compartment and studied it. The short-cut wasn't on it, so it was hard to figure out. She turned the map one way, then another, and finally upside down.

Alice sighed with relief when they reached Route 112. Now she could read the map. Purposefully she traced the route with her finger. If they turned left on Route 27 they'd never reach Southampton.

At Route 27, Jeff turned right.

"No, Jeff, turn left! Route 112 crosses Route 27 and Route 27 runs right through Southampton," she recited glibly. "Turn left, Jeff, turn left!"

He stopped the car. She flapped the map in front of his eyes, trying to keep him from getting a good look. They argued. They might have been a husband and wife quarrelling about directions on a family motor tour. Firmly he took the map from her and studied it. Then he started the car again and went right on in the same direction.

Dejected she sank back in her seat. She hadn't fooled him. She hadn't fooled him one little bit. If she bat her eyelashes and wore perfume it wouldn't do any good.

Suddenly a huge sign loomed ahead. "Welcome to Bayshore" it read. Jeff slowed the car to a stop alongside an old man walking a dog.

"Pardon me, sir," he called to the old gentleman, "but how far is it to Southampton?"

"You're headed the wrong way," the old man said, "it's 50 miles behind you."

Jeff grinned down at Alice triumphantly.

"You didn't read the map any better than the timetable. You had it turned upside down," he said. "You didn't want to get to Southampton any more than I did."

"But now I'll never get married!" she wailed, seeing herself working with Jeff, loving him forever and ever without hope.

"You can't expect me to hand you over to that Lance fellow! You mean too much to me!" he said violently. "If anybody's going to marry you it's me!"

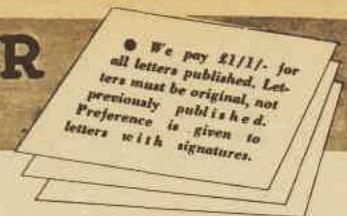
"But Jeff, you said . . ."

"A girl like you doesn't need perfume," he said, drawing her close. "That little wisp of hair behind your ear. Once we're married and I'm sure of you, maybe that little wisp won't distract me so much from work."

(Copyright)



LETTER BOX



When HE calls you Mum

A WORD of encouragement to "Poor Ma" (N.S.W.). Whenever my husband calls me Mum, I simply reply "Yes, Dad." His change of expression is fascinating. I immediately regain my christian name and keep it for months.

£1/1/- to "Sometimes Mum" (name supplied), North Adelaide.

WHAT is wrong with Ma or Mum? My husband calls me his darling Mum, and even tells our three little children that that is what I am. I am 27 and we have been married five years. I hope that by the time I have been married as long as "Poor Ma" (25 years), he will still do so.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Murray, Malanda, Qld.

I DON'T have your problem yet, "Ma," but now could be a good time for you to make a weekly hairdresser's appointment and buy a new outfit. Several outfits if you're game enough! Your husband will probably lose no time in telling you that his Ma would never have spent hard-earned money so extravagantly! Who knows, you might be lucky enough to be called by your own name again.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Rosenbrock, Upper Fern Tree Gully, Vic.

SOME time ago my husband tried a tentative Ma for me. I rebelled by next evening greeting him with an old pair of glasses perched on the tip of my nose and an improvised floor-length apron. I completed this disenchanted picture with a piece of cardboard with "Introducing Ma—but whatever happened to Pa?" pencilled on it. ("We had both lately read the serial "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?"). Jolted, he has since always called me by my name.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

AS soon as our first child was born I was called Mother or Little Mother by my husband. Some other names I've had are Pumpkin, Plum Pudding, Honey, Darling, Sweetie, and Mother Duck. I take names as they come.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Taylor, Rockhampton, W.A.

"POOR MA" has little to complain about. My husband called me Mum after four years' marriage and the birth of two children. We are expecting our seventh now, and after 17 years of marriage I am just wondering when he will start calling me Gran!

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joan Ramsbottom, Uralla, S.A.

Sensible mother-in-law

I HAD that rare thing, a good and wise mother-in-law. Visiting her for the first time in her new home, I soon had occasion to speak to my two mischievous small boys. "If you want to enjoy your stay," she said, "stop worrying about the boys. I will speak to them if they do wrong, and use a little stick on their legs if they get cheeky. Do you agree to that?" I said I did, never interfered, the boys soon learned who was boss, and we all enjoyed our stay.

£1/1/- to P.S. (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

Can't win with husbands

WHEN I showed a visiting male relation the letter suggesting that R.S.L. clubs should have carpentry classes, etc., he grinned. "If we didn't already know how to do all these things, we wouldn't NEED clubs!"

£1/1/- to "R. Well" (name supplied), Blackheath, N.S.W.

Inborn womanly wisdom

HERE is another "I can tell by the look . . ." saying: My seven-year-old niece informed me that a cat she had seen was going to have kittens. When asked how she knew, she replied, "I could tell by the look on its face."

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Rogers, Attadale, W.A.

Add interest to envelopes

WHEN sending letters by air mail overseas, instead of just purchasing a stamp of the necessary cost, make up the value by using as many stamps of different values as possible. Overseas friends find our stamps quaint and interesting. For my 2/- worth I have just purchased an 11d. (rabbit bandicoot), and 8d. (tiger cat), and our regular 5d. (Queen Elizabeth).

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. M. Campbell, Wynnum, Qld.

The old-time trenchermen

I FELT I had to reply to "Wash-n'-Wipe's" sad lament of "Why, oh why, doesn't some clever person invent some form of dishes and cooking utensils that could be eaten with the food?" In the Middle Ages dishes were eaten with the food. Flat breads were made so that they could be used as plates on which joints of meat were cut. Known as "trenchers," these bread-plates in later years came to be made of wood. However, it might be easier to wash dishes than make the bread!

£1/1/- to "Tasty Dish" (name supplied), East Melbourne.

Ross Campbell writes...

AT present I am somewhat puzzled over the maternity wear situation.

As other men have the same problem, the time may have come for some plain speaking on the matter.

Maternity clothes were invented for the convenience, and also the camouflage, of ladies in "an interesting condition," to use the old-fashioned phrase.

There is no denying that the condition is interesting. That was why the ladies wanted to be camouflaged — too many people were interested.

The flowing garments may have worked well as a disguise for a start, but not for long.

Soon the word got round as to what these clothes were for. Instead of concealing the interesting condition, they advertised it. Practised observers could spot the telltale outfit from 100 yards on a clear day.

So fashion designers began to shy away from maternity clothes.

The first time my wife needed some we were living in New York. She went into a shop called

FALSE COLORS

Tailored Woman and asked to see what they had.

A haughty salesgirl replied: "Tailored Woman does not sell maternity wear." (I hope she got her deserts sooner or later!)

In recent years the trend has been to more subtle methods of disguise. Some ladies got remark-

able results from garments that worked on the principle of the expanding suitcase.

But now the situation has been thrown into chaos by the fashion called the Empire Line, which looks like a maternity dress but isn't.

It was introduced, I believe, by teenage girls, who will wear anything for a laugh these days.

Mothers-to-be who dislike maternity wear have welcomed the Empire Line, because they can be mistaken for teenagers.

There was an example of the mix-up at a party I went to, given by a young married couple.

The hostess was wearing one of the new dresses. I still don't know whether she was in an interesting condition and pretending she wasn't, or wasn't and was pretending she was.

Why do young ladies wear pseudo-maternity clothes? I suspect some of them hope that men will stand up and offer them seats in crowded trains. The average man cannot easily distinguish a real from an imitation expectant mother.

Men are hopelessly confused over the whole business.

I think the pseudo-mothers-to-be are making a mistake, in the long run.

It is getting to be like the Gilbert and Sullivan song: "When everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody."

When every woman seems to be in an interesting condition, then none of them will be interesting.

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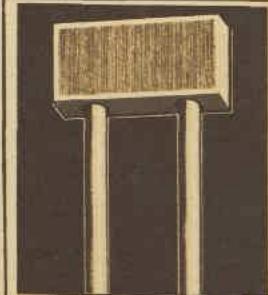
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Illustrated: "Cathedral." £1.19.6.

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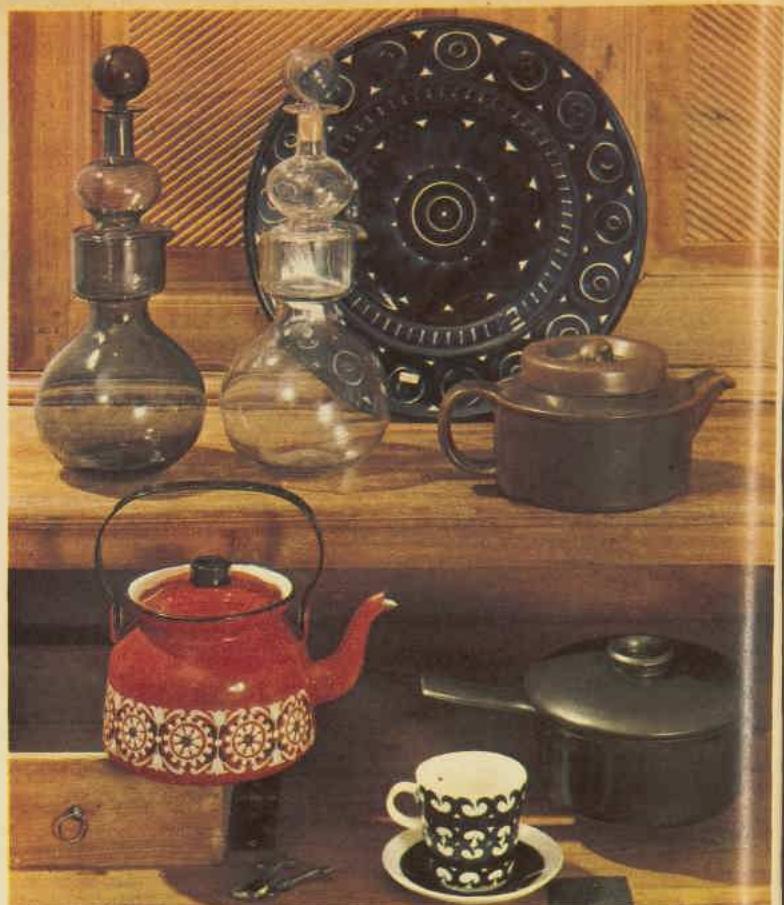
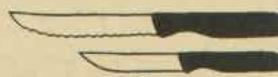
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Finland designs for modern living. Beautifully expressed in Arabia Ceramics, Nuutajarvi Glass and Finel Enamel. World-renowned for their unique shapes, superb simplicity. A delight to give, a joy to keep. Illust: hand painted in vibrant cobalt blue, Arabia 14" Valencia platter, £6/6-. Garland cup, saucer, 29/6. Ruska tea pot, with the texture of hand thrown pottery, 72/6. (36 Pcs utility set £19/10/-, cups, saucers from 12/6.) Sophisticated Nuutajarvi Double Decanter, £6/6- (other glassware from 9/6). Liekki saucepan, 49/6 (others from 12/6.) Finel kettles, 77/6, 99/6

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This is Arzberg Grand Prix — winner of the highest international design award. Exquisite, elegant in shape, graceful and timeless as beauty itself. Arzberg is fine translucent china. Here highlighted by a wide band of best polished gold in decoration 'Rome'. A dinner service to own, a dinner service to give on memorable occasions. Illustrated. Arzberg 'Rome', 42 piece dinner set: £44/10/- Other Arzberg dinner services from £21/- 17 piece coffee set: £15/15/- Other Arzberg coffee sets from £7/17/6. Individual pieces and settings, accessories and replacements readily available from fine stores throughout Australia.

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Leading departmental, jewellery and gift stores will be pleased to show you more from their wonderful Felix, Arzberg, Arabia, Nuutajarvi and Finel collections. Individual pieces and settings, accessories and replacements readily available. For the name and address of the store nearest you, simply write to Incorporated Agencies Pty. Ltd., 400 Kent Street, Sydney or telephone Sydney 29-1827 — Melbourne 32-3912.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

On your £696 World Discovery Tour:

Join our world tour in your home port

● On The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966, which was announced recently, interstate passengers can join the tour ship in Sydney — except for Queenslanders, who join her in Brisbane.

THE exciting 17½ weeks' world tour, which leaves in February, offers an unrivalled itinerary covering some 16 countries for a record low price of £696 per person (£NZ585).

Passengers from Perth and Melbourne may join the P. and O. Orient Line's beautiful Canberra at their home ports at no extra cost, and sail to Sydney to join Orcades there.

Adelaide passengers will join Canberra in Melbourne.

The 1st class return rail fare from Adelaide to Melbourne of £12/19/6 is not inclusive.

New Zealand passengers who join Orcades at Wellington on her way to Sydney will return to Auckland on the homeward voyage in Oriana.

Brisbane passengers join Orcades at their home port the day after the tour has commenced, and a reduction for the Sydney-Brisbane sector will be made.

On the Australian coast tourist-class accommodation in Canberra is provided for within the complete tour price. (If first-class accommodation in Canberra is desired, a small supplementary charge will be made.)

No worries

The Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966, which has been arranged by World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd.—leading travel experts—promises a leisurely sea holiday, visiting ports and places you've longed to see.

These include Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, Lisbon, and Colombo.

Travelling in one-class Orcades in the best-situated cabins (on the top decks of the forward section of the ship!)—you will be delighted with the high standard of accommodation and entertainment.

On the return voyage you will travel in superb tourist class of Oriana. Both ships are fully air-conditioned and stabilised for comfort.

The tour has been planned to free you of the traveller's normal worries, such as luggage, language, tipping, and forward bookings.

After arriving in London, where you will have a few days to sightsee, your coach

will call for you to begin a 23-day Continental tour, which takes in cities in Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, and France.

After another pause in London, you will set out again in a luxurious Pullman motor coach for a seven-day interest-packed tour of England and Scotland.

An experienced courier will travel with your coach.

As it is likely that you will wish to visit family and friends in England, special provision has been made for a fortnight to be left free for your own activities.

Concessions

If you wish, additional accommodation in London can be arranged for this period at special concessionary rates. Extra sightseeing can be arranged.

All the way from Sydney to Sydney you will be

accompanied by an experienced tour director.

In London he will be on hand to help you plan your free fortnight.

This is the holiday for you. Book now.

FOR £696 YOU GET:

- Shipboard accommodation in best four-berth cabins. Extra charges for two-berth cabins range from £10 to £65 per person in Orcades and from £10 to £60 in Oriana.
- European tour, full board, comprising Continental breakfast, lunch, dinner (all table d'hôte), inclusive of tips, taxes, service charges, excursions as in itinerary.

- United Kingdom Tour (escorted), full board (table d'hôte), afternoon teas, service charges, specified sightseeing. Private bathrooms may be reserved when available for an extra charge.
- Sightseeing from London, as specified in the itinerary.

- London accommodation at well-situated hotels including dinner, bed, and breakfast (table d'hôte): 13 nights.

- Transfers on arrivals and departures of tour itinerary.

- Porterage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. Tours; two average-sized suitcases per person on initial arrival and departure from U.K.

Not included

Items such as baths at European hotels, lunches during the London stay, coffees, teas, or alcoholic beverages are not included in the tour price.

Nor are excursions at ports of call, launch tickets between ship and ports of call, laundry, or room service.

Accommodation in London or additional tours from April 27 to May 12—the specified free time—must be paid for separately. However, the Tour Director will help with bookings.

Get your free Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour 1966 Booklet by writing or calling in personally to any of the General Sales Agents listed below.

The eight-page booklet gives complete details of the exciting 17½-week itinerary as well as full particulars on the reservation procedures. Don't delay.

General Sales Agents:
N.S.W. - A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 33-35 Bligh St., Sydney. Tel. 28-4841.

VICTORIA-TASMANIA: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Limited, 330 Collins St., Melbourne. Tel. 67-7481.

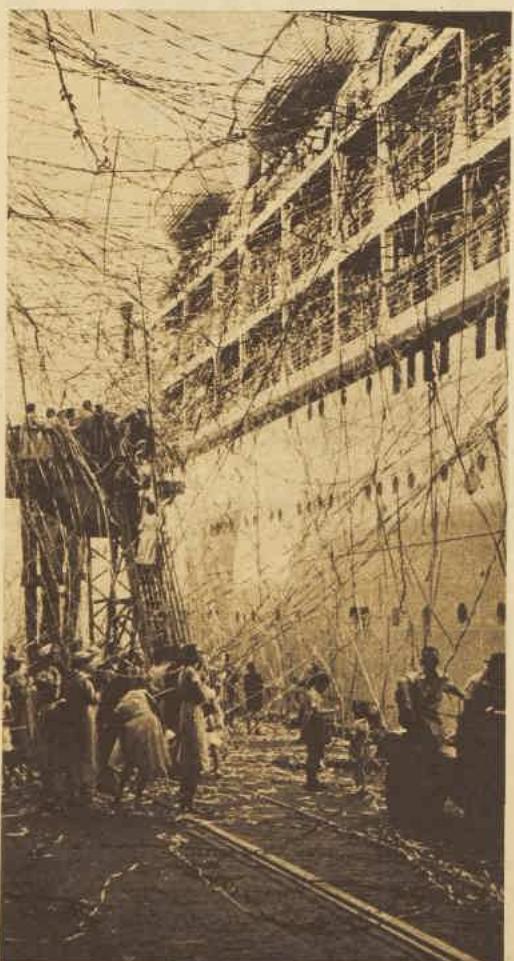
QUEENSLAND - N.T.: Universal Travel Company, 93 Creek St., Brisbane. Tel. 2-3008.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington St., Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your accredited travel agent.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

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Stop pain fast with these super-soft, soothing pads. Cushion tender spot, end shoe pressure and friction instantly. Tailored to fit snugly without bulk. Special medicated discs included remove corns, callouses the fastest, safest way known. Pkts. 3/9



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Foreign		

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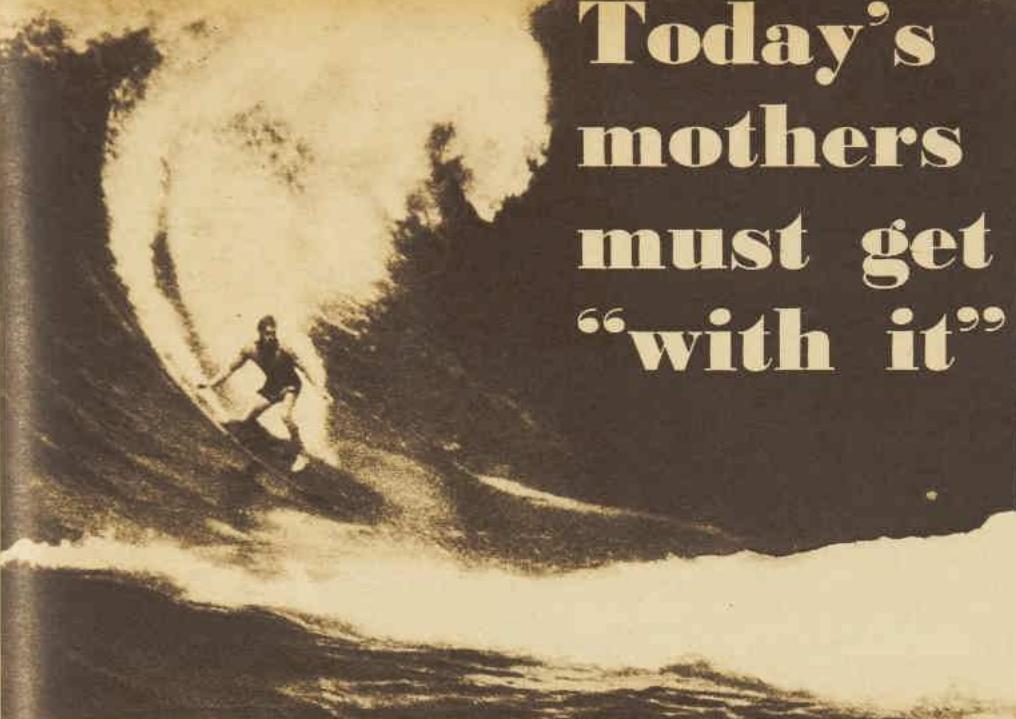


Plump, luscious prunes give that sun-rich taste to breakfast cereals

Prunes with cornflakes (or any other cereal) give breakfast a grand new "wake up" flavour. The tiredest appetites rouse up to their luscious sun-rich goodness. □ Other fruits come and go but tasty, tender prunes are always in season and ready to eat, straight from the 'polycel' pack your grocer is selling now. □ P.S. Go easy on the sugar—just a sprinkle on the cereal is enough—because prunes are packed with *natural* sugars, the best kind for everyone's health!



"Australian Sun Fruits make the dish!" says Sue Murray, Home Economist of Australian Dried Fruits Association



Today's mothers must get "with it"

Surfboard-riding is as inevitable as the measles!

● It had to happen, of course. It was inevitable! I've seen him through measles, Salk vaccine, tetanus injections, billy-carts, roller-skates, rock-climbing, bicycles, jumping off buses, tree-climbing, small-boat sailing.

ALL the time I comforted myself with sage advice given to me by our family doctor when my boy was six weeks old, asleep in my arms with nothing more adventurous ahead of him than a brisk ride in his pram.

"Well, he's your only son, but don't smother him. Don't ever forget he's a boy and he'll want to do everything that looks exciting and dangerous (and no doubt is), but you just let him go ahead," he said.

I've calmly watched him climb trees whose tops you practically couldn't see and gone on eating my picnic chop. I've just continued to wash the dishes when he has come into the kitchen and told me about the 90 degrees angle hill he just descended on his bike ("no hands, Mum").

I've never missed a cake mixing stroke as he has related how he and another boy had a terrific race on their roller-skates ("we must have been doing 30 miles an hour").

I've never once said, "That's dangerous. Don't ever let me hear of you doing such a thing again." Oh, no, I've just kept quiet. Well, this is my moment of truth.

It began about 10 years ago when he was three. We stood in the clear sparkling water of the rock-pool, me up to my waist, and a slippery, brown boy up to his chin.

"Nothing to be afraid of," I said firmly. "You just swim out to that rock in the middle of the pool. It's not far and I'll be beside you. You've done it with me holding you up, my hand under your chin, but now you can do it by yourself."

"I'm a bit frightened," he spluttered.

"Nonsense," I said in a no-nonsense voice. "No one can be afraid of the water. It holds you up, anyhow. Now, off you go."

If I had only known what was ahead I'd have taken him straight home and bought him a tennis racquet.

As it was, I pushed him off into the deep water, way over his head, with as much compunction as shipbuilders launching an ocean liner. I swam alongside him and watched his arms doing a sort of dog paddle and his feet kicking wildly.

We reached the rock safely. No one was more surprised than he as he clambered out.

"I did it," he shouted. "I swum by myself."

He went on "swimming" all the afternoon, backwards and forwards to the rock. Later we got around to improving arm and leg movements. He never did develop what you'd call a "good stroke," but it was strong.

Now this week, on another summer Saturday, the demand came. "You know that money I saved up, the money that's in the bank. Well, I want to buy a surfboard with it. All my friends have them and it's hard to make them lend theirs to you," he said.

"I never can come home for lunch now, because that's

FAMILY AFFAIRS

By BETTY NESBIT

the only time anyone will lend me a board. Once you've been on a board you can't stop thinking about it and body-shooting is no fun at all. What do you think, Mum?"

At that moment it wasn't a question of what I thought but how I felt. And I felt as if I had been caught in a dumper breaking off Manly Beach.

As I struggled up for air, pictures flashed across my mind — enormous waves at least 50 feet high, with their crests foaming, and a great wall of luminous green swelling behind the small board-rider.

I could hear the wave hissing as the crest turned to swoop down and swallow up that slim figure. I could hear my words of 10 years ago as if they were being spoken that moment — "Nothing to be afraid of." I could see every beach from Palm Beach to Peru and each one had waves bigger than the last.

I know he's a brown-skinned, sun-bleached dolphin and there isn't a wave he can't catch. But I'm old-fashioned. Board-riding can't be the easy, safe sport body-shooting is. It certainly doesn't look it.

Then I did say what I'd carefully not been saying for 13 years, "But isn't that rather dangerous?"

"Dangerous!" He choked with laughter: "Oh, Mum, you've just got to be with it. I've been out on the Bower all the morning."

"The Bower," let me explain, is a headland at Fairy Bower at Manly, N.S.W., a favorite spot for board-riders.

When the surf's right, the long waves sweep in giving the board boys a sweet, smooth ride. The waves roll over jagged rocks, but that doesn't seem to bother the riders. When the Bower's running it's the place for the boys — and now, obviously, the place for my boy, too!

"About that money . . ." I could hear that voice, anxious, insistent: "After all, it is MY money. I saved it up. Once you've ridden a board, Mum, you can't stop wanting to have one of your own. It's a sort of itch."

"Of course, I'll only get a second-hand one until I'm really good at it. I'll sell my surf float and my flippers."

And so it went on. Was this how Nat Young and Mick Dooley began their careers, I wondered (Young and Dooley are among Australian board-riding champions.)

Anyhow, it ended in a complete "wipe-out" for Mum.

We got the board, a great, scarlet painted nine-foot monster that now stands in the hallway and can only just be manoeuvred out of the front door without knocking the light-fittings from the ceiling.

I'm assured it's "fab" and, best of all, has no "dings" (surfboard parlance for holes) knocked in the board by rocks or another board crashing into it. I certainly hope it stays as ding-free as it is today!



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Round trip fares from: £235 Melbourne to Melbourne, £217 Sydney to Sydney, £205 Brisbane to Brisbane.

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Please send your brochure giving full details of sailings and fares.

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ERA-WW1

Is your child sulky, listless?

Try this for overnight recovery. Kiddies who are cranky, listless, off their food, "nervy" are very often sufferers from temporary constipation. Your answer is simple; one or two chocolate Laxettes at bedtime and your child can be happy and well again next day. Laxettes contain an exact dose of the safest, surest laxative you can buy, and there's no taste but the chocolate. Buy a packet today, and when nature forgets, remember Laxettes. 3/6.

LAXETTES

lakes of stupefied terror. They were fumbling her life-jacket awkwardly between them.

"His lay on the lower berth. I bellowed at him furiously to get the thing on her, quick, and got hold of her with my free hand as soon as he'd bundled her into it. She toiled up the companionways after me, panting, her gait as labored and painful as an old woman's.

"The Aurea was lurching under us, shuddering on the dead-calm sea. She wasn't going to last all that much longer.

"Well, I got them up to their boat, into that pandemonium on deck. There was a westbound tanker standing off by then, with boats out for us, searchlights quivering along the black water. And then the deck heeled under us and started to stand erect, sliding us down toward the rail. The women

Continued from page 26

THE GOLDEN GIRL

screamed and clung to whatever was nearest. I thought we were going, but she partly righted herself again.

"But the boat slid down by the stern, and jammed, and I knew we were never going to launch that one. Some of the others were safely away already, standing well off and waiting to salvage what they could when we foundered.

"Other boats were moving in from the tanker. One had come close and was hailing us. I bellowed back at them, and they nosed in nearer. I grabbed hold of the golden girl. Two lives—you know how it is!

"Her husband yelled at me like a fury and held on to her like grim death, screaming hoarsely something I couldn't even distinguish. There

wasn't time for convincing anybody of anything. I hooked my palm under his chin and shoved him off hard, and his grip of her broke.

"I picked her up in my arms and swung her over the rail and dropped her gently and carefully into what I knew was the safest place, into the sea a few yards from the bows of the hovering boat. The officer I'd hailed was already leaning over to reach for her.

"And two things happened that I still dream about now and then when I'm out of sorts. Her husband let out a shriek like a damned soul, a sound I'll never forget, and tore his way screaming to the rail and hurled himself over it. And the girl, the golden girl—she hit the water

and then she sank like a stone!

"Her face was turned up, mute, staring at me with those lost, terrified eyes, right to the second when the water closed over it. She vanished, and she didn't reappear.

"I was a whole minute grasping it. Then I dived after her, down and down, hunting for her, until they hauled me aboard the boat by force. I didn't find her.

"But once, I think, I glimpsed him, deep down there. I seem to remember a face with frantic eyes,

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

mouth howling soundlessly. Her name? It would be nice to think I only imagined it. Better still to forget it. I can't do either.

"There was not much left of him, either, by that time, except his life-jacket washing about aimlessly where he'd torn it off and discarded it to dive for her. We never should have found either of them in the vortex, as the Aurea finally went under, hadn't churned up everything from the depths and flung it to the rim of the area.

"The tanker still had boats out, and one of them fished the girl's body by a sheer fluke as it showed for an instant before plunging again. We never did find him.

"It was finding her, and what we found on her, that brought Interpol into the story.

"She wasn't his wife, of course. She was a photographer's model and small-part actress he'd picked up at some club. She wasn't pregnant, either. Only the way he felt about her, I'll swear, was no fake.

"All his previous cargoes had been smuggled in by air, with other carriers, and this one was to have been an easy stake, a cruise with a nice pay-off at the end of it.

"All the stuff she'd brought aboard in the padded bodice under her maternity smock they'd hidden, once the initial boat-drill was safely over, in that life-jacket of hers. A daft place? Well, look, I'll tell you something. Nobody ever believes they're going to need those damn' life-jackets in earnest—nobody.

"It wasn't so daft a place. And she could make herself comfortable until she had to resume the burden at Bombay, and carry it tenderly ashore and through the Customs. Only they left the job of transferring it again until the last night, and the fire caught them unprepared.

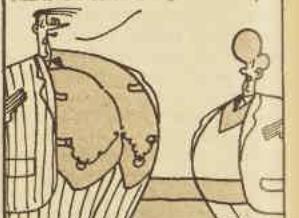
"Of course, he could have won the thing himself and given her the other. Maybe he would have, if I hadn't barged in on them and forced his hand. She was, after all, a professional doing a job for him. Once in the boat she'd have been safe enough. And whatever followed, it was she, with her disarming beauty and her interesting condition, who would have had the special V.I.P. treatment, and the best chance of retrieving their stake, and getting it safely into India.

"I still wonder which he was really diving for, the girl or the thirty pounds weight of thin bar gold that drowned her."

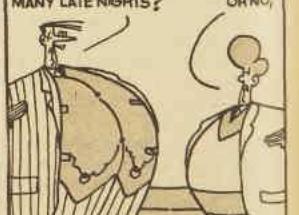
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD

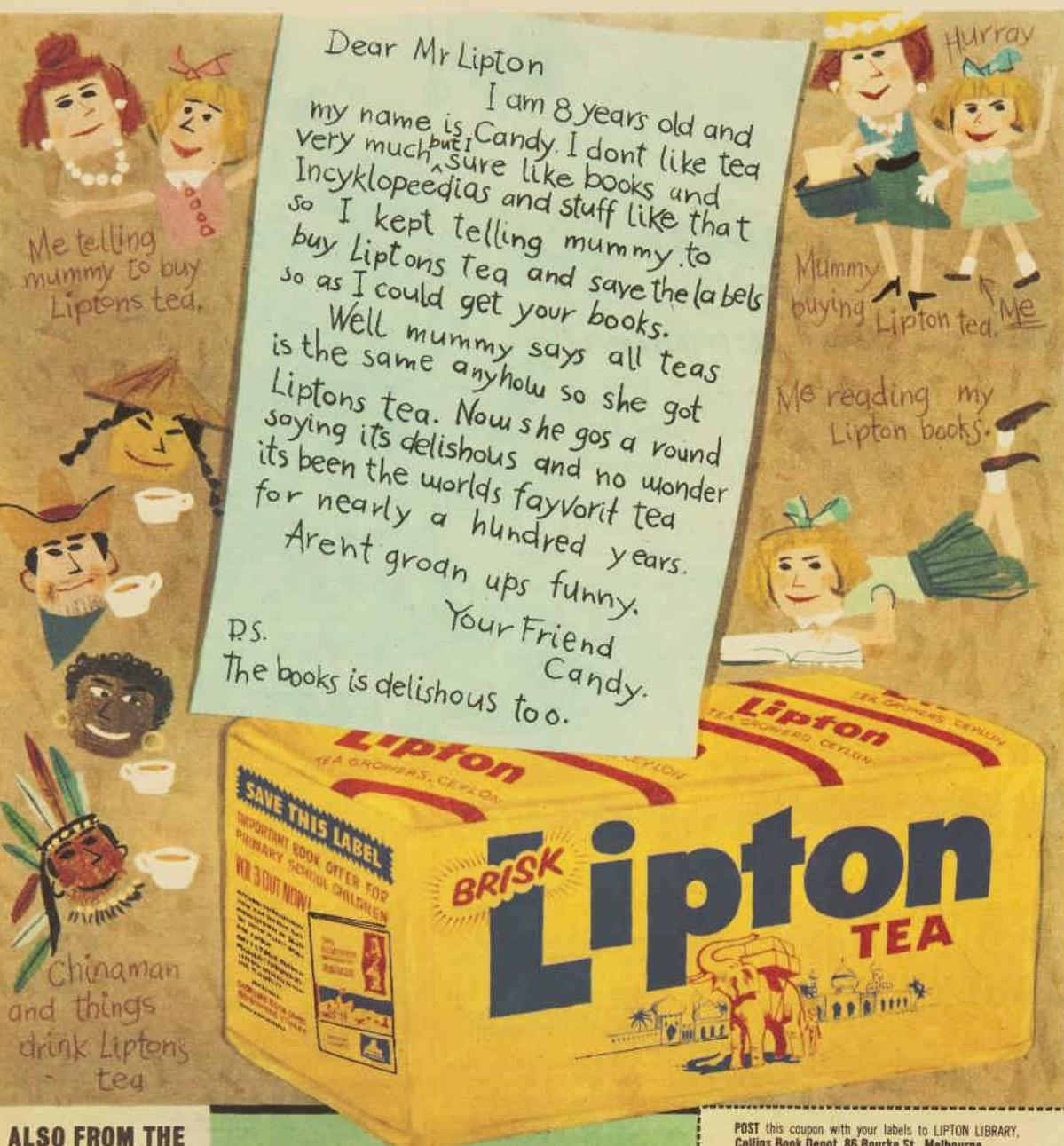
BILL, YOU'VE BEEN LATE FOR WORK ALL THIS WEEK FROM SLEEPING IN,



ARE YOU HAVING TOO MANY LATE NIGHTS?



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965



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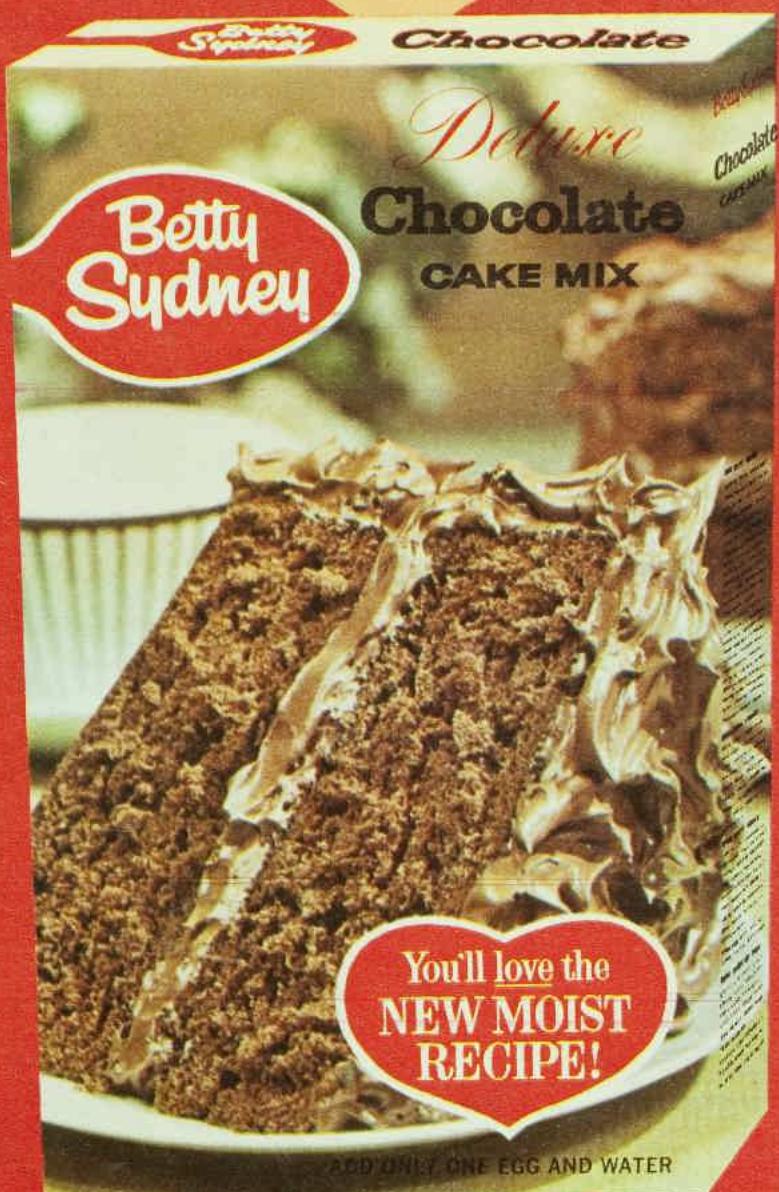
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BRANDY ORANGE,
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Betty
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Deluxe
CAKE MIX

When it comes from the pack with the red spoon . . . it's best!

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

- Tonight, on the advice of the late great Mr. Bernard Shaw, I'm going to serve my family Ghoti and Ghoughpteighbteau for their evening meal.

YOU don't know what it is? You don't know how to cook it? Oh, come now. Either you can't read English or you must be a complete beginner as a cook.

Bernard Shaw spent a lot of his time (and quite a lot of his money, too) objecting loudly and positively to the way English words are spelt. Many of our migrants from European countries object just as strongly.

I remember a German-born friend of mine saying to me once that in Germany, if you can't spell correctly, it simply means that you've had a faulty education; in English-speaking countries, however, inability to spell

correctly casts very little slur on your education or your intelligence but only suggests that your observation and your memory aren't all they might be.

"Look at the sound 'F,'" she said passionately. "So far I've discovered that you can spell it gh (cough), ph (phone), ft (often), and f (fat), and, for all I know, there may be two or three other ways of spelling it that I haven't discovered yet." (I don't think there are, but I wouldn't like to swear to it!)

But, in case you're still worrying about what Hugh and the children are going to find in the oven when they come home this evening, Ghoti and Ghoughpteighbteau will turn out to be nothing more than fish and potato(es).

Look at it this way — gh as in enough, o as in women, ti as in nation equals FISH. If you can't think of a new way of cooking potatoes, you can at least brighten up your menu by this new way of spelling it . . .

P as in hiccough.

O as in though.

T as in ptomaine.

A as in neigh.

T as in debt.

O as in bureau.

Simple, see? Ghoti and Ghoughpteighbteau — fish and potato(es).

If you're a bad speller

this book is a must . . .

THIS wonderful spelling of Bernard Shaw's is quoted in the introduction to "The Awful Spellers' Dictionary," which some kind person has sent me.

The dictionary is a little 48-page pamphlet on good-quality paper which would fit easily into a handbag or into the cover of a portable typewriter, and it costs 4/-.

It's fun (for superior people like you and me who think they can spell reasonably well) and it would be invaluable to the truly awful spellers who mind.

Come to think of it, there are two sorts of awful spellers in the world — those who admit it and those who don't. Mike is one of the second variety. He spells like an idiot and is supremely satisfied with the results.

If a mistake is pointed out to him, he argues. If the pointer-out persists, he or she is told that they're wrong about this, they're just being obstinate, and they ought to be big enough to admit to having made a mistake.

If the pointer-out then gets mad and produces a dictionary to prove the point, Mike is quite likely to stare at the word for a moment or two and then say with the utmost good humor: "Good heavens — it doesn't seem to make sense. It looks so silly like that. D'you think maybe it's a misprint?"

So I doubt whether "The Awful Spellers' Dictionary" would be of much use to anyone as obstinate as Mike.

It's so orful when you just can't find the farmacy!

BUT the great majority of Awful Spellers know their spelling is awful, and it's very hard for them to do much about it. Standard dictionaries don't help them very much.

Suppose an Awful Speller is writing a letter and she wants to say: "On Wednesday I felt so awful I thought I might have ptomaine poisoning. I went round to the farmacy, but the door was shut. So I knocked, and one of the attendants let me in and brewed up some medicine for me, and in a few minutes I felt physically fit again. It must just have been something indigestible I ate."

Now our awful speller, aware that she's an awful speller, will probably try to look up the dictionary.

She'll look for ptomaine, and farmacy, and physically, and find they're not there — at least not in the part of the dictionary where she's looking for them.

So her message will read: "Last Wensday I felt so awful I thought I might have tomaine poisoning. I went round too the farmacy, but the door was shut. So I knocked, and one of the attendance let me in and brood up some medsin for me, and in a few minutes I felt fisically fit again. It must just have been something indigestible I eight."

The friend who gets the letter will roar with laughter and show it to everyone, and they'll roar, too.

If she'd had a copy of "The Awful Spellers' Dictionary" she could have looked up farmacy under farmacy and found it there, with the correct spelling alongside; she could have looked up fisically either under fisically or phisically and found a better way of spelling it.

The look-alikes or sound-alikes lists at the end of each alphabetical section would have pointed out the difference between attendants and attendance and brood and brewed, and the whole message would have relieved her friend's anxiety about her helth instead of rejuicing her to laffter.

Almost everybody has a few odd words that, come hell or high water, they spell wrongly. My downfall is scarce. (I know this is right. I've just this minute looked the word up.) As a child I was made to write out hundreds of times "There are scarcely any s's in scarce." This stuck in my mind. Well—almost.

Every time I go to write it I say to myself: "There are scarcely any s's in scarce." Then I think for a bit, and I say: "There are scarcely any c's in scarce." Then, if I'm in a hurry, I write scarce, and if I've got time I look it up and write scarce.

It would probably take a long course of psycho-analysis to discover why I have this difficulty, and it scarcely seems worth the trouble and expense.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965



TODAY

Take one Buccaline tablet with water, an hour before your evening meal.

TOMORROW

Take two Buccaline tablets. Same way. Same time.

THE DAY AFTER

Take four Buccaline tablets. Same way. Same time. Protection is effected in one week.

NOW YOU'RE PROTECTED FOR UP TO SIX MONTHS

Now is the best time to get Buccaline protection to prevent infections getting a grip on your health. It takes only three days. Give all your family the benefit of this safe, proven Swiss anti-bacterial oral treatment. Get Swiss Buccaline from your family chemist today.

Buccaline tablets are formulated and made at the Swiss Serum and Vaccine Institute (under Government control). It is, of course, completely safe. Constant testing and research ensures that Buccaline is kept to ethical standards. Swiss Buccaline is the most positive protection you can give yourself against colds and 'flu this winter.

NS721

Page 36

Protect yourself
and your family
from COLDS
and 'FLU for
up to 6 months





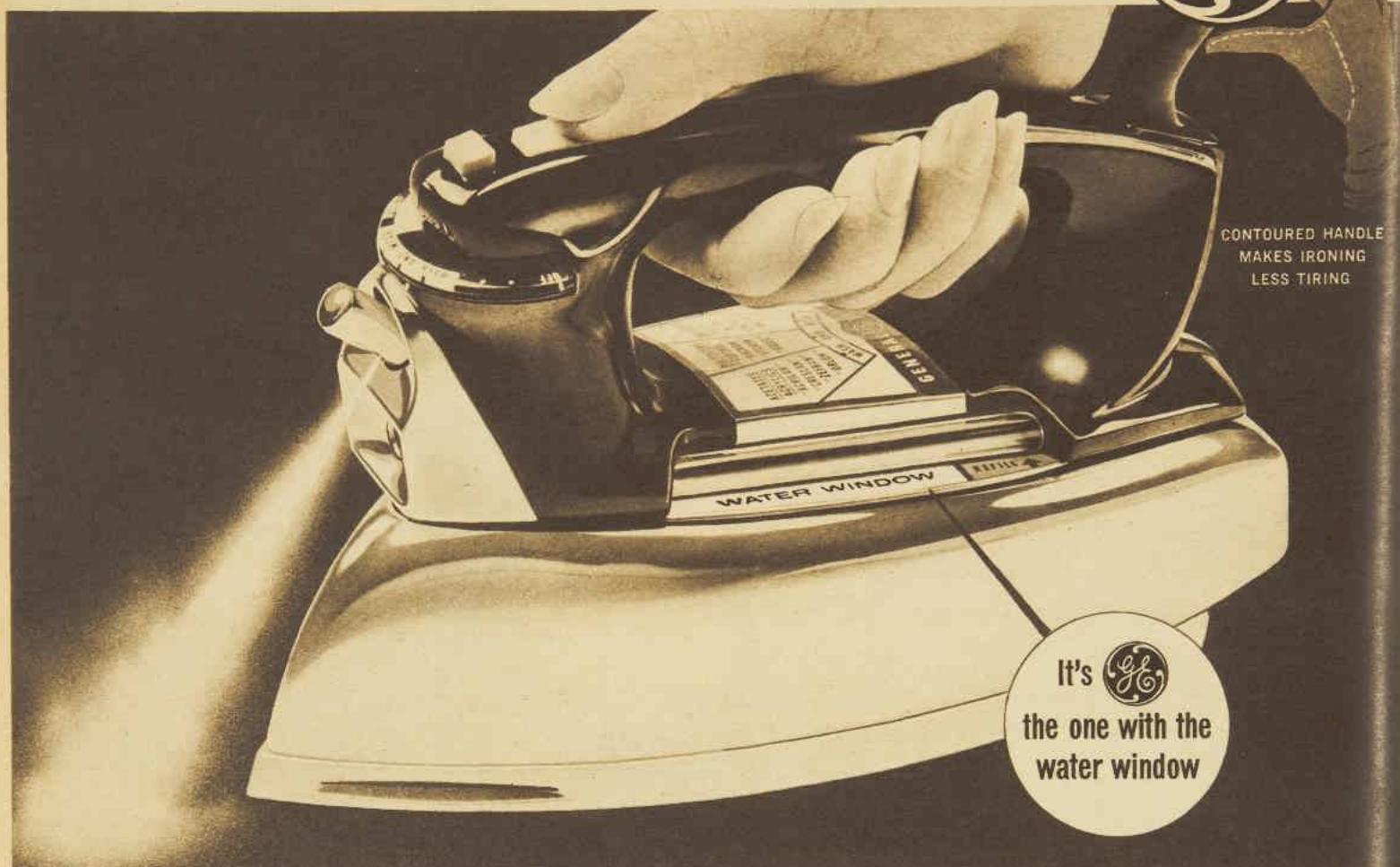
Breakfasts for Eves haven't changed much. A tawny red apple for Tawny Apple lips. At 5.27 on a fresh misty morning, after the loveliest night of the year. Lips dressed in Tawny Apple. One of the three new lipstick shades by Yardley. The other two? Eve's Blush and Temptation Pink. A trio to tempt the most strong-willed Adam. And, to encase this Eden beauty, a beautiful

golden case. It's really a lovely (and very rewarding) idea. All Yardley moisture creme lipsticks now come in our new golden case (at the price of a refill), 9/11. And here's another Yardley idea for you. All seven fashion shades of Yardley Feather Finish Cream Powder now come in the most beautifully slender, hinged case (also at the price of a refill), 10/6.

from the new world of

Yardley

Now! Sprinkle out wrinkles in a twinkle with the General Electric Spray Iron

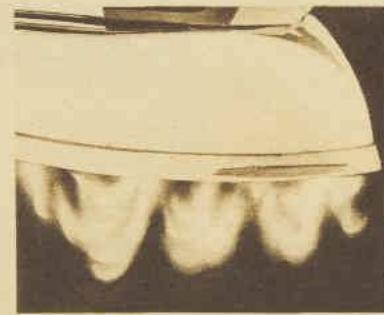


CONTOURED HANDLE
MAKES IRONING
LESS TIRED

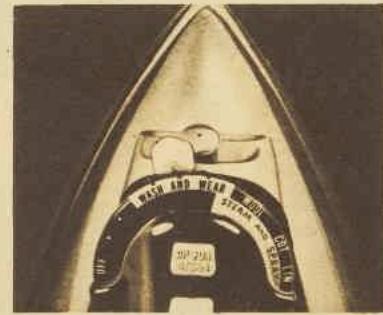
Spray, Steam and Dry ... ends all your ironing problems



Sprinkles without spotting — Australia's only automatic spray iron — sprays a continuous warm mist to melt away wrinkles.



Steams without spouting — Constant Steam Flow — a GE exclusive — eliminates spouting, gives deeper penetration than you've ever known.



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Tells when to add water — without shaking. No fear of running out of water — no need for constant shaking — you simply 'tilt and tell'.

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AUSTRALIA



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

Suspended from a steel frame

● When Melbourne architect Keith Lodge designed his own home in the flood-prone Yarra Valley area of East Kew, he took advantage of having to build high off the ground.

THE home he designed is suspended within a dynamic steel frame some ten feet above the gently sloping ground.

"When we knew we had to go up we decided to go right up," said Mrs. Lodge, who is the mother of three young daughters, Fiona, Nicola, and Celeste.

According to a Metropolitan Board of Works regulation, houses in this area of Kew must be at least 1 ft. above the maximum flood level.

The house is built on a corner block 150ft. by 113ft., sloping gently to the west and overlooking rich grazing country and, in the distance, the Kew golf course.

From the balcony you get the feeling of being on the outskirts of a country town instead of in a busy Melbourne suburb barely six miles from the city.

Mr. Lodge designed the house on a steel suspension frame with the minimum of supports at ground level. The steel framing is fully exposed on the outside in an unusual triangular pattern which forms the edges of the windows in the sitting- and dining-room.

The interior is contemporary, simple, and streamlined, furnished in a refreshing and uncluttered way with built-in cup-

boards, drawers, and shelves. Much use is made of a variety of textures.

In the sitting-room a 12ft.-high granite wall incorporates the fireplace, which has a firewood shelf underneath. This same granite mass forms one wall of the hall.

"Our hall is the heart of the house," said Mrs. Lodge.

The ceiling is of perforated waxed plywood. One wall is covered with a navigational map of Australia in washes of green and brown.

Because all plumbing must be above ground level, Mrs. Lodge has her laundry upstairs, grouped with the bathroom and compact gallery kitchen. All the pipes from these three rooms are concealed by a false wall.

The space underneath the house has been cleverly designed for outdoor living. It is an ideal place for the children to play in the wet weather, and at one end is their sandpit. In the base of the granite chimney is a barbecue.

The landscaped garden looks more like natural parkland than a planned garden.

Rockeries are planted with cacti and just a few flowers ("enough for the house"). Native shrubs form shady avenues and cool corners.

— By SCARTH FLETT



STEEL SUSPENSION FRAME (above) raises the home of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Lodge, in East Kew, Melbourne, from the ground. At the back of the house is a ramp leading from the laundry to the clothesline. The house, painted cream, grey, and mushroom, is built of asbestos cement.



ENTRANCE HALL (left) was designed to use a number of textures. The wall at left is covered with a navigational map of Australia. A doorway leads to the gallery kitchen. A feature is the granite wall.

UNUSUAL triangular window following the line of the outside steel construction is the focal point of the living-room (above). Chimney of granite slabs has a raised, built-in fireplace, which backs on to the hall.



Nestlē's

—specialists
in infant
feeding

Babies are very special people . . .
that's why they need very special care

You know your baby's needs. You understand his language—the cry of hunger, the cry for comfort, the cry that calls only for your love and affection.

Yours is the wonderful responsibility of motherhood. That's why you must be certain that the infant foods you choose

measure up to the standards you yourself would set.

Nestlē's have perfected a variety of infant and baby foods, each one conforming to the very highest standards; each one formulated to meet a specific need in the feeding of your baby, and each one the

result of years of research and scientific development.

Your doctor knows them well, and will suggest the product most suited to your baby. Nestlē's know that babies are very special people—that's why they need very special care.



Lactogen, Liquid Lactogen, Pelargon, Nestogen, Arobion, Nestargel, Maltojen, Nesmida, Strained Baby Foods, Junior Baby Foods.

GOODBYE, YOUNG LOVERS

Continued from page 23

Some of the recent snow had melted a little under the brilliant sun, and here in the parking area the tyre ruts were a mixture of sand and mud, and there was even a little yellow-green showing where the grass was.

"Don't you smell spring?" he said.

She laughed, looking down at the snow on her boots. "Hardly."

"Come on now. You do smell it, Caroline. Of all the people in the world I know, you'd be the one to smell it, I could swear. Try."

The sky was a deep clear blue, with a minimum of white cloud. She took a deep breath. The air did seem . . . softer, somehow, almost damp, almost . . . sweet.

"There," he said. "I knew you could smell it. There's a day toward the end of winter when you can feel spring, and maybe at the time it's even knowing, but that doesn't matter, you can feel it anyway. It never fails. I wait for that day. When I woke up this morning I knew this was it. Spring. I made up my mind I'd stay right here in Southbury today and enjoy it."

"You're lucky you can take the time to enjoy it."

"You're lucky, too," he said, looking at her. "You can enjoy it. With me."

She laughed. "Unfortunately I have things to do. The groceries to put away, dinner to prepare . . ."

"No, you don't," he said. "You're having dinner at our house."

"But I . . ."

"Your children are in school. Put away your groceries later, because this sense of spring doesn't last very long at this time of year — three or four hours maybe, and then it fades, and you realize you have a couple of weeks of winter still to go."

He leaned his elbows on her car door. "Come for a drive with me into the country and let's enjoy the day."

"Scott, how could I?"

"Why not?" There was that betraying flush, as revealing as her trying to hide from him. She bent her head, rummaging in her handbag for her keys.

"Just a few pleasant hours," he said. "Don't be afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of you, Scott," she said, and managed a credible laugh. "Why should I be? It's just that . . ."

"That what?"

She met his eyes. They were a light grey in his spare, bony face, and the sun was deepening the squint lines around them. "I don't know," she said in a low voice.

"Come on," he said. "Play hooky with me. How many days will there be just like this one in both our lives?"

Ten? Twenty? Can we afford to let a single one of them go by unobserved?"

She said slowly, "I have some packages of frozen foods in the car . . ."

"And Anna has to put these flowers in water. Tell you what," he said, "you go right home and put the frozen foods into the freezer, and I'll drop off the flowers, and I'll blow the horn for you in ten minutes. O.K.?"

She laughed. "I feel . . . irresponsible."

"So do I," he said. "Wonderful, isn't it?"

She drove the car into the driveway and carried in the bundles. She unpacked them in reckless haste and left everything on the table except what had to go into the freezer and refrigerator. The horn was sounding outside. Already? She hadn't even fully made up her mind whether she would go or not. She ran to the front door and opened it. "I'll be another minute!"

"Bring something for your hair," he called. "I'm putting the top down."

MR. FOX across the way was taking the mail out of her mailbox. Mrs. Fox looked over at Scott's low, black convertible with the top majestically rising and folding, and then she looked at Caroline. Caroline waved at her, feeling guilty.

Now why should I feel guilty? she scolded herself. I'm just going for a drive with Scott. He's our friend, Jed's and mine. We've known him almost a year. She marched purposefully upstairs to her dressing table and put on lipstick and combed her hair and found a scarf. Suppose she did put on cologne? Wouldn't she put on cologne no matter where she went, or with whom, if she were going out?

She stared at her face in the mirror, her eyes very bright, her cheeks flushed. Her heart was beating fast. From hurrying. Would she feel this way if she were going out with Ned, Frannie's husband? Or with Jack, Sophie's husband? You find Scott attractive. You have from the first. You find it exciting that you suspect he thinks you are attractive. And that's why you tried to hide from him this morning, because you are a little afraid of such feelings.

But they all found Scott attractive — Frannie, Sophie, the others. It was hard to see exactly why, because he was by no means handsome. Why was it none of them had produced a girl for him to meet to fill the vacuum of his bachelor state? Was it because they preferred him single,

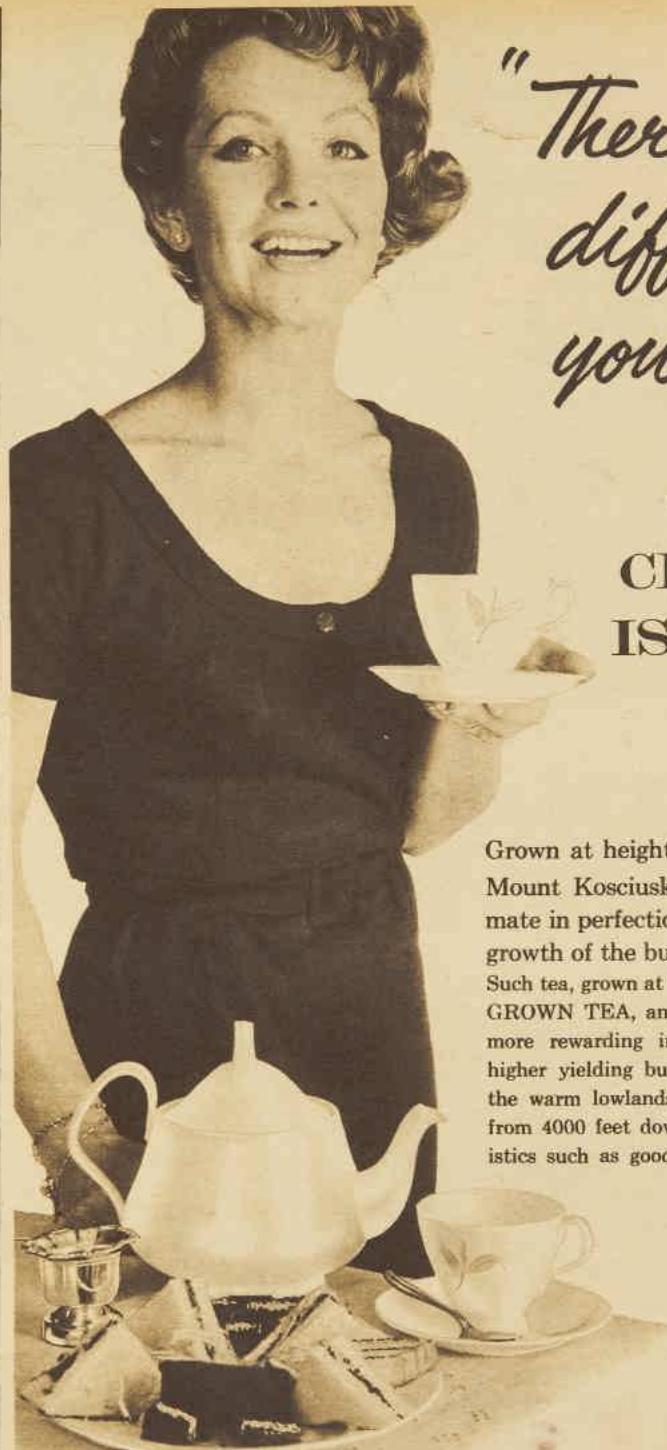
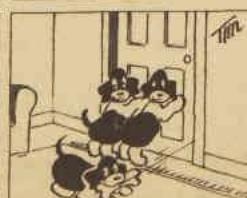
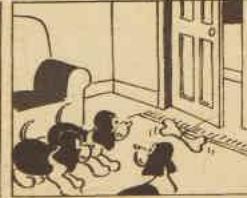
To page 43

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM



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ANDRONICUS RED SEAL and GREEN SEAL	N.S.W. A.C.T.
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SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W. Q.L.D. S.A. W.A. A.C.T.
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND	S.A. W.A.
GIBSONS CHOICE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.
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HOY'S PURE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W. A.C.T.
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MENDIS' PREMIUM QUALITY CEYLON TEA	Q.L.D. A.C.T.
MORAN & CATO'S PERFECTION IN TEA	N.S.W. VIC. TAS. A.C.T.
REPIN'S SPECIAL CEYLON TEA	N.S.W. A.C.T.
ROBERT TIMMS' REGAL SPECIAL and NURAYLIA	N.S.W. VIC. Q.L.D. S.A. W.A. TAS. A.C.T.
ROBUR'S FINE TEA	VIC. Q.L.D. S.A. W.A. TAS. A.C.T.
SOUTHWICK'S HIGH GROWN CEYLON TEA	Q.L.D.
WOOD SON'S QUALITY CEYLON TEA	S.A. W.A.

*Firms, if phoned, will name nearest shop selling their brand

"There is a difference you know!"

QUALITY CEYLON TEA IS MOUNTAIN GROWN

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Brands of Quality Ceylon Tea sold in Australia are all blends of clean fresh High-Grown and Medium-Grown tea from the mountains of Ceylon.



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Mayfair — 93% wool, 7% nylon — gives knitteds a terrific textured finish very like imported knits. Mayfair, in 29 lovely colours, and Knitting Book 734 are available now. Take a look at them today and plan on starting a Gadabout Sweater tonight.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

Continued from page 41

technically the property of none and so belonging to all of them?

His work wore an aura of difference: he bought and sold spices in the East and in the Caribbean, he chartered ships to transport cargoes and sometimes he went along when the trading was important enough, and then he was away from Southbury for weeks at a time.

Occasionally when she went into Jenny's room at night she would look out from the window and see the gables and turret of Scott's and Anna's house. Sometimes his light was burning — his bedroom was in the turret of that Victorian monster of a house, faded green and with fish-scale shingles.

Everyone had expected the Brackets to do it over when they bought it (Anna was an artist), paint it pink or at least prune the wisteria. The Brackets had done the unexpected, which was what people learned to expect from them — they had left it exactly as it was.

Anna could sometimes be seen painting in the garage, which she used as a studio, or, long-legged and lean as Scott, walking their boxers in all kinds of weather. And Scott

"The horn sounded again, impatiently. She leaned out of the window. "Coming!" Everyone in the street would know that Caroline Garrow was going off somewhere in Scott Brackett's car. Well, even so. Two adults were entitled to take a drive in the light of day without it's being . . . what?

As she ran through the kitchen she noted that it was almost lunchtime, and she dropped into her capacious handbag two apples and a package of gruyere cheese. She stepped into her boots and locked the door behind her. There was Mrs. Fox behind the blinds; it seemed to Caroline that the blinds trembled as she got into Scott's car and slammed the door.

"Where are we going?" she asked as the car moved forward.

"Do you care?"

"Not really. Just so I'm back at three-twenty, when Jenny comes home."

SHE remembered then that Jenny was going straight from school to her friend's house as she generally did when Jed and she stayed out late. It eliminated the baby-sitter. Billy was going to the city with a friend tonight — it was the first time he had been allowed to go into the city and at night without Jed or herself to see a hockey game. She wanted to be home when he left.

"Warm enough?" Scott asked. "There's a blanket in the back seat."

They were out of Southbury already, on a ribbon of white road that was straight and deserted. The heater toasted her feet, the sun burned hot on her face, but around her shoulders a cool wind blew. She reached for the blanket and burrowed into it snugly. The road dipped and began to curl, stone fences appeared and then a barn.

She couldn't resist asking, "What would you have done

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GOODBYE, YOUNG LOVERS

if I hadn't gone with you?"

"Would have stayed home."

"On this beautiful day, that you stayed away from work to enjoy?"

"Oh, puttered around, taken a walk." He glanced at her sideways. "Wished this could happen."

"Come, now."

"I mean it. It was bound to happen, you know. As soon as I saw you in the parking area I knew this was the day it was going to happen. I've been waiting for it to happen."

Of course, he was making it up as he went along, as she made up stories for Jenny.

"It's the law of averages," he said. "I've lived in Southbury for a year, and so do you, and by the law of averages I was bound to run into you on a day like this, when you couldn't refuse, and we were fated to drive out aimlessly just this way, and talk, and by and by stop somewhere nice where I'll produce a bottle of chilled wine."

"You couldn't," she said, laughing.

"Couldn't I? It's in the trunk, keeping cold. Have you ever tasted wine out in the open? It's an entirely different taste from wine at the dinner table."

"Jed and I used to take some along with us when we still followed the college football games."

They would start out the night before, sleep at a motel, and stop for a picnic lunch before they reached the stadium. That was long ago, before Billy was born. They would sit on the back bumper in the cold autumn days, eating their sandwiches and drinking white wine out of the flask that Jed had filled before they left.

She said, "I brought some cheese and apples along. As a matter of fact, I'm getting hungry."

"See?" he said. "I knew you were the kind of girl who would bring cheese and apples. You're not a bit like any of the other married women I know."

"Then you don't know married women with children," she said, "because married women with children never step into a car to go anywhere without thinking. Maybe I better take some food along. It's a way they've developed to keep the children contented. I did it automatically."

"Don't try to convince me you are like all married women," he said. "I know you. And I've known them, many of them. A married woman is so fearfully married. Closed off, secret, and yet on her face is that expression that says there is nothing in life she hasn't experienced and there is nothing in life that could startle her, shake her, disconcert her."

"You think that because you're a bachelor."

"I'm a bachelor because I don't want to see it happen to a girl I love. I don't want to see her change from a waiting, yearning, charmingly uncertain creature into one of these impervious, contained, sure females. It happened once," he said. "I don't want it happening again."

It happened once — was that his wife? "Why do you think it must happen that way?"

He glanced at her sideways again. "I didn't say it must happen. It hasn't, with you. I saw you at the car this morning, trying to make me believe you didn't see me."

"I didn't!" she said. "I was thinking of something else! You know I'm nearsighted. I

just didn't expect to see you . . ."

"On a Friday morning," he finished with her, laughing. "I know. You told me."

She said, her chin up. "I'm hungry. Would you like some cheese?"

"Wait," he said, "I know the place where we'll eat."

He slowed at a road junction, went through a village, and then up a narrow, winding road that spiraled back on itself, narrowed even further, and then crept through underbrush up on a driveway. The driveway ended at a rambling house, completely surrounded by a wide verandah, set high on a bare knoll. He turned off the motor, got out, and came to her door, reaching for her. "Come on."

She held back. "Who lives here?"

"Not a soul," he said. "It's an abandoned house."

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 240.—GIRL'S BUTTON-THROUGH PINAFORE

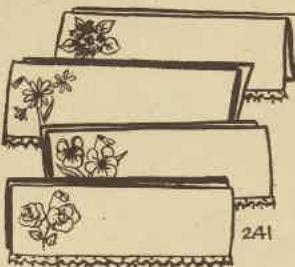
Attractive button-through pinafore is available cut out to make in red, royal, brown, or honey corduroy velveteen. Sizes 4 and 6 years, £1/15/-; 8 years, £1/18/- Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.



240

No. 241.—GUEST TOWELS

Guest towels are available cut out to embroider on pink, blue, lemon, or green Irish linen, with lace supplied. Price is 6/3 plus 3d postage or set of 4, 24/- plus 2/- postage.



241

No. 242.—MATERNITY SLIP

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• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 6060, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington.

No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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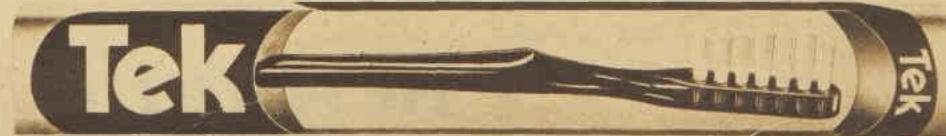
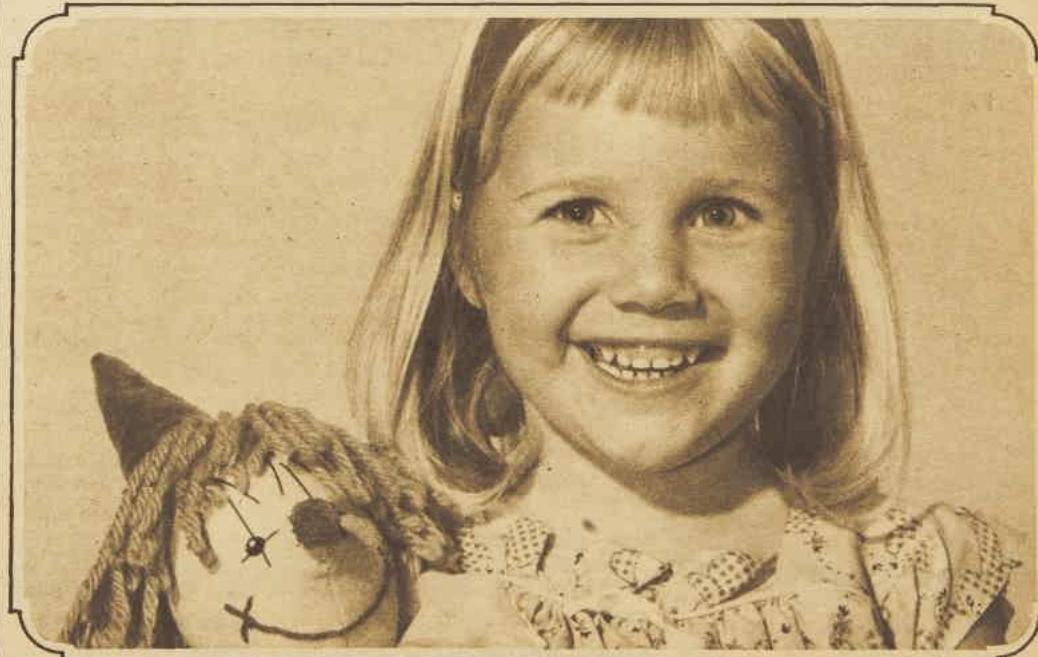
SHE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK GIRL



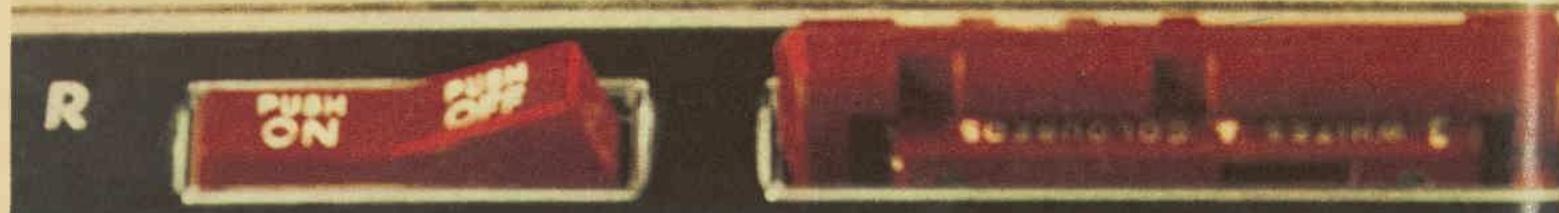
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965



Mountain and pasture

MOUNT ROLAND, 4047 feet high and one of Tasmania's most beautiful mountains, is situated in the north-west, about 18 miles from the tourist town of Devonport. Nearest town to the mountain is Sheffield, only a few miles away, which is in a rich pastoral area.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

Picture by Don Stephens, West Hobart, Tasmania

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She still held back. "How do you know?"

"Don't you believe me?"

She came out hesitantly. He hooked his arm through hers, and led her up the steps on to the verandah. "There," he said triumphantly, "how's that for a view?"

She caught her breath. The ground tumbled sheer away on all sides under a blanket of firs and thicket. Far down below was the small white village they had come through, and past it the pale shining parabola of a cove, and beyond it the river. The wind whispered around the house, making the stillness more emphatic. She shivered, as much with pleasure as with cold.

He put his arm lightly around her. "Just to keep you warm," he said. "Here, let's get out of the wind."

He found an ell of the verandah

Continued from page 43

that basked in sunshine. "Stay here. I'll get the wine."

He came back with a long-necked green bottle and a box of biscuits. "The wine was for tonight. I'll have to put another on ice when we get back. I hope the biscuits are appropriate. They're the first I could lay my hands on."

She produced the apples and the cheese.

"It's a feast," he said, busy with the corkscrew attached to his pocket-knife.

"How did you ever know about this place?" she said, glancing behind her at the blank windows.

"We considered buying it once before we settled on Southbury. The family died out, and it could

GOODBYE, YOUNG LOVERS

have been had for a song. But Anna would have been alone a good deal, and it takes two hours to get to the city."

"I'd like to live in a house like this," she said, peeling silver foil off the cheese and placing the cheese on a biscuit for him. He handed her a paper cup of wine. He was smiling. She felt a painful wrench within her.

Unbidden, the memory arose—the first meal she and Jed had shared after their marriage. They had no honeymoon. They had married before Jed was finished with engineering school and had returned after the ceremony to a furnished room they had rented off campus.

The room had been unheated in

their absence, the landlady had been saving fuel, and when they first came in it was as cold as an icebox and they had kept on their outer coats even while they had eaten the delicatessen sandwiches they had picked up in town.

Gradually the heat came up in a loud banging and rattling. Jed opened the champagne kept cold on the windowsill. Gradually they could take off their coats, as the room grew warmer, familiar...

Scott's eyes were still on her. She looked down, sipped the wine. She shivered again at its sharp chill.

"Let's walk around, get our circulation up," he said, noting the shiver. They each took an apple; it was icy against her teeth. Their

footsteps struck hollowly on the narrow wooden boards. "Want to see the house?"

"Can we?"

"Through the windows." They cupped their hands around their eyes and pressed their faces to the glass. There was a large parlor with dark, dusty, velvet hangings, a plaster fireplace, and a sofa all curves and curlicues.

"What would be the first thing to go if this were your house?" he said.

"Those drapes."

"I'd slather everything with light paint."

"Lots of flowers."

"Keep the mantelpiece as a curiosity?"

"And the sofa. But do it over. In pale-green satin."

"How about a picture window, for the view?"

"Wouldn't it spoil the effect?" she asked anxiously.

They began to laugh. For a moment it had been very real, fixing the house over. And then again that wrench, deep and painful. She and Jed had done this, long ago, long before they could afford to buy a house, when they had only dreamed of owning one.

They had peered into so many windows; they hadn't the nerve to ask for keys, they could never fool a house agent into believing they were serious clients, and through the windows they had remodelled, redecorated, or just made do with so many houses.

He was studying her seriously. "Are you happy, Caroline?"

"Of course!"

T

HEY circuited the house, arm in arm. Her heart had begun to beat fast again. He continued to play at renovating the house, pulling out the oak kitchen cupboards, bookshelves there in the study, but she somehow could not continue. He noticed her change of mood. "Have some more wine," he said, then they came back to where the bottle stood. He filled their slightly soggy paper cups.

"Happy days," he said. "Like this one."

Perhaps it was the wine that was confusing her. She was mixing him up in her mind with Jed, with past memories; it seemed that she had known him always. His face was close to hers, his eyes with the pleasant lines deeply etched, his narrow face, his easy yet firm mouth.

He kissed her. His cheek was cold. His breath smelled of wine. Sunlight winked on her closed eyelids. Their heavy coats were like a barrier between them, and yet she felt deep within her the pressure of his body. She put her hands on him and pushed him away.

"No. It's all wrong."

"Why, for heaven's sake?"

"You know why."

"No, I don't," he said in a low voice, as if they could be overheard. "This is a rare and special feeling. We're privileged to have it. Let's not toss it away as wrong."

She was shaking her head.

"You want to kiss me as much as I want to kiss you."

Yes. True.

"No one is being hurt. You're happy, and so am I. I may never want you again as much as I do now."

"I don't want you this way," she said. The day was compelling, the wine, the freedom, the kiss, but she did not love him. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm sorry it went this far. And it was all my fault as much as yours. We should have gone home before." She was trembling; she sounded more composed than she felt. "What time is it, Scott?"

He stared at her, frowning, and then impatiently he glanced at his watch. "Three-thirty."

"I have to get back."

He stared at her a moment longer, and then, without a word, he stooped and gathered up the biscuit box, the empty cheese container, the wine bottle with still a little wine left in it. She followed him to the edge of the sloping lawn and there he hurled them all one by one into the underbrush.

The bottle crashed and broke.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965



"it lasts longer...it's stronger"

ALFOIL

"Quilted" cooking foil...15 feet

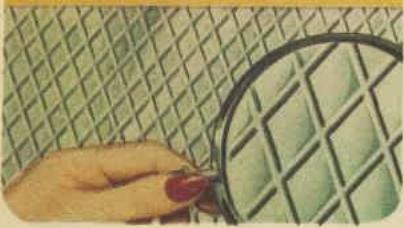


ROASTING GUIDE FOR MEATS, POULTRY		TEMP. GUIDE
For Roasting: Wrap foil for foil heat retention. Add 10-15 minutes depending on size of meat.		275° — very slow
1 lb. or less 350° 20 min. per lb.	310° — slow	
2 lbs. & over 325° 20 min. per lb.	325° — medium	
3 lbs. & over 350° 20 min. per lb.	350° — quick medium	
4 lbs. & over 375° 20 min. per lb.	375° — quick fast	
5 lbs. & over 400° 20 min. per lb.	400° — very fast	

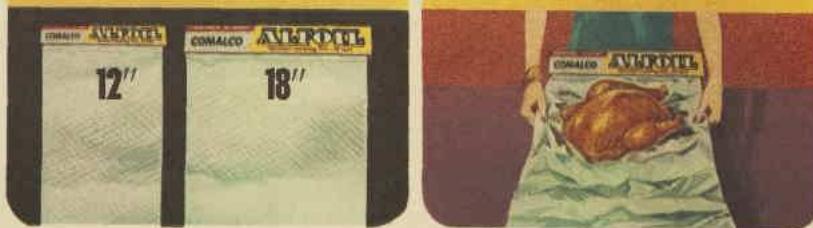
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BAKING TIMES: Half ham—6-8 lbs. 20 min. per lb. 10-12 lbs.—15-18 min. per lb. 14-16 lbs. and over—14-16 min. per lb.
Rolled ham—30 min. per lb. Whole ham—20 min. per lb.
Remove ham from oven 1/2 hour before it is done. Let set for 20 minutes, remove from foil. Trim off skin and all but 1/4" of layer of fat. Make diagonal cuts across fat to form diamond patterns; stick a clove in each diamond. Return ham to baking dish on fresh sheet of foil. Spread with glazing mixture: 1 cup brown sugar, 2 dspsn. plain flour, 1/2 tspn. dry mustard, 1/2 cup pineapple juice. Tent ham with foil, bake 30 minutes. Open foil, reglaze and bake 15-30 minutes with foil open. Stick pineapple rings (with toothpicks) on ham with cherry in centre, reglaze and bake 30 minutes with foil open.

GOODBYE, YOUNG LOVERS

Continued from page 46

on some rock. The sound echoed inside her. She had a sharp impulse to cry.

They got into the car and rolled down the driveway and on to the road.

It was more crowded now with city-bound traffic, the sun looked tarnished and a little dusty, the air had grown so cold that after a while he stopped and put the top of the convertible back on. "As I told you, spring doesn't last very long at this time of year," he said wryly.

She remembered a day long before Jed, when she was fourteen. There was a boy in her class — she had even forgotten his name. It was spring then, really spring, and she was on her way to school when he had fallen into step beside her. They carried their books, and their lunch in tin boxes, and with the school already in sight he had said, "It's too nice for school. Suppose we just keep walking."

She could almost hear her own small, shocked voice. "We couldn't." She had been a very proper young girl, conscientious, and she never missed school unless she was sick.

"Why not?" he had said, grinning. He was a big boy, with a dark and not very smooth complexion, and he wore a brown leather jacket with an orange-and-black-striped tiger on the back. She remembered him from back of the class where the big boys were, but she had never spoken to him before. "What can they do to us? Will your folks beat you?"

"Of course not," she said indignantly.

"Then come on."

"Where?"

The high school was new, built on the edge of town.

"Let's just keep going," he said impatiently. "Scared?"

What made her go? They had ducked into side lanes until they were out of sight of school. The day was so warm that they had to carry their jackets after a while, and her face was so damp that strands of hair stuck to it. They found a field shaded by some trees, with the farmhouse some distance beyond.

They sat on the coarse brown stubble of last year's crop and ate their lunch. She thought the cleft in his chin and his thick brown hair unbearably attractive, and the day passed in a fevered dream in which she wondered if he would try to kiss her. He never did.

When it was time for school to be let out, they walked back, and he waited with her at her bus stop. But they had slipped away from each other even like the perfect day, even though he waited beside her, and she noticed again that his complexion was uneven and his jacket shabby and gaudy. In a little while she would be home, and her mother would ask, "But why, Caroline?" and she wouldn't even be able to answer her.

Scott pulled up in front of her house. "I'm sorry you're so late." "It's all right."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "I'm sorry if I went too far. I didn't mean to spoil the day."

"It was a perfect day," she said slowly.

"Was it? Do you still think so?"

"Yes. But it's quite over. Don't get out with me, Scott."

"We'll see you tonight?"

She nodded and shut the car door, and went up the walk to her house. There was a note on the hall table; it was from Billy. It read, "Pick us up at eleven-forty. Mother, I'm sorry I didn't clean up the bathroom, but I was late."

She had wanted to see him before he went. She folded the note, covered with his big sprawling writing, and put it in her pocket. The groceries were still on the table to

Collectors' Corner

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' inquiries about their antiques.

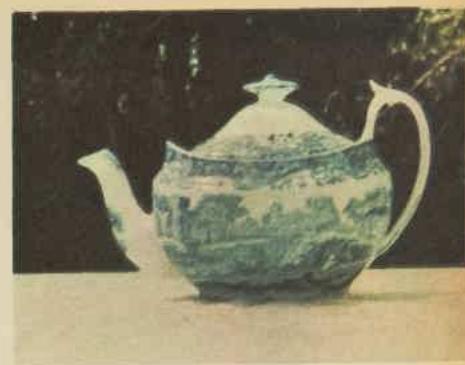
I HAVE a teapot (right) similar to the "willow pattern" except that the motif is a river scene with sheep and castles. It is marked "Copeland, England, Spode's Italian." The number 14 is engraved on the base. What is the age of this teapot? I also have a vase (picture enclosed but not shown). — H. K. Campbell, Mildura, Vic.

Your teapot was made during the first quarter of this century. The embossed

decoration is transfer-printed under glaze. Your Coalport vase is hand-painted, about 1845.

MY son has always admired a china ornament which I am now giving him. I would like some information about it. It is marked underneath with a triangular stamp and 1731 Royal Dux Bohemia.—Mrs. E. Ross, Hobart, Tasmania.

This Royal Dux biscuit porcelain group was made in Bohemia about 1910.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

Page 47

WAY-OUT FASHIONS



• Scaled-down dress (above) is worn with the chic little jacket (right). The fabric—gabardine, at nearly £A30 a yard—is used for all the Courreges suits and coats. Dress in white, jacket beige.



• This blush-pink suit is worn with a white strapped-under-the-chin hat, white wrist-length gloves, white lace socks, and little-girl tie shoes.



• Dress and jacket together (right) show the new Courreges proportions. The jacket is double-fastened; the very short dress has a narrow belt slung below the hips.

IN THE
COURREGES
SPRING
COLLECTION

Sparse simplicity — and new proportions in a Paris season of fuss.

• During the spring showings, Paris couture got a shot in the arm via the new-look clothes of "ideas" designer Andre Courreges.

Everything in his collection is news, from the huge white plastic goggles, boots with open toes, lace socks, and skirts cut three inches above the knee.

Crazy? Yes, but on a chic young girl, wonderful.

The gimmicks of the collection did not detract from the purity of line and beautifully scaled silhouette.

The Courreges fashions are already judged the season's most way-out, and the designer looks like being a new fashion leader.

Courreges replaced his last season's pants suit, designed to be worn on the street, with a powerful collection of above-the-knee dresses, suits, and coats. The pants suits that remain are designed for *le sport*.

There is also a lavish production in sequins for the cocktail hour.

Courreges' top spring fabric — and his favorite — is a double gabardine. Colors are orange, blue, blush-pink, beige, and white.

It takes a fat cheque-book to be dressed by Courreges. His price averages £A350.

I think the clothes are superb and well-suited to the modern mood of youth. In this category they are easily the best fashions to come out of the Paris spring collections.

— BETTY KEEP



• Singlet-like top (above) worn under skirt "hung" on braces. The skirt has wide blazer stripes in blue and white. White interplanetary goggles with centre slits are worn with the outfit, and, of course, the Courreges boots with slit, open toes.



• Black-and-white cocktail suit (right) is made in flat-sequined fabric. The geometric pattern is one of the stamps of the Courreges spring clothes. Toes of the glistening sequined boots are slit.



• Orange banding on white is seen in the dress-jacket outfit, above. The dress has the typical Courreges singlet neckline, and the clipped jacket is scooped low. The hat, with square curled-up brim, is bow-tied under the chin with streamers.

• New Courreges pants-suit (left) features black tent stripes on white. The pants are straight-cut, the top is scooped low beneath the arms and crosses at the back. The jacket is short and lined with matching tent stripes. Note the strapped shoes.



of a grandmother. But how do I want her to look? Barbara asked herself. Do I want her to wear shapeless house dresses instead of that smart knitted suit, and dye her hair grey? Do I want her to spend all her time in the kitchen baking apple pies?

I probably dismay her, Barbara thought. I'm certainly no one's image of the ideal young housewife who is always well-groomed, always beautifully efficient, and who never, under any circumstances, forgets a thing.

She was suddenly conscious of her appearance — hair up in rollers under an old scarf, her paint-smeared dungarees, and her faded sneakers.

"I thought I'd surprise Tony and paint the bathroom," Barbara said quickly. "Looks terrific, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Jameson stared at her. "The bathroom looks fine," she said, "but have you seen yourself? And do you know what time it is?"

"Almost noon, I suppose," Barbara said. "I'm glad you dropped by. Why don't you have lunch with us?"

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Jameson.

"Don't believe what?"

"That you could have forgotten."

FORGOTTEN? Barbara thought. What have I forgotten now? My black suit is pressed and ready for the big event tomorrow, and I remembered to thaw the chicken for dinner tonight, and I finally sewed that missing button on Tony's sports-jacket.

"Forgotten what?" Barbara said.

"The luncheon. I'm here to babysit, remember?"

"Oh," Barbara said, relieved. "Is that what you're worrying about? Well, this time you've got the dates mixed up. That's tomorrow. I wrote it right across the calendar. Tony told me to write it down and I did." She looked at her mother's raised eyebrows and swallowed hard. "It is tomorrow, isn't it?" she asked weakly.

"Somewhere, somehow," said Mrs. Jameson, "you've lost a day. In exactly half an hour Muriel Dane will be calling for you."

I feel sick, Barbara thought. There is a peculiar flutter in the pit of my stomach, and my legs are shaking so that I can't possibly climb down from this ladder.

"I think," Barbara said, "that I may faint."

"You haven't time. It is now exactly a quarter to twelve."

Tony will never forgive me for this, Barbara told herself. My poor, patient, darling Tony. He could make a list of my crimes. Last week I forgot to pick up his suit at the cleaners. I have given dinner parties and forgotten to make the coffee. Yet each time Tony has only laughed and forgiven me. But this time it's different.

This time Tony's career is at stake. Muriel Dane isn't just a neighbor or personal friend or anyone who could possibly understand how I could forget a date with her. This is John Dane's wife, and John Dane is president of the company, and Tony wants to be his assistant, and will they promote someone who has an idiot for a wife?

"Mother..."

Mrs. Jameson nodded. "Don't say it. Don't stop to talk." "I can't possibly shower and dress in twenty minutes."

"You can and you will." "I can't understand Tony," Barbara said as she reached for the turpentine. "Usually when there's something important that I must do he leaves notes for me and reminds me the last thing before he leaves the house."

Mrs. Jameson picked up the baby and hugged him. "Probably he was depending on you," she said. "You must learn to be more dependable, darling. You're always going off on tangents. I never know what you're going to do next. Painting the bathroom, for instance. Why?"

"I like doing this sort of thing," Barbara said, scrubbing her knuckles with turpentine. "But I'll admit I could have picked a better time

WHAT WOMEN KNOW BEST

for it than this particular day."

Each time Mrs. Dane has asked me to go somewhere, Barbara remembered, I have been careful to be ready. The other invitations, however, were different — to a bridge game, to the antique show. Never before has Mrs. Dane invited me to anything like this. This luncheon is the beginning of the fund-raising campaign for her pet charity. And it's not only important to Mrs. Dane but to Tony and me as well. It could affect our entire future.

And yet, in a way, she thought, it's almost funny, too. I can imagine the write-up now. "Mrs. John Dane, civic and society leader, was accompanied by young Mrs.

Anthony Warren at the luncheon given by the Associated Charities. Mrs. Warren, willing as always to devote her time and energy to a good cause, will be a volunteer worker.

"She will march up and down the streets pushing a baby carriage in front of her and collect door-to-door for the Associated Charities . . ."

What nonsense, Barbara thought, but if I don't keep my mind on the ridiculous I shall go into a panic and never get dressed on time.

"While you shower, dear," Mrs. John Dane, civic and society leader, was accompanied by young Mrs.

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LULUBELLE



Everyone's heading for India



Temple carvings, Madras.



The new colourful Exciting Holidayland!

At last, for people who feel they've seen most of what the world has to offer...now, there is INDIA! A land of breathtaking beauty, heartwarming hospitality, ancient splendours and modern luxury. You must see India...for the sheer excitement of its endless surprises...

The Taj Mahal at Agra, its tapering domes and slim spires dreaming in the moonlight. Sunrise over Everest from Darjeeling, where orchidaceous forests climb the scented foothills of the mighty Himalayas. A tropical sunrise on a palm-fringed beach in Cochin. Life-loving people dancing

in the streets at joyous festivals in Madras. The stirring pageantry of a Guards' Parade at the President's Palace. The impressive dignity of Parliament in the world's largest round building in the great modern capital of New Delhi. The Lake Palace Hotel centred in glorious lake in Udaipur. The magic and mystery of the real East. Temples in Mahabalipuram so silent you can sense the prayers of 3,000 years. Beguiling music. Riotous colour. Incredibly variety. The courtesy. The charm friendliness of a people who speak your language and want to help you enjoy India.

The Airline that treats you like a Maharajah.

AIR-INDIA



In Association with BOAC & Qantas

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Mrs. H. WIFE



Continued from page 51

Jameson said, "I'll give the baby his lunch and keep him happy."

There will come a day, Barbara told herself in the shower, when I shall be able to get ready in a leisurely way for an appointment. There will come a day when I shall be like all the other women who soak luxuriously in a hot bath and take an hour to put on make-up and who run their lives competently.

Maybe I'm in just another stage of growth, she thought hopefully, racing barefoot into the bedroom and yanking slip and stockings from a drawer; maybe it's just a symptom of the age group I'm in.

Barbara was almost ready when the door opened.

WHAT WOMEN KNOW BEST

"How are you going?" Mrs Jameson asked. "It's getting late."

"Ready in a minute," Barbara said. "But my skirt just stuck."

"Let me."

Poor mother, Barbara thought. I'm a trial to her. She touched her mother's cheek.

Mrs. Jameson smiled. "You look lovely," she said.

"Do I?"

Barbara brushed her hair back from her face, seeing with clarity her own features, the high cheekbones, the wide mouth. She remembered the times she had met her mother in the supermarket or on the street—her mother trim and collected in a matching skirt and sweater, looking startled at the sight

of her daughter rushing by with groceries on one hip and the baby on the other.

"Poor Mother," Barbara said out loud. "I must be a trial to you."

"I have never lost my faith," said Mrs. Jameson lightly. "See, I said you could get ready in twenty minutes and you've done it. Barbara—"

She hesitated. "You've never been to this sort of luncheon before, have you?"

"Oh, I've collected for charities often."

"I don't mean that. This is a pledge luncheon for the workers, you know, and you'll have to offer a donation."

"Well, naturally," Barbara said. "You can't ask other people to contribute if you're not willing to do it yourself."

"It's one thing to pledge," said Mrs. Jameson. "It's another to honor the pledge."

"I don't understand," said Barbara. She paused at the sudden sound of a horn outside. "That must be Mrs. Dane honking for me," she said. "I'd better run."

"Barbara—"

"What?"

Mrs. Jameson sighed. "Have a good time," she said.

Have a good time, thought Barbara, closing the door behind her. That wasn't what she was going to say, what she wanted to say. But she needn't worry. I will do everything right today. I feel very confident and chic in my smart suit. My shoes and bag are new, and there's a touch of perfume behind my ear, and I'm like any other woman going to a luncheon on a sunny, sparkling, spring day.

Mrs. Dane leaned across and opened the door to the car. "Sorry I'm late," she said.

"Not at all," Barbara said, as she got in the car.

Now, what did I mean by that? she wondered. That she's not late or that I'm forgiving her for being late? I wouldn't dare tell her how relieved I am that she is. How do other people do it? she asked herself, smiling at Mrs. Dane—how do they function so casually, doing all the things they are supposed to

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THE BOYFRIEND

CHIPS

BREAM

CHICK & PEA FRIED



"My compliments to the chef!"

NUTRITIONAL BREAKTHROUGH!

Amazing Heinz discovery gives your baby more to grow on

Heinz new peak-nutrition cooking process gives your baby more essential vitamins, more body-building protein (more than any other method, any other brand)



Now the best is even better! Now there's more nourishment in every spoonful of Heinz Baby Foods. This means sturdier growth, stronger limbs and more robust development. And it's all due to a new cooking discovery made by Heinz—the result of Heinz greater experience and know-how.

More vitamins for your baby! Heinz scientists worked for years to solve the age-old problem—that all known cooking methods wasted some nourishment. Now comes the breakthrough. A new process that cooks each particle for precisely the right time and not a split second more. In this way, more of the vital food ele-

ments provided by nature are retained. Heinz Baby Foods now have a higher Vitamin B1, B2 and protein content to aid growth, appetite and digestion.

Examples of Vitamin B1 increases resulting from the peak-nutrition process are Strained Apricots and Rice (32% increase) and Junior Chicken Dinner (26% increase). Levels of Vitamin A also show important increases across the wide range of Heinz Baby Foods.



Heinz Baby Foods give your baby more to grow on

Only Heinz has this process!

The new peak-nutrition process was developed exclusively by Heinz and is patented throughout the world (Australian Patent No. 210136). That means you get the matchless benefits of peak-nutrition cooking only in Heinz Baby Foods and no other brand.

Free samples

It's easy to obtain a free sample of Heinz new peak-nutrition Baby Foods so you can see for yourself how much more baby enjoys them. Simply write to Sister in Charge, Heinz Baby Foods Advisory Service, Box 57, Dandenong, Victoria, giving baby's name and birth date and your own name and address.

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

A NEW LOOK AT OLD FAVORITES

By R. H. ANDERSON

Fashions come and go with plants, as all things. Popular ones of today become old-fashioned tomorrow, and old-time plants become the new fancies.



COLUMBINES

CAMELLIAS were neglected for a long time before they gained their present great popularity, mainly through the efforts of little bands of enthusiasts and the introduction of new and beautiful varieties.

GERANIUMS have received amazing attention in recent years.

Do you remember when BOUVERDIAES were freely grown in temperate climates and shade houses, but gradually lost their popularity, possibly because of a tendency to disease? Today they are well on the way back.

The old cottage gardens of England and Europe, and their counterparts here, had many lovely flowers which are not so commonly grown today. Now some are coming back into favor with improved strains.

CHERRY PIE (*Heliotropium* species) is a charming old favorite and one of the most useful of small shrubs in frost-free, sunny positions.

The blue or lilac flowers have a delightful fragrance, giving rise to the

common name. One of the best varieties is "President Garfield," with mauve-blue flowers and green leaves; *Heliotropium aureum* has golden leaves and pale blue flowers.

MUSK PLANT (*Mimulus moschatus*) was popular in many gardens because of its perfume and easy growth, but for some mysterious reason the perfume has disappeared for many years past. Nowadays *Mimulus* species are grown for the rather unusually shaped and marked flowers.

WALLFLOWERS (*Cheiranthus*) inspired the writers of other ages, particularly because of their fragrance.

They have persisted in many gardens and the new varieties are becoming more popular, especially the early flowering strains, which have very rich colors in reds, browns, and yellows.

That old-fashioned plant HONESTY (*Lunaria*) is becoming popular again, partly because florists find the large silvery pods so decorative.

Gardening Book, Vol 2 — page 161

NIGELLA, which is called Love-in-the-mist by the romantic and Devil-in-the-Bush or Jack-in-Prison by the less sentimental, is a useful free-blooming old-time annual, suitable for cutting.

The light blue flowers are hidden in the feathery foliage.

MIGNONETTE, that charming little plant so appropriately named "Little Darling" by the French, is not seen as much as formerly.

The simple flowers have a captivating perfume, and it should be given a place in every garden or in window-boxes.

Does best in fairly good soil in partial shade.

CORNFLOWER or Bachelor's Buttons (*Centaurea cyanus*), with its variously colored flowers of blue, white, and lavender, does best in cool climates in fairly good soils. Not so commonly grown as formerly, but still popular.

PINCUSHIONS (*Scabiosa*), sweet-scented flowers so often seen in old gardens, and for some odd reason occasionally known as Mournful Widow or Mournful Bride, have been revived in popular favor with increased size of flowers and color range.

COLUMBINES, or *Aquilegia*, were always popular with gardeners, and increased interest is being shown in the improved strains. They like a cool climate and fairly rich soil.

The dainty, hardy SNOWFLAKE (*Leucojum*) is charming in spring. Tolerates most conditions.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 162



SNOWFLAKES

SWEET WILLIAM (*Dianthus barbatus*) is a useful free-flowering perennial for cool and temperate regions. The old-fashioned strains had a spicy perfume, which has been largely lost in bigger-flowering modern varieties.

That easily grown plant with the colorful name of BOUNCING BET, or the more matter-of-fact name of Soapwort (*Saponaria officinalis*), although not particularly attractive, was quite a favorite in old gardens, the rose-pink flowers being useful for cutting.

Double-flowering forms are now available.

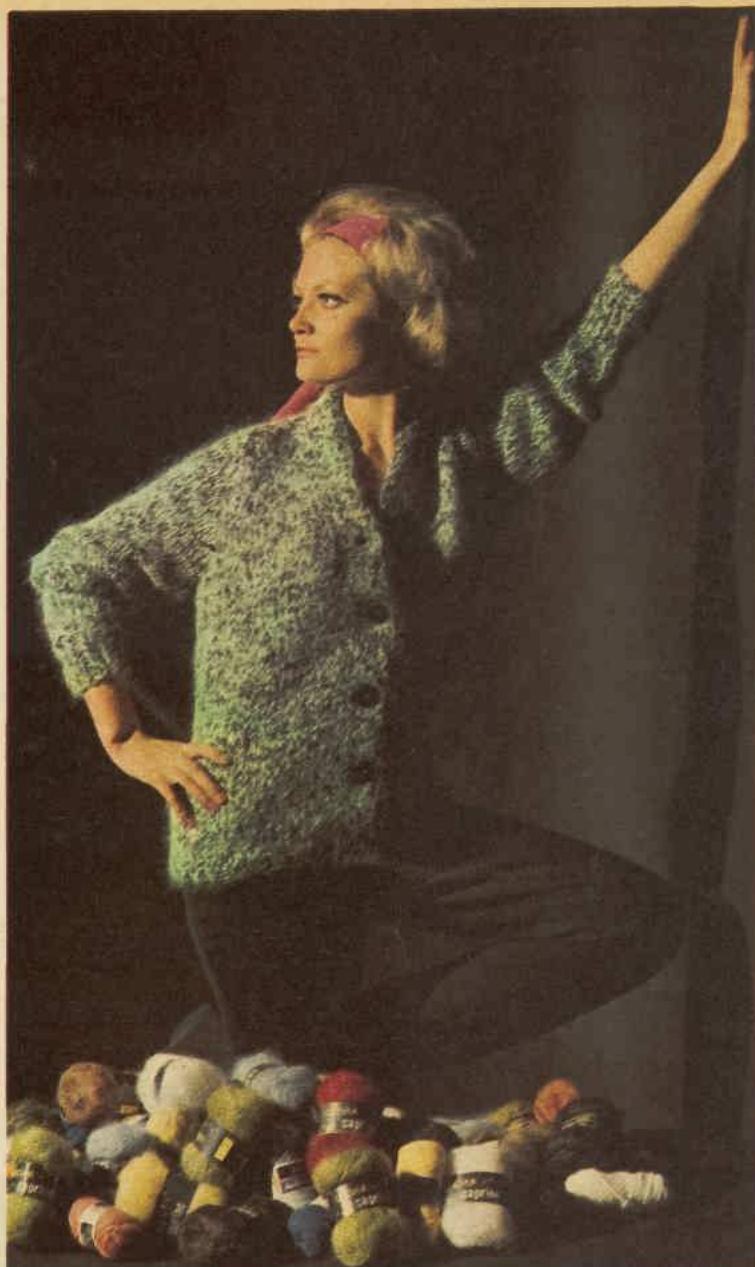
COSMOS was formerly a very popular plant, being hardy and fast-growing, and lovely for flower arrangements. New strains with interesting and rich colors will no doubt bring back the old favorite.

CENTRATHUS RUBER, which is known as Kiss-me-quick, Jupiter's Beard, or Red Valerian, is still quite commonly grown, mainly because of its hardiness and long blooming.

It revels in a sunny position, producing dense clusters of crimson or pale red honey-scented flowers.

The interest in LILACS has declined a little in recent years, although they are not demanding plants.

Other plants which may be termed old-fashioned, but which have survived in varying degrees of popularity, include FORGET-ME-NOTS, SUNFLOWERS, CANTERBURY BILLS,



Intriguing texture fabulous colours

This jacket is knitted from two wonderful Sirdar yarns — luxuriously soft Sirdar Caprine Mohair and glamorously smooth Sirdar Double Knitting.

Choose from a wonderful range of glowing fashion colours and ask for Sirdar leaflet 2119 at your favourite wool counter, only 1/3, or send 1/8 to Dept. B, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.

Wonderful SIRDAR

To be sure, use only Sirdar wools for Sirdar patterns.

S45

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Fashion FROCKS

"ELWYN." — Smart between - seasons suit, with lined jacket, is available in black, navy, pale blue, and mint-green terylene/viscose with contrasting blouse of printed dacron.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £8/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £8/15/-.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £7.

Postage and dispatch 6/- extra on all garments.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 43. Fashion Frock may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



Continued from page 52

do without ever feeling self-conscious or awkward?

Why do I have to become so absorbed in what I'm doing at the moment that I forget what I have to do next? I bet Mrs. Dane never painted a bathroom or wanted to refinish a table or crawled on the floor with a baby.

"You'll like the people you're going to meet today," said Muriel Dane, stopping at a red light. "They're marvellous women. They are all simply devoted to this charity and I do think it's wonderful of you to become a worker just because I asked you to."

"I don't mind," said Barbara truthfully. "I've collected for most of the charities, and it's fun. I find people are very generous."

"It's a worthwhile cause," said Mrs. Dane, "and everyone, of course, gives as much as possible. Even today's use of the country club was

The only donation I'd like right now, Barbara thought, is lunch. I remember making breakfast for Tony and I have a vague recollection of coffee and toast while I fed the baby, but that seems like a thousand years ago. I'm starved, she thought, following Mrs. Dane up the steps of the club and into the long hall.

Smiling and nodding, Barbara slowly inched her way to the buffet table. Watercress, cream cheese, and the bread cut paper-thin, she thought, appalled, biting into a sandwich. What kind of lunch is this, anyway? One bite and it's finished; it will take at least ten of these to make one decent sandwich.

"Barbara, dear," said Mrs. Dane, tapping her on the shoulder, "I want you to meet Mrs. Merryweather. She's

WHAT WOMEN KNOW BEST

the president of our organisation. This is Barbara Warren; our husbands work together."

Work together, Barbara thought. That's a hopeful sign. It implies a sort of partnership, doesn't it?

Barbara smiled at Mrs. Merryweather, who was tall and slim and seemed to have a permanent frown etched between her eyebrows.

"How nice to meet you," said Mrs. Merryweather, and

we're here to raise money for a most worthy cause. All of you are volunteer workers and we cannot even begin to tell you how much we appreciate the time and energy you will devote to this fundraising. However, as you all know, it is not enough just to work for a cause. Our donations must be of money as well as service, and, therefore, I shall plunge right to the heart of this meeting and ask for your personal pledges.

"As I call out your name, will you please rise and tell me the amount of your donation?" Mrs. Merryweather cleared her throat, took a sip of water and then said, "Mrs. Albee?"

Here we go, Barbara thought, leaning forward. Mrs. Albee looks as if she can afford to give at least twenty dollars.

"I pledge three hundred dollars," said Mrs. Albee clearly.

Three hundred dollars! Barbara was amazed. When I collect door-to-door, she thought, I'm always grateful for a dollar or two.

"Mrs. Blake?"

"Two hundred dollars." Barbara caught her breath. She glanced sideways at Mrs. Dane, but Mrs. Dane was looking straight ahead, eyes intent.

"Mrs. Dane?"

"I pledge five hundred," said Mrs. Dane calmly.

Naturally, Barbara comforted herself, she can afford it. She's the wife of the president of a big company. Thank goodness they are going alphabetically and it will be some time before they come to me. By then, surely, the pledges will drop to my level.

To my level, she thought, sitting very still. What is my level? What does Mrs. Dane expect of me? Surely, if Tony is going to be her husband's assistant, she will expect our contribution to be generous.

"It's one thing to pledge," her mother had said. "It's another thing to honor that pledge."

She was trying to tell me something, Barbara said to herself, but I'm not sure what it was. Was she implying that I could name any sum of money I pleased without intending to honor it? Did she know this would happen? Did she know that I would sit here, uncomfortable, unhappy, realising that I had to stand up in public and be counted? So far there hasn't been an amount named that is less than a hundred dollars.

How much can I afford to give? Tony and I always put aside a sum for emergencies but I can't possibly touch that. Not only haven't I managed to save a penny out of my household money this week, but I had to borrow an extra ten dollars from Tony.

"Keep it," Tony had said, handing it to her.

"Oh, no," Barbara had said firmly. "It's just to tide me over until Friday."

"Darling, you say that every week."

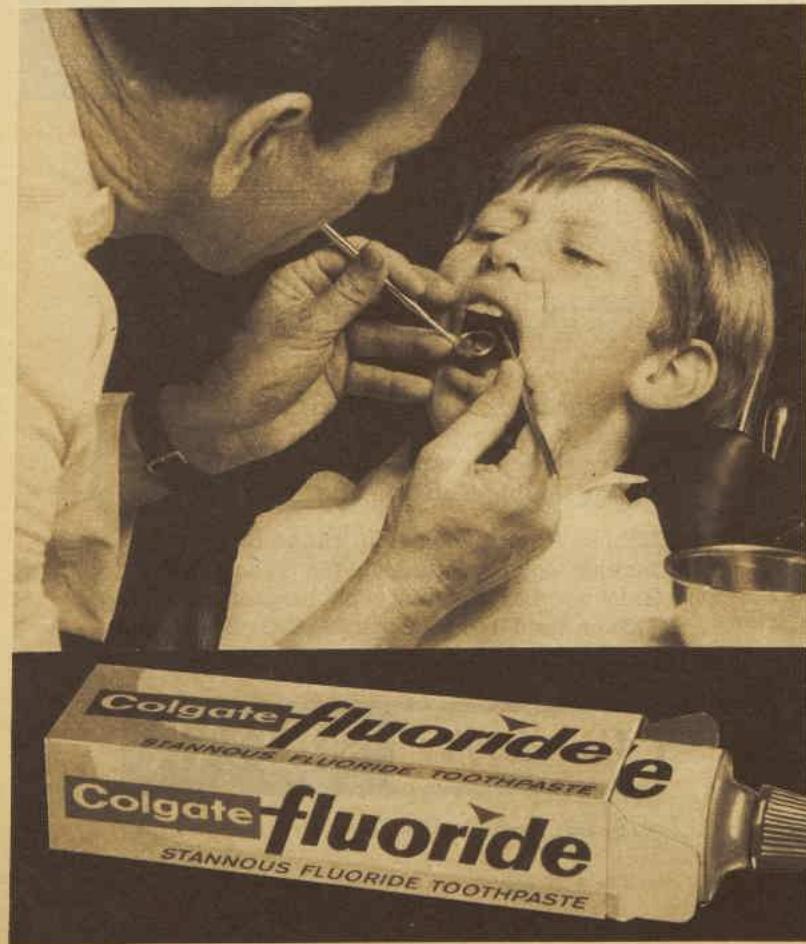
"Well, I pay you back, don't I?"

"But it's so silly," said Tony. "We keep passing the same ten-dollar bill back and forth. Why don't you give yourself a raise?"

"I'll get one when you do," Barbara said. "When you're

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PROVED CONCLUSIVELY!



37% FEWER CAVITIES

WITH COLGATE STANNOUS FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE

Large groups of children took part in a two year study conducted by leading dental scientists. Results of this study proved conclusively that the children using Colgate Stannous Fluoride toothpaste had 37% fewer cavities than those who brushed with an ordinary toothpaste.

Now your children can have
FEWER DRILLINGS, FEWER FILLINGS with

COLGATE STANNOUS FLUORIDE TOOTHPASTE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

Delight her, surprise her... with
Sunbeam MIXMASTER
MIXER



The world's most wanted food mixer because it's the most complete! 12 mixing speeds, and ultra-powerful motor. Bowl-fit beaters matched to two self-revolving heat resistant bowls for smoother, faster, more even mixing. Mixer lifts off stand for portable use. Complete with fast fruit juice extractor. £29.9.6. (Meat and food mincer and blender attachments also available).

Sunbeam Steam and Dry Iron

Cuts ironing time in half, reduces dampening down. Scientifically correct temperatures for wash-and-wear and other fabrics. A dry iron, too. £11.9.6.



Sunbeam Automatic Deep-Fry Cooker

Two appliances in one. A deep-fryer and an automatic cooker. Removable automatic control, vented lid, big deep-fry basket, with bracket for food draining. £13.19.6.



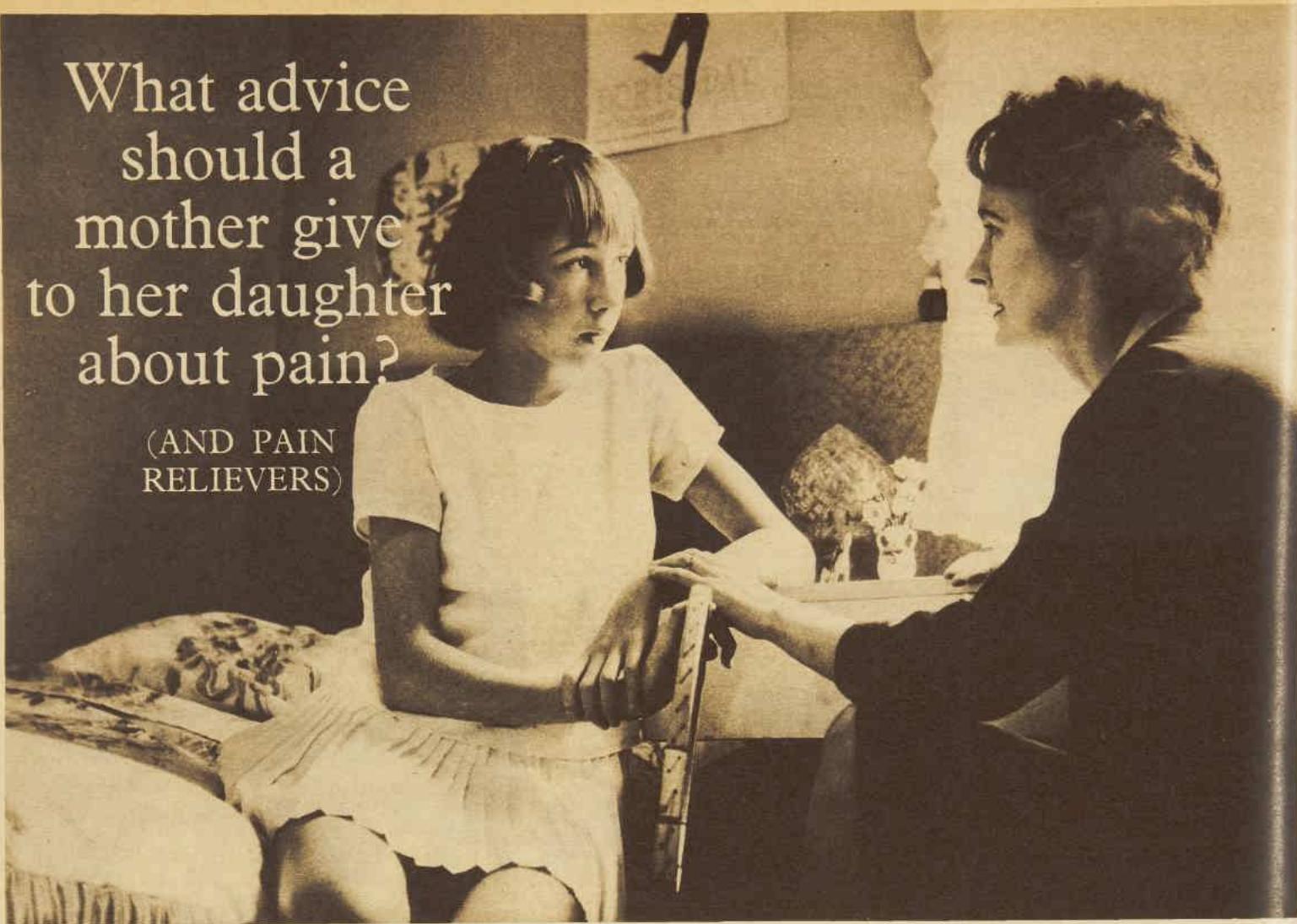
Sunbeam 2-speed Blender

It blends, purees, liquefies, grinds — in seconds. Makes all drinks, milk shakes to cocktails. Powerful motor. Two speeds. Stainless steel cutters. £23.9.6.



What advice should a mother give to her daughter about pain?

(AND PAIN RELIEVERS)



The right advice at the right time will help establish a lifelong pattern of sensible use

WHAT IS PAIN?

Pain is the term applied to unpleasant sensations or discomfort arising from the skin or deeper organs, which includes vital organs. Naturally, everyone seeks to dispel such unpleasant discomforts even though, in some instances, they may not be aware of the cause. Many pains or discomforts are, however, not due to any disease but to spasm or fatigue of normal organs. All healthy girls and women experience such pain of greater or lesser degree at certain times.

When pain is suspected as an indication of some disease, the logical thing to do is to consult a physician. When there is nothing of significance to rectify directly, the customary course is to seek relief from pain with the aid of a pain reliever, technically known as an analgesic.

HOW DO ANALGESICS WORK?

The process is, of course, highly complex, but can be expressed briefly as follows: After absorption in the blood stream, the active ingredient in the analgesic acts by NEUTRALISING the pain sensation in the pain organ (the thalamus) at the base of the brain.

GETTING THE MOST FROM AN ANALGESIC

Though it will surprise many, it is a well-established medical fact that analgesics act best when combined with exercise, good hygiene and zestful living. It definitely does not pay to inactively and dolefully accept the situation, expecting an instant miracle from the analgesic. As in many other health matters, one's mental attitude is an important contribution.

CHOICE OF ANALGESICS

Analgesics can be grouped into several general classes. There are those in the narcotic class, for very severe pain, which are administered by doctors. Then follow others which, although they can be purchased over the counter, are not advisable for everyone to take; and there are others again which have a wider application. The important thing for the public to realise is that there is a marked difference in analgesics—not so much in the way each works against pain, but in aspects involving habituation and other undesirable side-effects.

Analgesics obtainable over the counter in Australia today contain various additives to their base substance, and these include Codeine, Narcotics, Caffeine, Barbiturates and Stimulants. Some of these additives are less harmful than others, but because some of them are habit forming when used to excess, the danger of over-use is ever present. A glance at the table below will show the side effects characteristic of each drug in conditions of over-use.

'ASPRO' FOR PERIOD PAIN 'ASPRO' can help you through those difficult days before you are due. In this way you can lessen depression, tension and nervousness and do all that can be done about the pain.

The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of the British Pharmacopoeia, the guiding authority of the medical profession.

THE ADVANTAGE OF 'ASPRO'

The great advantage of 'ASPRO' can be summed up in a simple sentence: Taken as directed, it possesses absolutely *no disadvantage*, while doing all that can be asked of a pain reliever. But there are other accompanying reasons for the wisdom of using 'ASPRO'. With the pace of living in 1964, the soothing way in which 'ASPRO' works is a great help. 'ASPRO' action can be best described as a "sympathetic" action, steady in its effect and kind to the nerves. 'ASPRO', therefore, is more valuable under today's living conditions than at any other period in its fifty years service. Furthermore, those who need to take analgesics frequently or fairly regularly can keep on taking 'ASPRO', knowing that their system will not become accustomed to its effect. This does occur with some analgesics and medicines. 'ASPRO', even after years of use, is always one hundred per cent effective each time it is taken.

THE 'ASPRO' TABLE OF COMPARATIVE ANALGESIC SAFETY

'ASPRO' does not contain	NARCOTICS	therefore 'ASPRO' does not create a habit
'ASPRO' does not contain	CODEINE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not affect regularity
'ASPRO' does not contain	CAFFEINE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not agitate
'ASPRO' does not contain	BARBITURATE	therefore 'ASPRO' does not cause drowsiness
'ASPRO' does not contain	STIMULANTS	therefore 'ASPRO' does not irritate
and 'ASPRO' is	NON-TOXIC	therefore 'ASPRO' does not harm heart, arteries or lungs



'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' tried and proved for: headache, nerve pains, muscular pain, neuritis, colds and flu, sore throats, toothache, sleeplessness, periodic pains.

Published by the Research Department of Nicholas Pty. Ltd., manufacturers of 'ASPRO'.

2499

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

WHAT WOMEN KNOW BEST

Mr. Dane's assistant, we shall become very, very rich and I'll give myself a ten-dollar raise."

Stop it, Barbara commanded herself, suddenly conscious that she was clicking her purse open and shut. I didn't realize I was doing it, she thought, but perhaps this gesture, automatic as it is, is symbolic. I want to open my purse as far as it will go and yet I am forced to close it again.

"Mrs. Warren," said Mrs. Merryweather.

Barbara thought: How can I possibly stand up in front of all these women and embarrass Mrs. Dane and embarrass myself by naming the sum Tony and I can afford? It is far better to give than to receive, but charity also begins at home.

Her mother had said, "It is one thing to pledge a sum of money, but it is another thing to honor that pledge."

HONOR, thought Barbara. If I save next week and the week after and if I borrow an extra five from Tony and we don't go out to dinner, I can just manage it.

"I pledge twenty-five dollars," said Barbara.

Mrs. Merryweather looked up and the room was quiet for a moment, so quiet that Barbara was sure they could all hear the loud beating of her heart.

A few women turned to get a better look at her. Barbara sat down, her face flaming.

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 24.

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 19
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, grey, white.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 19
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 21-JULY 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, tan.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, blk, mauve.
* Lucky days, Saturday, Tuesday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, yellow, red.
* Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Tuesday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 22-NOV. 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, green, grey.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 22-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, jade.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, gold, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

PISCES

FEB. 22-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, rose.
* Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Now I've done it, she thought miserably; now I've made a fool of myself. I've failed Tony. All I'm good for is staying at home painting ceilings and taking care of the baby. I should never be let out of the house.

"Will you excuse me for a moment?" she whispered to Mrs. Dane. Mrs. Dane whispered back, "Of course."

Barbara rose and edged her way down the row.

It's better to tell Tony now, Barbara thought. Somewhere in this fully-equipped country club there must be a phone booth.

"Tony?" she said, for the first time in her life dreading the sound of his voice. "Oh, Tony, darling."

"Anything wrong?" "It's just—" Barbara hesitated. "Tony, why didn't you remind me I had a date with Mrs. Dane today?"

"Hey," Tony said, astonishment in his voice. "Do you know I completely forgot?"

"What?" Barbara stared at the phone. "What did you say?"

"I forgot about it," said Tony. "Had other things on my mind, I guess. Got great news, darling. You're talking to the new assistant."

"What?" "Can't you say anything but 'what'?" said Tony.

Then all this made no difference, Barbara thought. But if Mrs. Dane didn't intend to test me as a suitable wife for an executive, why did she invite me?

"Barbara, are you there?"

"I sure am," Barbara said. "Congratulations, darling."

She sat very still when they'd finished talking, staring into space.

When she left the booth, she found Mrs. Dane waiting. "I've been looking for you," she said. "It's time to go."

Barbara watched Mrs. Dane as she drove. She drove with concentration, evidently not feeling chatty.

"Would you like to come for a while?" Barbara said politely as they drew up to the house.

"I'd be delighted," said Mrs. Dane.

At the door, Barbara had to ring because she had forgotten her key.

"The door's open," her mother called.

"When we first started out, we had a house like this," Mrs. Dane said wistfully. She touched Barbara's arm. "You were wonderful this

afternoon," she said. "All the way home I wanted to tell you how I felt, but you know how self-conscious you can get about these things. I was so proud of you."

"What?" Barbara said.

"It took courage to be honest in front of all those people. Many of the pledges were realistic, of course, and

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4668W, G.P.O., Sydney.

will be fulfilled, but some will never be honored and were given just for show. You must forgive me for being so thoughtless. It never occurred to me when I invited you that I'd be putting you in an uncomfortable position."

Oh, thought Barbara, swallowing. She likes me! That's why she invited me.

"Let me take your things," she said. "The hall table is down in the basement. I want to refinish it."

"I did mine in antique white," said Mrs. Dane.

"I'd like you to meet my mother," Barbara said. "That is, if I can find her."

"You'll have to move the playpen," Mrs. Jameson shouted. "I'm working in the bathroom."

And I thought I was different, Barbara thought, leading the way down the hall.

"What in the world is your mother doing?" asked Mrs. Dane, following her.

"I have a strange feeling," Barbara said happily, "that she's painting the bathroom."

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makes a mighty nice mornay party time, or any time



try TUNA MORNAY, DELICIOUS HOT FAVOURITE

Saute onion in melted margarine till transparent — do not brown — remove from heat, gradually blend in flour, then milk. Return to heat, stir till sauce thickens. Add other ingredients, reserving about half quantity cheese. Place in casserole or pie dish, sprinkle with remaining cheese, bake in moderately hot oven for 20-30 minutes. This recipe requires little or no extra salt as the tuna contains sufficient.

1 15-oz. can SAFCOL chunk style tuna, rich in body-building protein and vitamins
2 tablespoons plain flour
3 hardboiled eggs, chopped
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
2 oz. margarine
1 large onion
2 pint milk

2 tablespoons plain flour
3 hardboiled eggs, chopped
juice of 1 lemon
4 tablespoons grated cheese (3 oz.)
season to taste

1 15-oz. can SAFCOL chunk style tuna that makes the most economic family meal you can serve.
1 8-oz. can Big Sister mushrooms
2 sliced onions
1 tablespoon flour
1 dessertspoon curry powder

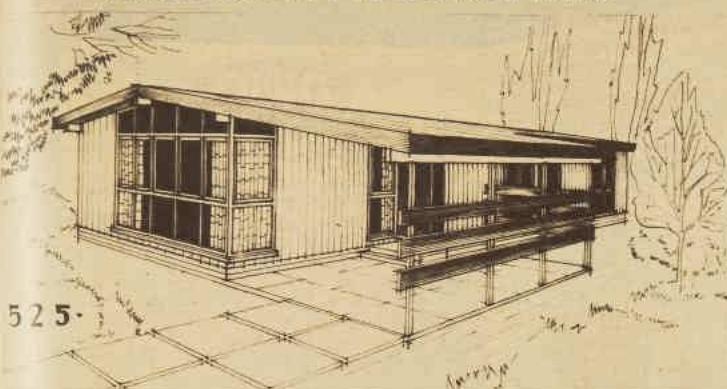
1 tablespoon margarine (or dripping)
1 dessertspoon sugar
1 dessertspoon sultanas
1 small apple
2 cups stock or water
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 dessertspoon chutney

Place the shortening in fry-pan and melt over low heat, add onions and apple and fry until lightly brown. Stir in flour, sugar, curry powder, mushrooms, salt and pepper and cook 1 minute. Add stock or water and stir until mixture boils. Add drained tuna, chutney and sultanas. Reheat. Serve with boiled rice.



For salads, taste the difference of new SAFCOL Tuna in oil.

- Exposed beams and floor-to-ceiling windows are unusual features in this modern home.



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The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

PLAN 525 (shown at left) is a modern family home in which maximum use has been made of natural daylight in the rooms, particularly in the dining-room.

A feature of the living-dining area is that exposed beams are shown in the ceiling, thus enabling the windows to be taken right up to the roof-line.

To save space, the living and dining areas are combined and, in turn, open out

into the family room. The result of this open-planning is a very spacious area in the living section of the house.

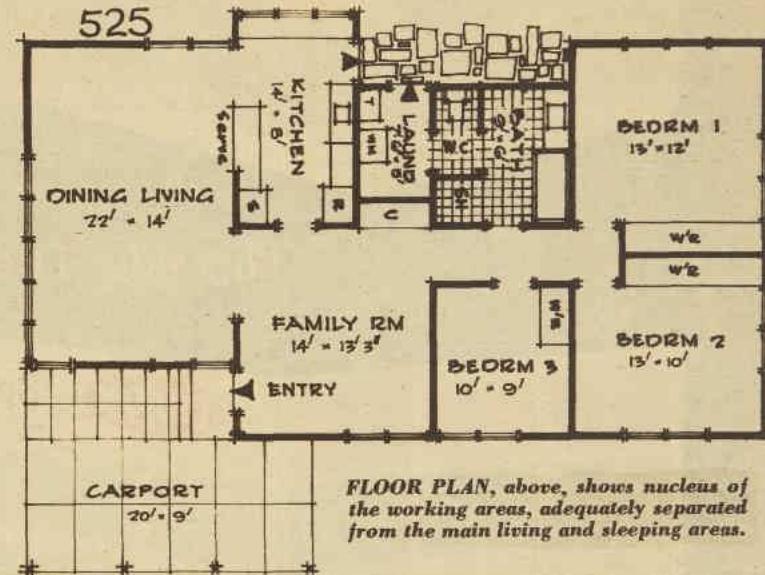
The entry is located to give privacy while saving on the extra space required for a separate entrance lobby.

Another practical idea for this family home is that there is a separate toilet which is accessible both from the bathroom and laundry. In addition, a sheltered rear porch is provided outside the kitchen and laundry.

The perspective shows the house roofed with metal tray decking which with this low pitch of two degrees is "warped" over the ridge, without the necessity for a separate ridge. This gives a much neater appearance. The roof is insulated with at least 2in. of rock-wool insulation.

Externally, the house could be sheeted with asbestos sheets or weatherboards with a wide metal or timber fascia.

Area, excluding carport, is 12.8 squares in timber frame, 13.6 squares in brick.



FLOOR PLAN, above, shows nucleus of the working areas, adequately separated from the main living and sleeping areas.

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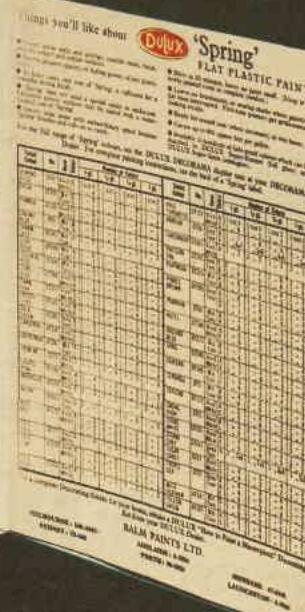
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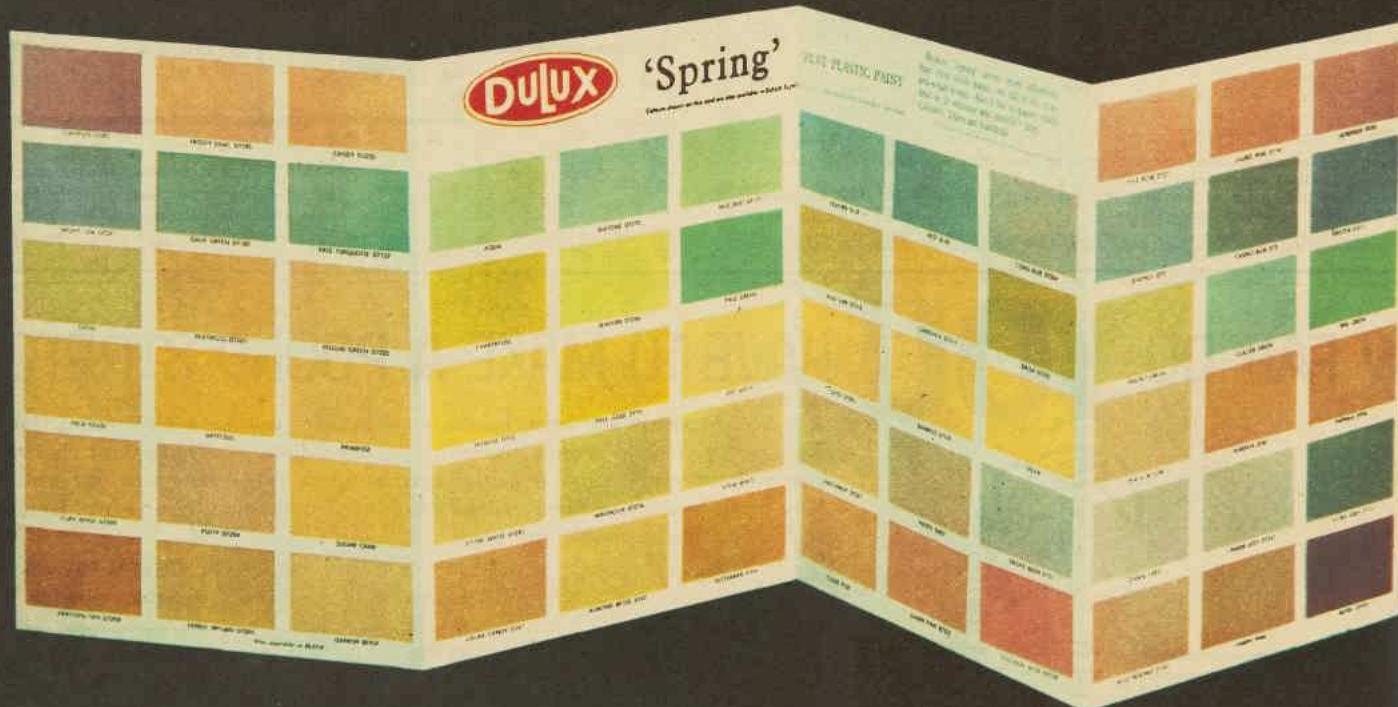


This side: 11 decorating ideas.



‘Spring’ flat plastic paint

Spring covers more effectively than other inside paints. We call it "The Coat and a Half in One". It has no painty smell and dries in 30 minutes.



This side: 66 of the 394 colours in the 'Spring' range.

Together, they're the new 'Spring' colour card, showing the flat plastic wall colours for '65. Don't go past a DULUX dealer without picking one up. Even if you don't intend painting at the moment, it's the kind of colour card that might just tempt you.

To help you we've selected 66 of the most fashionable colours for the colour card, from the range of 394. Ask your DULUX Dealer to show you the complete range.

Every 'Spring' colour matches up with a DULUX Super Satin semi-gloss enamel colour. Try painting doors and trims in same colours as the walls.

'Spring' is every bit as easy to put on as other inside paints and with a little care it doesn't drip. It has no painty smell. Best of all, two coats of 'Spring' are equal to three of the next best brand. That's why it's called the coat-and-a-half in one.

Now, how do you get him started? First, pick up that free 'Spring' colour card from a DULUX dealer, then keep asking exactly which colour he likes.

This one?

Or this one?

Or this one:

Pretty soon, he'll get the point.



Make your own snoods

• New on the 1965 scene but an old favorite nonetheless, the snood has an unbeaten record for keeping hair tidy. Here we show two variations of the style — one is crocheted, the other knitted.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965



CROCHETED snood in raffia and mohair.

Fishnet crochet

Materials: One spool Jolly Raffia; 2 balls Patons Mohair; 1 No. 6 crochet hook; 1½yds. tin. ribbon.

Note: Use 1 strand raffia and 1 strand mohair tog. throughout.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; patt., pattern; inc., increase by working 2 patt. sts. into next 5 ch. loop; st.(s), stitch(es); sl-st., slip-stitch.

PATTERN STITCH

Each pattern st. consists of 5 ch. 1 d.c., and is worked into 5 ch. loop of previous round.

Make 4 ch.; join into ring with sl-st. Work 4 patt. sts. into ring.

Next Round: Inc. (see abbreviations) in each st. to end of round (8 patt. sts.). Mark end of round.

Next Round: (1 patt. st., 1 inc.) to end. (12 patt. sts.)

Next Round: (2 patt. sts., 1 inc.) to end. (16 patt. sts.)

Next Round: 1 patt. st. in each st. to end. (16 patt. sts.)

Next Round: (3 patt. sts., 1 inc.) to end. (20 patt. sts.)

Next Round: 1 patt. st. in each st. to end. (20 patt. sts.)

Next Round: (4 patt. sts., 1 inc.) to end. (24 patt. sts.)

Next Round: 1 patt. st. in each st. to end. (24 patt. sts.)

Work 3 more rounds, inc. 4 sts. on each as before until 36 patt. sts. worked. Work 3 rounds without shaping. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Thread ribbon through and tie into bow. Bow can be at front or back.



FLUFFY snood knitted in a rib pattern.

Knitted in rib

Materials: 3 balls Villawool Lorelei; 1 pr. each No. 5 and 7 needles; 1½yds. velvet ribbon.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: C.2, cross 2; Knit into front of 2nd stitch, then into first stitch, slip both off needle; y.f., yarn forward.

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 91 sts. and work 4 rows in garter-stitch.

To Make Ribbonholes: Next Row: K 1, * y.f., k 2 tog., k 1, p 1) rep. to end.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 3) rep. to end.

3rd Row: (Sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.o., p 1) rep. to end.

4th Row: (K 1, p 1) rep. to end.

5th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog. rep. from * to last stitch, p 1.

6th Row: (P 2 tog.) rep. to end.

Break off a length of yarn and thread through rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Draw up rem. sts. and fasten off securely. Sew up back seam. Press seam. Thread ribbon through ribbonholes and tie at front in bow. Brush well with tease brush on right side.



who could resist a closer look



it's distinctive, it's exclusive, it's RoWi

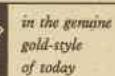


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MISSED A DAY FROM WORK EVERY MONTH



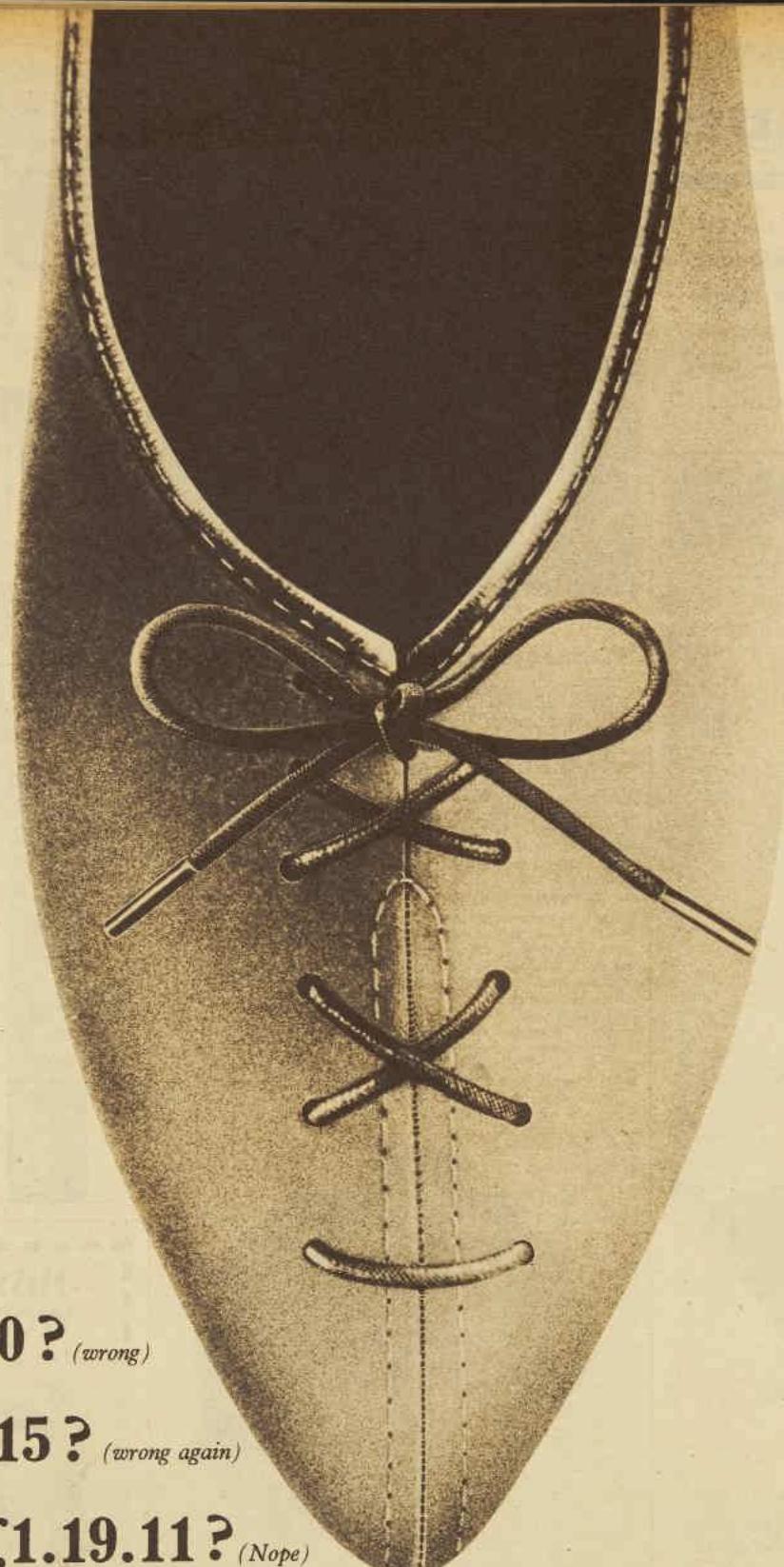
When the day seems never-ending . . . when you want to sit down and cry with pain and that terrible feeling of weakness . . . when you can't think clearly because of "foggy" mind — try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this wonderful pain-relief, because Myzone's special ACTEVIN (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate, complete and lasting deliverance from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling — without doping. Try Myzone with your next "pain". Obtainable at all Chemists.

MYZONE

For the pain you can't explain

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Page 61



£3.10? (wrong)

£2.15? (wrong again)

£1.19.11? (Nope)

Nope. Not for Hollandia casuals. They're swinging young shoes at a shy little price: Twenty-five shillings! Yes, 25/- for shoes this smooth — so light on your feet they're like second nature. So soft they're more friendly than wearing bare toes. Fresh and fashony, cosy and cushiony in sueded nylon with walk-on-air soles. In autumn colours: tawny brown, soot black, green and a, fire-bright red. **Hollandia!**





Teenagers^{WEEKLY}

CAREFREE collared version of Ireland's check wool casual is worn with a matching stitched wool hat that is a separate accessory. Textured stockings and clumpy black shoes "go" perfectly with all these clothes.

HIGH, bright good looks in check dress-and-hood twosome. Made on classic lines, the dresses may be worn with self-belts, as shown, or straight. Hoods are cleverly shaped to fit the head, fall into scarf-ends over shoulder.

FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS

CASUALS FROM IRELAND

● There's a wonderful, violent rush of checks on the autumn fashion scene—it's the new Irish look in casuals. Made of lightweight pure Irish wool that is hand dyed and washable, these seasoned little shapes warmed by brilliant colors sometimes come with their own cute matching hoods. By way of contrast we show one crisp young style in plain fabric.

GILT buttons, stand-up collar, and pocket flaps lend a fashionable military touch to this fetching young wool design (at right) from misty, moist, and sunny Ireland. (Fashions by Donald Davies, of Dublin, at David Jones Ltd., Sydney.)



The male ego can be so deadly



Have you ever met a man who isn't a good driver? To hear them talk you'd wonder how on earth 50,000 drivers and passengers were killed or injured in road accidents last year. Vanity is a big reason why many men refuse to give themselves and their family the protection of seat belts. This, despite overwhelming proof that seat belts can reduce the risk of death or serious injury in an accident by as much as 80%. Maybe your husband IS a good driver, but accidents CAN happen to anyone at any time. Remind him about this today. And if he should trot out any of the many misconceptions about seat belts give him these facts:



Seat belts are NOT uncomfortable. In fact you hardly know you're wearing them. Really they add to your comfort by giving you a feeling of greater security.



Seat belts do NOT restrict the driver—in fact, by holding him securely, they give him greater control in an emergency.



Seat belts ARE necessary in the back seat. Would you give yourself this life protection yet deny your children?



Seat belts, properly adjusted, will NOT crush your clothes.

In the event of an accident, a seat belt will NOT trap you in the car. All approved makes, complying with the current Australian Standard, have a quick release mechanism—you're free in a second. Despite reports of some miraculous escapes, it is not generally safer to be thrown out of your car. The chances of being killed are five times greater if you are ejected from the car in an accident.



AUSTRALIAN ROAD
SAFETY COUNCIL



Issued by the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport.

Page 64

Letters

Bird-watching —a fascinating hobby

HAVE you ever thought of bird-watching as a hobby? I started five years ago and have found it most fascinating.

Some sports and pastimes are apt to be rather expensive because of the outfit or equipment you must buy, but in order to start bird-watching all you need is a notebook and pencil and a book with good illustrations to enable you to identify the birds you see.

Later on, of course, you can buy a pair of binoculars or a camera, but these are not necessary for the beginner. Getting to know your birds well is a matter of patience and experience. Don't give up easily.—Malcolm MacDonald, Lenah Valley, Tas.

Short hair

ENOUGH criticism has been directed at the boys who wear long hair these days, and I think it is time something was said about the ugly "short back and sides" worn by the majority of men over 35.

They have some weird obsession that this style of

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"Don't kid me, Anya, you've been having those ice-cream milkshakes again!"

haircut is a sign of masculinity. This is not so. Rather, it shows a careless lack of pride in their appearance.

Most young people and

older women care for their hair, so why can't the older men? I would sooner any day have my longer, cleaner hair.—Leighton Grover, South Caulfield, Vic.

EXAM SYSTEM

- Saying the present end-of-year school examination system reflects only a student's ability to swot, Jim Langford asked if, and how, readers would like to see it replaced.

FINAL exams are when you have to give your best. As your future career could depend on a pass, so much is at stake that you become nervous and tense and you can hardly remember the date, let alone pages of history and biology notes.

Some students who are lazy all year then cram at the last minute and often gain a pass which is not fair to the ones who give their best effort all the year but become nervous and confused in the exam-room. Judging should be on an all-year effort, such as homework and projects.—Kerrie Barron, Ashfield, N.S.W.

I DISAGREE that our present exams only favor those who can successfully cram in the last few weeks. You may pull off reasonable results in some subjects, but if there is a hard, long, or difficult paper it is the steady worker who will show out, not the crammer.

For this reason it is not likely that you will fluke good passes in more than half your subjects by just cramming. Present exams

also indicate who can keep calm and think clearly under stress.—Rosalie Freeman, Ashgrove, Qld.

THE best system I can think of would be to have continual tests in each subject at intervals of, say, a fortnight. Each test could be counted in the final result.

Exams could still be held at the end of each term, but they would no longer be as important as before, and they would only be responsible for a portion of the marks. This would prompt students to learn all through the year, and marks would not reflect only how much a student can learn in the few weeks prior to the exam.—Trevor Hampel, Taplan, S.A.

THE present examination system is hopelessly outdated. One suggestion to remedy this would be for each student to be judged on his work during the year. This would mean a report by the headmaster and/or the teachers, indicating whether or not the pupil had applied himself sufficiently to his studies to warrant a promotion in the following year.—Harry Reicher, Elwood, Vic.

References

REFERENCES just don't seem to mean a thing today when looking for a job. Recently, when I went for an interview I took along my Intermediate Certificate, a fourth-year school report, three references, and my birth certificate.

And I wasn't asked to produce one of them! Is this because so many people write untrue references that the employer no longer takes any notice of them, making his decision on what he THINKS you capable of doing?—Elaine Parker, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

The Beatles

FOR some reason or other, people take a great delight in saying, "The Beatles—they've had it," or "They're out now." Rubbish (or "rooibish," as George would say). I admit that the frantic Beatlemania days have gone, but The Beatles are far from out.

How can they be out? All their recent singles have reached the number one spot, and their LP, "Beatles for Sale," has been selling like mad.

Others say that The Rolling Stones are more popular these days. Most of my friends like The Stones, and their LP, "Beatles for Sale," has been selling like mad.

But are we too soft to take life and mould it into something better? And are we too complacent to see that there are abuses in our land, ones which we have to remedy?—Marion Powell, St. Lucia, Qld.

wait at least a year or 30 before saying that they're out.—Alec R. Dean, Glenelg, S.A.

Exam results

IN reply to the unhappy Leaving student who disapproved of the publication of results, I would like to point out that it would be much more embarrassing for a failure to be asked by all his relatives and friends had he passed or not.

This would be the situation if private letters were sent to the poor unfortunate Leaver. With the publication of results, everybody knows the passes and failures, and therefore can be tactful about what is said.—L. Black, Claremont, W.A.

NEXT WEEK

- Story and color pictures about Peter Beagley, an Adelaide teen who has started an art gallery to help young artists.
- Story and picture of The Seekers, the Melbourne group who are doing so well overseas.

Adult prices

I DON'T agree with Raymond Crane, who wrote that he should not have to pay adult prices at 14.

Young teens go to pictures marked "not suitable for children" or "adults only." They take up as much room as adults in buses and theatres, and also, as a rule, they have plenty of pocket money for sweets and drinks. Some smoke, some wear adult make-up, and adult clothes.—D. Jensen, Bridport, Tas.

Youth, awake!

THERE is one thing I hope I shall never become when I grow older—and that is cynical. I don't mean embittered, but just thick-skinned and hard-boiled as so many adults seem to be.

We should be tolerant, but not too tolerant. There are things which I am sure we were not meant to tolerate, abuses which are everywhere—in the Government, in society, in civilisation itself.

It is our responsibility, the young people, to do something about these abuses while we're still young and energetic, and before life has dealt us so many blows that we, too, join the cynics. We should be the ones to cry out.

But are we too soft to take life and mould it into something better? And are we too complacent to see that there are abuses in our land, ones which we have to remedy?—Marion Powell, St. Lucia, Qld.

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



Beauty in brief

HAIR WASH HINTS

• This brief run-down shows you how to make a real refresher course of that everyday grooming routine — shampooing your hair.

FIRST of all, do you prepare your locks for dunking with a stiff, thorough brushing? It's the best possible way to begin a shampoo. The slow pull of brush bristles from scalp to hair-tips (see picture at left) helps to loosen dirt, spreads natural hair oil, and stimulates the scalp itself to a pleasant glow.

The same routine holds good as a between-shampoo habit as well.

Do you use more shampoo or make an extra application if your hair is oily or very soiled, and apply a little less if it is dry? It's a point worth watching.

Massage the shampoo in with firm fingertips, moving from nape to forehead, and paying special attention to scalp, all-round hairline, hair-ends.

Do you wash your hair at least once a week, every few days if it is oily? Don't forget the underneath hair when lathering and rinsing. No amount of rinsing of top hair will penetrate through to the scalp unless you direct a special stream of water to hair underneath.

Next, do you rinse off every speck of suds? Warning: lots of people cheat on this step. The easiest way is in the shower (pictured at right). If you lack a shower, a bath spray will do, or even a small watering can.

Always finish off your shampoo with cool water to close the pores.

—CAROLYN EARLE

A DATE AT HIGH NOON

ROUND ROBIN

I see that a girl has been appointed a deputy sheriff in America.

SHE is Miss Jean Rabbitt—and, of course, she is nicknamed Bunny.

Girls have always been "naturals" for law enforcement. There have been millions of arresting blondes. I know it seems hard to have a flatfoot in high heels. But that has never stopped girls on telephones being responsible for men at the receiving end getting long sentences.

And even with just two words — "I do" — girls often put binkies away for life.

There could be girl Mounties. They would surely always suffragette their man. A sheer-look Holmes need not dress in plain clothes. All she has to do is buy her dress material by the Scotland Yard.

A group known as The Thugs (very big on the hit parade) could put out a disc, "I Wanna Hold Your Handcuffs."

And, in a soap commercial, a sad-faced policegirl could wonder, "Why are Sergeant Alice's handcuffs so much softer than mine?"

Policewomen must never, of course, let their handcuffs be housework.

Returning to Deputy Sheriff Rabbitt, will she carry a weaker six-gun?

And enforce order with a Bunny Club? She looks like having a successful career — but people will have to be careful how they praise her.

She might be offended if someone called her the "fastest" gun in the West!

—Robin Adair

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

Advertisement



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CORNS

Cheer up! Forget that burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frozol-Ice and pain goes. Your corn will start to wither up — work loose — and you can pick it right out — core and all. Lift out your corns with Frozol-Ice.

FROZOL-ICE Chemists everywhere

Page 65

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Contrary sister

"WE are two teenage sisters writing to you about our other sister. Once we went everywhere together and wanted always to do the same sort of thing. Now our sister has this desire to be different. She carries this out in her clothes and everything she does. If we want to watch a film on TV, she will want to play chess. If we want to play an Elvis record, she'll want to play a Beethoven record. If we are going out to play tennis, she will want to stay home and sunbake. Honestly, she is so contrary that she is making life miserable for us. What can we do with her?"

"Les Miserables," Vic.

Go on living your own life, respect her ideas, and leave her alone. She'll soon pull out of this contrary stage when she realises no one's paying attention to her.

Family fight

"I AM 17 years old and lately my parents have been picking on me and I have been getting very upset. My boyfriend was present at one of these family fights recently and I have not heard from him since. I am getting desperate, as I love him. What can I do?"

"Myself," Vic.

I understand how sad you must feel. Perhaps this friend sided with your parents, saw one side of your

nature that he didn't know existed, and "chickened out." It's up to you now to try to correct the things in your nature which made your parents "pick" on you. I think you can say that this friend is gone for good, but learn from this experience and don't repeat the same mistake.

Goodnight shake

"I AM 18 years old and I am madly in love with the boy who works across the road from me. He is 22. He's taken me out a few times, but the only trouble is he only shakes my hand at the end of a fabulous evening. As I am rather the highly strung type I find this quite frustrating."

"Help," Vic.

Stop complaining. You should consider yourself very lucky to have met such a respectful young man. He's obviously only considering your feelings. He imagines (rightly or wrongly) that you are the sort of girl who doesn't "pay" for the evening's entertainment with a kiss. Think how much more sincere it will be when he does make the approach. Meanwhile, relax and enjoy yourself.

One-sided love

"I'M in love with an 18-year-old boy. I am 16. He has taken me out on several occasions, but I don't think he likes me nearly as much as I like him. He is going away soon and promises to write. How can I make him like me more, and please don't tell me I'm too young to be in love. I have tried forgetting him, but I just can't."

"Teenager-in-love," N.S.W.

Of course you are in love with him and it's to be hoped you will fall IN love many times before you learn TO love the man you will finally settle down with.

As for your feelings perhaps being one-sided — you obviously can't get romantically involved with any boy who isn't interested in you at all.

Of course, a relationship must be a two-sided thing, but learn one lesson now. Never put a measuring scale against your friendship with any person, man or woman.

More women have lost boyfriends and future husbands this way than by any other wrong move. Accept a friendship for what it is and don't ever try to gauge its depth.

She's plump

"I AM just 15, but I am quite mature for my age. I am told I am pretty, although I wear glasses. However, I am plump with an old figure for my age. I am puzzled why I don't have any boy admirers, as I try to be natural and full of fun. Is it because I am plump that the boys don't like me or perhaps because of some fault which I can't notice in myself?"

"Puzzled," Tas.

If you were to take a census of the weights and measurements of all 15-year-old girls in the country you would find probably more than half of them had some form of "puppy fat" problem. Remember at your age you are just on the threshold — not in the middle of life.

Most of your figure problems will resolve themselves quite naturally with careful diet and more exercise. Perhaps it might be an idea to check with your doctor for his advice.

Now about your personality — never TRY to be natural, just BE. Perhaps in the past you have been trying too hard to be "full of fun." Boys, despite what they sometimes say, don't always go for the fun-loving, rollicking female.



Are you this kind of woman?

HAVE YOU ever been embarrassed by ill-fitting underwear — in a store changing room for instance?

YES	NO
-----	----

DO YOU insist that the underclothes you are paying good money for, fit you perfectly?

YES	NO
-----	----

HAVE YOU come to trust the established, well known manufacturers of underwear?

YES	NO
-----	----

HAVE YOU ever hankered for the luxury of made-to-measure underwear?

YES	NO
-----	----

DO YOU believe that underwear that can be boiled has a plus over more fragile fabrics?

YES	NO
-----	----

HAVE YOU learnt never to be hoodwinked by so-called bargains that won't last?

YES	NO
-----	----

IF YOU answer an honest 'yes' to any of these six questions then you are the kind of woman who will appreciate the value in

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*It's a truthful name, Tru-Size. Bond's measured hundreds of thousands of Australian women to get the true average sizes of Mrs. and Miss Australia. That's why Bond's Tru-Size interlock gives you...

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TOP:
Princess Slip: Style 11403, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 21/11, XOS, 22/11
CENTRE:
Long Sleeve Spencer: Style 11630, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 15/16, XOS, 17/18
BELOW:
Short Sleeve Spencer: Style 11631, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 12/13

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B875

ABOVE:
Vest: Style 11506, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 18/11, XOS, 12/11
Long Leg Pantie: Style 11008, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 16/11, XOS, 12/11
BELOW:
Bra Vest: Style 11507, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 10/11
Shorter Leg Pantie: Style 11019, Peach Mist/White. SW-OS, 18/11, XOS, 12/11

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 31, 1965

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

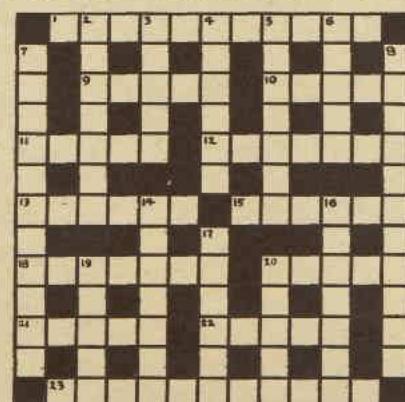
THE MOLE has made a getaway from the tunnel in a fast car. Mandrake questions the tramp who saw the Mole escape. They are puzzled as to how the Mole can tunnel through solid rock at high speed. NOW READ ON ...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- They may be retired teachers, but they are very proficient (11).
- Lands running into the sea with monkeys (5).
- Location-measuring instrument (5).
- Follow the broken sun in case (5).
- Posidon's spear (7).
- Seck in a wager a plaited receptacle (6).
- Wine keeping her (6).
- Grow together with a short account and Mediterranean island (7).
- Lord love me! says a Cockney (5).
- This French hides him with the sound of bells (5).
- Glean a ministering spirit (5).
- A tiny part of a bird is good fun (1, 3, 2, 1, 4).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Addresses (7).
- You can turn your pet with ease in an American Indian tent (5).
- Entire property (6).
- His rant (anagr. 7).
- A long range of hills (5).
- Its day is for reflection (11).
- Charming coin of small value, yet it is a high price (6, 5).
- Let men inside to form the greatest part of a first principle (7).
- Climbing rose's inside is full of blame (7).
- Be one of two equal parts to make a favor (6).
- Ascend, mostly on one limb (5).
- Lawful in a juvenile gallery (5).

NATIONAL PRESS
AUSTRALIA
LOIRE RAGED
TOOLIE ASCEND
SERMAN STARS
ABASHED
PASSE WHOOPEE
WELSHRESSERS
Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 31, 1965

Butterick PATTERNS



2488



2489

2488. — Slim-skirted evening dress (far left) with low, squared back. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

2489.—Lovely bell-skirted evening dress (left) with self-tied bow belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3235.—Girl's A-line or straight shift with 4 necklines (blouse pattern not included). Sizes 4 to 12 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3235

3304. — Maternity A-line shift (below) with turtle-necked blouse. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3029. — Semi-fit sleeveless dress and button-front straight line coat (below right). Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3152.—Smart suit (below right). Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3304



3029



3152

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-039, Ellerslie, S.E.A.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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ADDRESS

DESIGN
SIZE

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beat eggs well, fill into top half. |

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
presents

BISCUIT BOOK 100 RECIPES

• This collection of biscuit recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen is one to keep. They cover the whole range — sweet and savory, plain and fancy.



• Chocolate Hazelnuts. Recipe on page 2.

HOW TO MAKE BISCUITS

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● Biscuits are quick to make and bake, delicious to eat, and a wonderful standby when unexpected guests call. And from one basic recipe you can make many variations.

IN this book are more than 100 recipes for biscuits to serve on all occasions. For easy reference, they are grouped into sections, according to their method of making and the type of dough used.

There are basic recipes and their flavor variations, and a wide selection of fillings, toppings, and decorations.

Follow the simple hints below and your batch of biscuits is sure to be a success.

Measuring Ingredients: Please note that level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce standard cup measure are used in all our recipes.

Rolling: Do not over-flour the board when rolling out biscuits. Dust it lightly and, with a lightly floured rolling-pin, use only as much pressure as is necessary to roll the dough out evenly into the desired thickness.

Cutting: Dip knife or cutter in flour before using to make sure it cuts cleanly, not tearing the dough or leaving it ragged. If using a cutter, cut shapes as close together as possible. Use a broad knife or spatula to lift biscuits on to baking-trays; leave space between them for possible spreading.

Baking: Baking-trays for biscuits, except for bars or slices, should have narrow sides or only a raised edge at one side, like a scone-tray. This makes sure the biscuits cook evenly through.

If baking two trays of biscuits at one time, space them well apart in the oven so the heat can circulate. You may need to reverse the positions toward the end of baking time so the lower layer can brown correctly.

Let biscuits rest for a few moments on tray before removing; they are then easier to handle. Cool on a wire tray before storing.

Storing: Biscuits keep well in an airtight tin or a glass jar with a tight-fitting lid; store jars or tins in a dry place.

Icing: Do not ice biscuits before storing them; biscuits are better if they are iced on the day on which they are to be eaten, otherwise they may soften.

Here are two simple icings that can be used for topping or decorating biscuits:

Glace Icing: Six ounces sifted icing sugar, warm water, coloring, and flavoring.

Sift icing sugar, add just enough water to make mixture of coating consistency. If desired, place over heat a moment or two, stirring, until icing softens a little. Blend in flavoring essence and any coloring.

Butter Icing: Three ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon warm water, flavoring.

Sift icing sugar. Cream butter until soft, add icing sugar, beat well until light. Add warm water, beat again; stir in flavoring essence.

If desired, instant coffee, coffee essence, or sifted cocoa can also be blended into mixture.

Our Cover Recipe

● Below is the recipe for the luscious biscuits shown in color on the cover of this book.

CHOCOLATE HAZELNUTS

Two cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 2-3rds cup ground hazelnuts, apricot jam, Chocolate Frosting, Peppermint Icing, whole hazelnuts. Sift flour and sugar into bowl. Blend in softened butter and work until smooth; add hazelnuts, mix to a soft dough. Chill 1 hour.

Roll dough out about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick on lightly floured board. Cut into finger-shapes (or cut into rounds with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter). Place on lightly greased baking-tray, bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly golden; cool. Brush tops with sieved apricot jam. Top carefully with Chocolate Frosting. When frosting has set, pipe a little circle of peppermint icing on top, centre with a whole hazelnut.

Note: Hazelnuts can be ground easily in a blender, or the ready-ground nuts can be bought at specialty nut shops.

Chocolate Frosting: Three ounces unsweetened chocolate, 1 dessertspoon hot coffee, 1 egg, few drops vanilla, pinch cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar, 2oz.

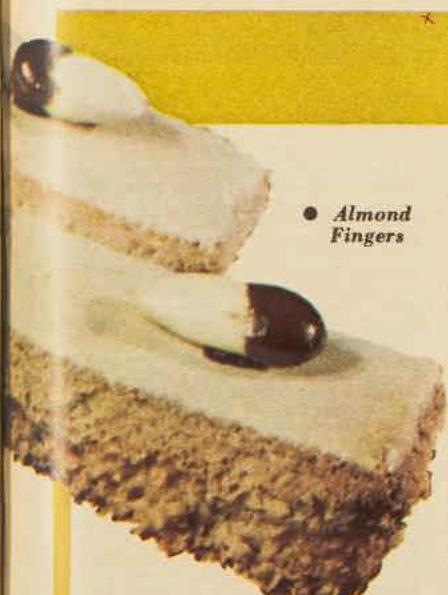
Melt chopped chocolate over warm water, add hot coffee, stir until blended. Remove from heat, add beaten egg, vanilla, cinnamon, and icing sugar; beat well with wooden spoon. Stand mixture over lukewarm water, continue to beat chocolate until thickened; cool a little. When just warm, add pieces of butter gradually. Beat after each addition until frosting is thick and smooth.

Peppermint Icing: One cup sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon milk, few drops peppermint essence.

Place icing sugar in basin, gradually add milk, a little at a time, so forming a stiff paste. Flavor with peppermint essence.

BARS AND SLICES

• Almond Fingers



• Bakewell Bars



• Many of these biscuits can double as desserts. Serve topped with cream, custard, or ice-cream.

ALMOND FINGERS

Six ounces ground almonds, 6oz. icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg-white. Icing: One tablespoon plain flour, 4oz. icing sugar, 1 egg-white.

Combine in basin the icing sugar, cinnamon, and ground almonds. Beat egg-white slightly, add dry ingredients, making a stiff paste. Knead until smooth. Roll out on to floured board to about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick.

Icing: Sift icing sugar and flour into basin, add enough egg-white to form icing consistency. Spread over the almond mixture, cut into fingers. Place on greased oven-slide, bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Top with half an almond which has had one end dipped in melted chocolate.

BAKEWELL BARS

Six ounces shortcrust or biscuit pastry, 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, 2oz. butter or substitute, grated rind and juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 2oz. ground almonds, 2oz. cake crumbs, 1 tablespoon milk.

Roll out pastry, line a 7in. square tin. Spread jam over pastry. Cream butter with grated lemon rind, add sugar, beat until light. Stir in egg, beat until well blended. Lightly stir in ground almonds, cake crumbs, lemon juice, then milk. Spread mixture evenly over jam. Bake in moderate oven approximately 35 to 40 minutes, or until topping is set and golden brown. Cool; cut into bars or squares.

COCONUT SHORTBREAD

One cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 beaten egg, raspberry jam, extra 1 egg, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar,

1 cup coconut, little almond essence, extra coconut.

Sift flour and sugar into basin, rub in butter and mix to stiff dough with a little beaten egg. Press over base of greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Spread with raspberry jam. Beat extra egg with extra sugar, add coconut and little almond essence. Spread over jam layer, sprinkle with little extra coconut. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Cut into wedge-shaped pieces.

Alternatively, mixture can be baked in 8in. shallow, square tin and cut into bars.

LEMON MARSHMALLOW SLICE

Biscuit Mixture: Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Filling: One and a half cups water, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1oz. butter, juice 2 lemons and 2 oranges, 1oz. custard powder, 1oz. cornflour.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, pinch cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy; add water and beat well. Work in sifted flour, press evenly over base of greased lamington-tin, prick well. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Prepare filling.

Filling: Place sugar, water, and fruit juice in saucepan, add custard powder and cornflour which has been blended with little extra water. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens, cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter, and mix well. Pour over cooled biscuit layer.

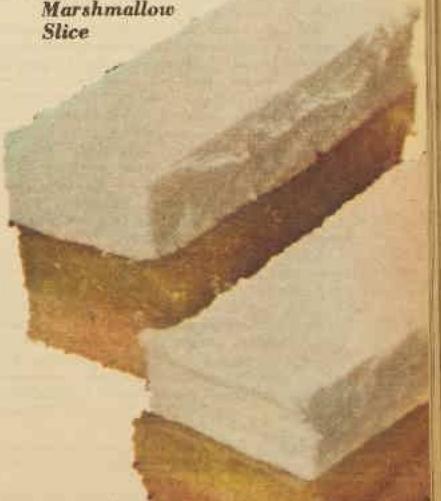
Marshmallow: Place water, sugar, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Bring slowly to boil, and boil 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool. When beginning to thicken, add lemon juice and vanilla, beat until thick and fluffy. Pour over lemon mixture. Chill, cut into slices.

More bars and slices overleaf

• Coconut Shortbread



• Lemon Marshmallow Slice



Bars and slices... *continued*

CONTINENTAL NOUGAT BARS

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold mashed potato, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups ground almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Separate egg. Sift flour and sugar, rub in butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ of mixture over base of ungreased lamington-tin. Add egg-yolk to remaining mixture, blend well; refrigerate while preparing topping.

Topping: Mix together potato, sifted icing sugar, almonds, essence, cinnamon, and egg-white. Spread over mixture in tin.

Roll out reserved chilled pastry, cut into strips, place lattice-fashion over filling. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Let cool in tin. Cut into bars to serve.

COCONUT MERINGUE FINGERS

Base: Two ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 egg-yolks, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 dessertspoons milk.

Filling: One egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup coconut, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Topping: One egg-white, 2 tablespoons sugar, chopped nuts.

Base: Cream butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Work in sifted flour and salt, add milk to make dry dough. Turn on to floured board, divide into 2 portions; roll each one to fit slab-tin. Place one rolled portion into tin. Prepare filling.

Filling: Beat egg-white stiffly, add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold in coconut, cocoa, condensed milk, lemon rind. Spread over biscuit-mixture in tin. Cover with remaining biscuit-mixture, pressing down lightly. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Spread with prepared topping, sprinkle with nuts, bake further 5 to 10 minutes. Cut into finger-lengths when half-cooled, remove from tin, cool on wire rack.

Topping: Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved.

NOUGATINES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup chopped roasted peanuts, 2oz. dark chocolate.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and beat well. Sift flour, add to creamed mixture with all other ingredients except chocolate. Press into greased shallow tin, sprinkle grated chocolate over top. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes; cool. Cut into squares or bars.

APRICOT COCONUT SLICES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, 2 tablespoons chopped peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot jam, 4 tablespoons desiccated coconut.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in nuts and peel, then well-sifted dry ingredients. Spread over greased slab-tin, 7in.-10in. Spread apricot jam over top, sprinkle with coconut. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Cool in tin, then cut into slices or bars.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND BARS

Four ounces ground almonds, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 5 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, few drops almond essence, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, chocolate icing.

Combine ground almonds and sifted icing sugar. Mix to stiff paste with a little egg and milk beaten together.

Cream butter and sugar, add essence, then sifted flour and baking-powder. Mix to stiff dough, adding remainder of egg and milk (add gradually; all the liquid may not be needed). Divide into 2 portions; roll each to fit 8in.-square tin. Place one portion in greased tin, spread thinly with apricot jam. Roll prepared almond paste to fit tin, place on top of jam. Spread paste thinly with apricot jam, place second shortbread layer on top. Prick with fork, glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Cool, top with lemon icing, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Topping: Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved.

HUNGARIAN NUT STICKS

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 small egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, pinch salt, few drops vanilla.

Topping: One cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 egg-whites.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, add egg, beat well. Work in sifted dry ingredients. Spread mixture evenly over base of large greased layer-tin (mixture should be spread thinly). Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, place all topping ingredients into saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved and ingredients well mixed. Continue stirring over heat until mixture thickens and leaves sides of saucepan. Cool a little, then spread evenly over partially cooked biscuit layer. Continue baking further 15 minutes. Cool slightly, then cut into finger-lengths.

FRUIT SPICE BARS

Base: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup self-raising flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk, milk to mix.

Topping: One and a half cups stale cake crumbs, 3 dessertspoons sweet sherry or orange juice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, raspberry jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each chopped raisins, sultanas and currants, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-3rd cup coconut, 1 lemon icing, chopped walnuts.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolk. Work in sifted flours and salt, mix to firm dough, adding a little milk if necessary. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly; roll out about 4in. thick, line greased oblong tin.

Place cake crumbs in basin, sprinkle with sherry. Cream butter with sugar, add egg, beat well. Fold in cake crumbs, fruits, cinnamon, and coconut. Spread biscuit base with jam. Top with fruit mixture, spreading evenly. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Cool, top with lemon icing, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

JAM SLICES

Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg-yolk, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, raspberry jam, little milk.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Sift flour into creamed mixture, mix thoroughly; allow to chill.

Roll out 1-3rd of dough on floured board. Cut into 2 strips 15in. x 2in., place on greased oven-slide. Mix remaining dough with little milk to make slightly softer mixture. Spoon into piping-bag with star tube attached. Pipe 3 rows down each strip of biscuit. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until golden; allow to cool. Pipe raspberry jam down between rows. Cut into 1in. diagonal pieces.

LEMON CRUNCH BARS

Grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 dessert-spoon castor sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 6oz. golden syrup, 6oz. rolled oats, pinch salt.

Combine lemon rind with castor sugar, set aside. Put butter or substitute in saucepan with golden syrup, brown sugar, lemon juice. Heat gently until melted, then stir in rolled oats and salt. Spread mixture evenly into greased swiss roll-tin, pressing into corners. Sprinkle with lemon-sugar mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into bars while still warm.

BUTTERSCOTCH BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. chopped dates, 1oz. chopped shredded peel, 1oz. preserved ginger, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, juice 1 orange.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and creamy; add egg-yolks, beat well; stir in fruits and nuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with orange juice. Press mixture into greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until cooked. Remove from oven, mark into bars with sharp knife, allow to cool in tin.

● **More bars and slices, page 12.**

ROLLED BISCUITS

- Biscuits made by this method consist of a dough that is first rolled out, then shaped and baked. There are recipes for sweet or savory mixtures.

ROLLED BISCUITS—BASIC RECIPE

Two cups plain flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, baking-powder, and salt. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream until light and fluffy. Add well-beaten egg, vanilla, and milk. Add sifted dry ingredients, then gradually

add remaining flour until dough is stiff enough to handle; chill at least 1 hour. Roll out to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness on lightly floured board, cut with floured biscuit-cutters. Place on lightly greased baking-sheets; sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes.

VARIATIONS

Almond Spice: Sift with flour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped blanched almonds and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon to flour mixture.

Butterscotch: Substitute 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar for the sugar in basic recipe.

Caraway Seed: Add 1 tablespoon caraway seeds to flour mixture.

Chocolate: When adding egg and milk, stir in 2oz. melted chocolate.

Coconut Orange: Omit vanilla; add $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons finely grated orange rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped shredded coconut. Or sprinkle biscuits with coconut before baking.

Date or Nut: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates or nuts to flour mixture.

Ginger: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped crystallised ginger.

Peanut Butter: Use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar instead of butter and sugar in basic recipe.

Pinwheels: Divide dough into 2 equal parts. Blend 1oz. melted chocolate into one part. Roll each part to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness on separate pieces of lightly floured waxed paper. Place white dough on top of chocolate dough, remove waxed paper. Roll up as for swiss roll. Wrap firmly in waxed paper; chill. Cut into slices; bake in moderately hot oven about 8 minutes.

- **Haselnut Wafers** (recipe on page 7).



- *Rolled Biscuits, made of the basic mixture.*

ROLLED AND FILLED BISCUITS

- Below are three recipes for rolled biscuits made from the basic dough given at left above, and for two delicious fillings to use with them.

ROLLED FILLED BISCUITS

1. Roll out basic dough $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick. Cut with plain or fancy biscuit-cutter. Place 1 teaspoon desired filling on half the biscuits. Cover with remaining biscuits, pressing edges together with fork. Bake on lightly greased baking-sheets in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

2. Roll out dough to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness, cut into squares. Place small amount of filling in one corner, fold over diagonally to make triangles, press edges together. Bake as for basic recipe.

3. Roll and cut into squares, as above, twist into small horn or cornucopia shapes. Spoon in a little filling so it peeps out at wide end of horn. Bake as for basic recipe.

BISCUIT FILLINGS

Date and Raisin: Half cup chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Combine raisins, dates, sugar, and lemon rind in saucepan. Dissolve cornflour in water, add to fruit mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened; blend in lemon juice. Cool before using.

Prune and Orange: Mix together well 1 cup chopped cooked prunes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

More rolled biscuits overleaf

ROLLED BISCUITS... *continued*

● Recipes below and opposite show how rolled-type biscuits can be widely varied.

GOLDEN CHEESE STRAWS

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 8oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups grated sharp cheese, iced water to mix.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne. Cut butter and cheese into dry ingredients until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Add water, 1 tablespoon at a time, mixing well after each addition until firm dough is formed. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, chill if necessary. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness; cut into straw shapes. Place on greased oven-slides, bake in moderately hot oven 5 to 10 minutes.

Note: These are delicious when served hot from the oven as an accompaniment to soup. Or, instead of straw shapes, the dough can be cut into tiny squares and rounds, baked until golden and blistery; float a few on top of hot soup.

SAVORY SUPPER PUFFS

Eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, cold water to mix, 1 egg-white.

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Cream butter, divide into 4 quarters; rub one quarter into flour. Mix to smooth dough, not too firm, with water. Roll out to oblong shape, mark lightly across into 3 sections. Cover first and second sections with dabs of another quarter of the butter. Fold up the bottom section of dough over middle section, fold down top section over this. Seal edges with rolling-pin, turn pastry

so fold is on right. Repeat rolling and folding, as before, until all butter is used. Refrigerate 15 minutes. Roll out thinly, cut into 2in. squares, prick them decoratively. Brush with egg-white. Put on lightly greased baking-sheets, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

ARROWROOT BISCUITS

One cup self-raising flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups arrowroot, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift together flour and arrowroot, rub in butter until mixture is crumbly. Combine sugar and milk in saucepan, bring to boil, allow to boil gently 3 minutes; cool. Stir into flour mixture, beat well. Roll out a little of mixture at a time, cut into rounds; prick well. Place on lightly greased baking-slides, bake in hot oven 10 minutes.

INDIAN CURRY BISCUITS

Three ounces plain flour, 3oz. tasty dry cheese (grated), pinch sugar, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon water.

Mix together in basin all dry ingredients, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Beat together the egg-yolk, mustard, and water, mix into dry ingredients to make stiff dough. Roll out thinly, cut into small rounds or squares. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

● Arrowroot Biscuits.

● Savory Supper Puffs.

● Indian Curry Biscuits.



● Golden Cheese Straws.



The Australian Woman's Weekly — March 31, 1965

beat eggs well, fill into top half |

ALMOND JAM-DROPS

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg (separated), 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. ground almonds, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, raspberry or apricot jam.

Cream butter with the $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sugar. Beat in egg-yolk, add sifted flour and lemon rind. Roll to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness, cut into rounds, place on lightly greased baking-sheet.

Beat egg-white until foamy, gradually add remaining sugar, beating until stiff; add ground almonds. Fill mixture into piping-bag, pipe small circle round each biscuit. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, place small amount of jam in centre of each.

MOCHA FINGERS

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, 1 egg, 6oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, extra sugar.

Separate egg. Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk and cocoa, which has been mixed with coffee essence. Work in sifted dry ingredients to make stiff dough. Knead on lightly floured board, roll thinly. Cut into finger-lengths. Brush with lightly beaten egg-white, sprinkle with extra sugar. Prick with fork, bake on greased trays in moderate oven 15 to 17 minutes. When quite cold, join in pairs with Coffee Icing.

Coffee Icing: Cream 1 tablespoon butter with 4oz. sifted icing sugar; flavor with 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

ALMOND ROUGHS

Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Topping: Two ounces ground almonds, 2oz. coconut, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg-white, 1 teaspoon rum, 1 dessertspoon milk, raspberry jam.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk with water, add to dry ingredients, mix to firm dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness. Cut with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter; place on greased oven-tray.

Topping: Combine ground almonds, coconut, and sugar. Beat egg-white slightly, add rum and milk. Add to almond mixture, mix well. Spoon on to biscuit rounds, making slight depression in centre of each; dot little jam in centre. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

CELERY AND OATMEAL BISCUITS

Four ounces plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. rolled oats, 1 stick celery, 1 beaten egg-yolk, water to mix.

Sift flour, salt, celery salt, and baking-powder into basin; rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Stir in oatmeal. Chop the washed celery very finely, stir into mixture. Add beaten egg-yolk and enough water to make stiff paste; knead until smooth. Roll out on lightly floured board to $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thickness. Prick well, cut into rounds with 2in. plain cutter. Put on greased baking-sheets, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

COCONUT WHIRL COOKIES

Two cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons raspberry or other jam, 6 tablespoons coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, squeeze lemon juice, extra coconut.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to dry dough with beaten egg and milk, reserving a little for glazing. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to thin oblong sheet. Combine jam, coconut, lemon rind and juice. Spread over biscuit mixture. Moisten edges, roll up, commencing from longest side. With sharp knife cut into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. slices. Place cut side down on greased oven-tray, brush tops with remainder of egg and milk, sprinkle lightly with little extra coconut. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. When half-cooled, remove from trays to wire cooler.

CREAM CHEESE WAFERS

Four ounces self-raising flour, good pinch salt, pinch pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt, 1oz. butter, 2oz. cream cheese, little cold water.

Sift flour, salts and pepper, rub in butter and cream cheese. Mix to dry dough with water. Roll out thinly on lightly floured board. Cut into small shapes or fingers, bake in hot oven 7 to 10 minutes, until crisp and lightly browned.

If desired, before baking, brush biscuits with egg-white, sprinkle with caraway seeds.



• Almond Roughs

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAMS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk (if necessary).

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Add sifted flour, cornflour, cocoa, baking-powder, and salt. Make into dry dough, adding little milk, if necessary. Turn on to floured board, roll thinly. Cut with small round cutter, place on greased oven-trays. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tray.

Filling: One tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 or 2 drops peppermint essence.

Cream butter, gradually add icing sugar, beat until soft and smooth; add essence. Sandwich biscuits with small quantity of filling.

Icing: Six tablespoons icing sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 3 dessertspoons milk, grated chocolate.

Sift icing sugar with cocoa, mix to smooth paste with milk. Warm slightly to spreading consistency, coat tops of biscuits; sprinkle tops with grated chocolate.

HAZELNUT WAFERS

Four ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. ground hazelnuts, pinch salt, 4oz. dark chocolate (melted).

Cream butter until light, mix in flour sifted with salt; lightly stir in sugar and nuts. Roll out $\frac{1}{8}$ in. thick, cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares or into fingers. Place on well-greased baking-sheet, bake in slow oven until crisp but not brown (approximately 15 to 20 minutes); cool. Dip in melted chocolate, or spoon melted chocolate over each wafer. Or, when covering chocolate has set, drizzle little extra melted chocolate decoratively over tops of biscuits.

OATMEAL CHEESE BISCUITS

Eight ounces rolled oats, 4oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, water to mix.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Rub in butter or substitute. Roughly chop rolled oats to make them finer, then mix in; add cheese, mix well. Add beaten egg-yolk and just sufficient water to make into stiff dough. Roll thinly on lightly floured board, cut into finger-lengths. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

More rolled biscuits, page 12

MOULDED OR DROPPED



• Chocolate Snowcaps.



• Apricot Gems.



• Gingernut Biscuits.

• Easy to make, these biscuits need no rolling, are merely dropped from a spoon or moulded between the fingers. They lend themselves well to endless variations of flavor, decoration.

CHOCOLATE SNOWCAPS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 and 2-3rd cups sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 2 eggs, 2oz. dark chocolate, 3 cups plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, sifted icing sugar.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well; add melted chocolate and nuts. Work in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Chill 2 to 3 hours. Shape into small balls, roll in icing sugar. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Loosen with knife, cool on trays.

APRICOT GEMS

Two cups plain flour, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 egg-yolks, 1 egg-white, finely chopped almonds, apricot jam.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add beaten egg-yolks, mix to firm dough. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth. Allow to chill 30 minutes. Form into walnut-sized balls, arrange on greased oven-tray; brush with lightly beaten egg-white, sprinkle with chopped almonds. With handle of wooden spoon, press deep hole in centre of each biscuit. Chill again 30 minutes, then bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from trays, fill centre holes with apricot jam.

GINGERNUT BISCUITS

Eight ounces plain flour, 1lb. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 very small egg, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, extra sugar, if desired.

Sift into basin the flour, sugar, bicarbonate of soda, cinnamon, salt, and ginger. Rub in butter until mixture is of very fine crumbly consistency. Beat egg with golden syrup, add to dry ingredients. Work into firm dough with hands. Roll into small balls about half the size of walnut, place on greased oven-slides 2in. apart. Bake in moderately slow oven 15 minutes. Loosen, cool on trays. Store in air-tight tin. If desired biscuits can be lightly sprinkled with sugar before baking.

LUNCH BOX BISCUITS

Two and a half ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each brown and white sugars, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each baking-powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, ground ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup marmalade, 1 cup chopped raisins.

Cream butter and sugars, beat in egg and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients together, add to creamed mixture, then fold in oats, marmalade, and raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to ungreased baking-slides. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

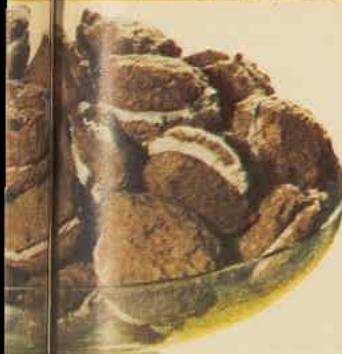


• Chocolate Burgundy



• Apple Drops.

TOPPED FROM A SPOON



Chocolate Burgundy Biscuits.

CHOCOLATE BURGUNDY BISCUITS

Six ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. corn-flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. icing sugar, 1oz. cocoa, pinch mixed spice, 1 egg, pinch salt, vanilla.

Filling: Six ounces icing sugar, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, vanilla.

Cream butter and icing sugar until light and fluffy, add beaten egg, mix well. Sift flours, cocoa, spice, and salt together, add to creamed mixture, mixing well; add vanilla. Place teaspoonfuls of mixture on to greased oven-slides. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. When cool sandwich together with filling.

Filling: Cream butter until white and fluffy, gradually add icing sugar, cocoa, and vanilla. Continue beating until mixture is light and creamy.

APPLE DROPS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1½ cups brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 egg, 2½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¼ cup milk, 2 cups finely chopped peeled apple, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter, sugar, and salt with spices, beat in egg until well blended. Sift flour and bicarbonate of soda, add to creamed mixture, then stir in apple, nuts, and milk. Stir until well blended. Mound dessertspoonfuls of mixture about 1in. apart on lightly greased baking-slides. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. While still warm, spread tops with Vanilla Glaze; cool.

Vanilla Glaze: Beat together 1 cup sifted icing sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and 1 dessertspoon butter melted in 1½ dessertspoons hot milk.

MONTE CARLOS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon honey, vanilla, 10oz. self-raising flour.

Filling: One ounce butter or substitute, 4oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon strawberry jam, vanilla, extra strawberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg, beat until well blended; add honey and vanilla. Sift flour, add to creamed mixture. Roll mixture into small balls, flatten slightly with floured fork. Place on greased oven-trays, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. When cool join together with cream filling and strawberry jam.

Filling: Cream butter with icing sugar until light and fluffy, add jam and vanilla. Sandwich biscuits together with a little strawberry jam and cream.

BANANA BISCUITS

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup icing sugar, 1-3rd cup mashed banana, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 and 2-3rd cups sifted plain flour, ½ cup chopped almonds.

Cream butter, add icing sugar, beat until light and fluffy. Blend in the mashed banana, vanilla, and salt. Add the sifted flour, mix well. Stir in almonds, wrap in greaseproof paper, chill 1 hour for easier handling. Shape into balls, using rounded teaspoon for each. Place on ungreased trays; flatten with bottom of a glass dipped in sugar. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes; cool. Join biscuits together with Cream Cheese Filling.

Cream Cheese Filling: Four ounces cream cheese, 2 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon chopped glace cherries.

Soften cream cheese, blend in icing sugar, beat well. Fold in cherries.

More moulded and dropped biscuits overleaf



• Monte Carlos.



• Banana Biscuits.



• Lunch Box Biscuits.

Moulded or dropped from a spoon . . . *continued*

DUTCH APRICOT WAFERS

Three ounces cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, lightly cooked dried apricots (or use well-drained canned apricots), milk and sugar for glazing.

Cream butter with sugar and cheese. Work in sifted flour, making dry dough. Shape into rolls 1 in. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, wrap in waxed paper; chill. Cut into thin slices with sharp knife. Place small thin piece of well-drained apricot on one slice, press another slice on top. Place on biscuit-tray, glaze with milk, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes until very lightly browned and crisp. Allow to cool on tray.

FRUITY WALNUT DROPS

One and a half cups self-raising flour, pinch each salt, ground nutmeg, and ginger, 4 tablespoons custard powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 cup sugar, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 1lb. chopped dates, coarsely grated rind 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup golden syrup, water to mix.

Sift flour, salt, nutmeg, ginger, and custard powder into basin. Rub in butter with tips of fingers; add coconut, sugar, walnuts, dates, orange rind, and golden syrup. Mix to firm dough with water. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-trays, bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes.

CONTINENTAL MACAROONS

Seven ounces castor sugar, 1oz. granulated sugar, 4oz. ground almonds, 1 tablespoon ground rice, 2 egg-whites, few drops vanilla, blanched almonds.

Mix sugars, ground almonds, and ground rice together in mixing-bowl. Make well in centre, add egg-whites and vanilla. Beat well with wooden spoon 5 minutes. Leave stand 5 minutes, then beat further 5 minutes; spoon mixture in small heaps on paper-lined baking-trays. Flatten each heap with dampened knife, place almond in centre of each. Bake in slow oven 20 to 30 minutes or until firm. Allow to stand 5 minutes, then remove from paper carefully, and cool on wire rack.

CHOCONUT ISLANDS

Two cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3oz. chopped chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot coffee, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rds cup thick sour cream, 1-3rd cup desiccated coconut.

Sift together flour, salt, soda. Dissolve chocolate in hot coffee. Cream butter with brown sugar, add egg and cooled chocolate mixture. Fold in dry ingredients and coconut alternately with cream, mix until well blended. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased biscuit-trays, bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. While still warm, frost with the following mixture and sprinkle with shredded coconut.

Frosting: One and a half ounces chopped chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, 1 tablespoon butter; 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups sifted icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut.

Heat chocolate, sour cream, and butter in top of double-boiler, stirring, until chocolate melts. Remove from heat, gradually work in icing sugar until correct consistency for spreading. Use immediately; thin with water, a few drops at a time, when necessary.

APRICOT GEMS

Two cups plain flour, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 egg-yolks, 1 egg-white, finely chopped almonds, apricot jam.

Sift flour, salt, and sugar into basin, rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Add beaten egg-yolks, mix to firm dough. Knead on lightly floured board until smooth; allow to chill 30 minutes. Form into walnut-size balls, arrange on greased oven-tray. Brush with slightly beaten egg-white, sprinkle with chopped almonds. With handle of wooden spoon, press deep hole in centre of each biscuit. Chill again 30 minutes, then bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from trays, fill centre holes with apricot jam.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CRUNCHIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each white and brown sugars, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, 1 cup crushed corn cereal, 1 cup rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Cream butter or substitute with sugars, beat in egg and vanilla. Stir in sifted dry ingredients, then corn cereal, rolled oats, and coconut. Make half into balls, using 1 teaspoon of mixture at a time. Flatten on to greased trays with bottom of a glass. Make remaining dough into small balls, flatten. Bake all in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes. Loosen on trays, allow to cool. Join together with chocolate cream, placing smaller rounds on top.

Chocolate Cream: Four ounces cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 6oz. chocolate.

Cream cheese until smooth, add sifted icing sugar and water. Chop chocolate, place in small heatproof basin, allow to melt over hot water. Beat into cheese mixture.

FOUR O'CLOCK COOKIES

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat germ, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream well together the butter and sugar, beat in beaten eggs. Stir in orange rind and juice, vanilla. Stir in sifted flour, salt, and baking-powder, then wheat germ, rolled oats, and dates. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased baking-sheets. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

ORANGE COCONUT COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 cup coconut, 1 tablespoon orange juice.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar. Add egg and coconut, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with orange juice. Place by teaspoonfuls on to greased baking-sheet. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes.

APRICOT SPICE DROPS

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 1 egg, 2oz. cornflour, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar; add jam, then beaten egg. Stir in sifted cornflour, flour, and cinnamon, add nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to greased tray, bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

MALTED OAT COOKIES

One cup rolled oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 1 tablespoon malt extract (or use golden syrup instead), 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little water.

Place into saucepan the sugar, butter, malt extract, and dissolved soda, stir over gentle heat until melted. Turn into mixing-bowl, add rolled oats, sifted flour, and coconut; mix well. Place by teaspoonfuls on to greased oven-slides, press flat with fork. Bake in slow oven until crisp (about 20 minutes). Leave on tray until cool.

CHOC-MACAROON TWINS

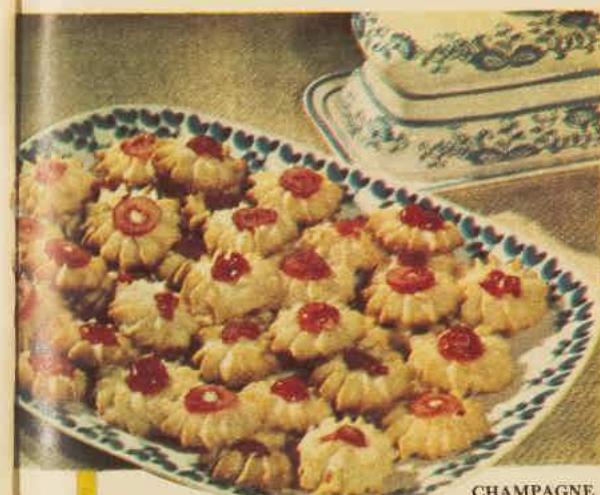
Meringue Mixture: Two egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 2 cups coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar. Fold in plain flour, coconut, and vanilla.

Chocolate Mixture: Eight ounces chocolate, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, pinch salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1-3rd cup milk.

Divide chocolate in halves, melt one half, and chop remainder. To melted chocolate add softened butter, mix until smooth. Fold in flour sifted with salt and baking-powder, sugars, and remaining chopped chocolate alternately with beaten egg-yolks, vanilla, and milk. Spoon teaspoonfuls of both mixtures on to separate greased oven-slides, top each with small dollop of alternate mixture. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes.

THESE ARE PIPED



• Champagne
Cherry Biscuits.



• Chocolate-Dipped Shells.

CHAMPAGNE CHERRY BISCUITS

Three ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, lemon essence or vanilla, 6oz. plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon baking-powder, 2 tablespoons milk, glace cherries.

Cream butter and sugar together, add egg-yolks and essence or vanilla, beat well. Sift flour with baking-powder, work into creamed mixture, blend in milk. Fill mixture into piping-bag with star tube attached, pipe small star shapes on to greased trays. Top each with round piece of glace cherry. Bake in moderate oven about 12 minutes. Loosen and cool on trays.

MACAROON FINGERS

Four egg-whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup icing sugar, 1/2 cup plain flour, 2 cups desiccated coconut, 4oz. chocolate, 1oz. white shortening.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, add vanilla, gradually beat in sifted icing sugar. Continue beating until mixture is stiff and glossy. Fold in sifted flour and coconut. Fill into piping-bag with plain tube. Pipe in 2in. lengths on greased oven-slide. Bake in moderately slow oven 15 to 20 minutes; allow to cool. Remove from trays. Dip half of each finger lengthwise in chocolate, which has been melted with white shortening over hot water.

• Biscuits in this section are made by piping the mixture from a bag into finger-lengths, stars, shells, and other pretty, fancy shapes.

CHOCOLATE-DIPPED SHELLS

Five ounces plain flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 1/2 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, melted chocolate.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add the egg and vanilla. Sift in the dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Fill mixture into piping-bag with star tube attached. Pipe mixture into shell-shapes on greased oven-slide. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Allow to cool. Dip the pointed half of shell in the melted chocolate.

MERINGUE KISSES

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 1/2 oz. cocoa, 1oz. icing sugar, whipped sweetened cream.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, then gradually add half the castor sugar, beating constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Combine remaining castor sugar with sifted cocoa and icing sugar, mix well, fold into beaten egg-white mixture. Fill meringue into large piping-bag with plain tube, pipe 2in. lengths or rounds on to greased oven-tray. Place in slow oven, bake 1 1/2 to 2 hours. When thoroughly dried out, remove from oven, cool. When quite cold, and just before serving, join 2 meringues together with whipped sweetened cream.

More piped biscuits overleaf

• Meringue Kisses.



• Macaroon
Fingers.



Book — Page

These are piped . . . *continued*

HONEY CREAMS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 dessert-spoon honey, 1 egg, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, glace cherries.

Cream together butter, sugar, lemon rind, and juice until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then honey; work in sifted flour and salt. Fill into pastry-bag with large star-pipe, pipe on to greased oven-slides, forming small stars. Press half a glace cherry on top of half the stars. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool, then join in pairs (one plain and one cherry-topped biscuit paired) with Honey Cream.

Honey Cream: Cream 1oz. butter with 3oz. sifted icing sugar. Add 1 dessert-spoon honey and 1 dessert-spoon milk; mix until well blended.

VIENNESE COOKIES

Six ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. icing sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1½oz. cornflour, 4½oz. plain flour, few drops vanilla or almond essence, glace cherries.

Cream butter or substitute, add sifted icing sugar, beat until creamy; blend in essence. Sift together flour, cornflour, and baking powder, stir into creamed mixture. Fill into piping-bag fitted with large star-

pipe; pipe mixture into small stars or other shapes on greased baking-trays. Top each with 1 piece of glace cherry. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly browned.

MARZIPAN STARS

One cup ground almonds, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup icing sugar, few drops almond essence, 1 to 2 egg-whites, glace cherries.

Mix ground almonds and sifted sugars; add essence. Work in sufficient egg-white to make fairly stiff dough. Pipe in star shapes on to greased baking-trays. Decorate centre of each with halved glace cherry. Bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes. Remove from tray, cool on rack.

CHOCOLATE CREAM WHIRLS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. cocoa, Butter Cream (see below).

Cream butter and sugar together, beat in egg, then gradually add flour and cocoa, which have been sifted together. Pipe in whirls on to greased baking-trays. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes; cool on trays. When quite cold, sandwich together in pairs with butter cream. Dust with sifted icing sugar.

Butter Cream: Two ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. icing sugar.

Cream butter until light and fluffy, blend in sifted icing sugar; beat until smooth and creamy. Variations are:

Lemon: Blend in 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Vanilla: Blend in ½ teaspoon vanilla.

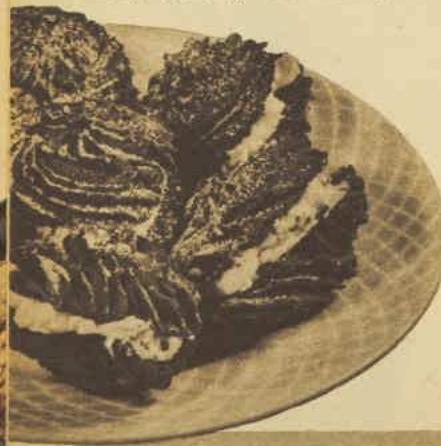
Chocolate: Sift in with icing sugar 1 dessert-spoon cocoa.

LEMON CREAM WHIRLS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon finely grated lemon rind, 8oz. plain flour, lemon-flavored Butter Cream (see recipe in Chocolate Cream Whirls above).

Cream together the butter and sugar, add lemon rind, beat in the egg, then add sifted flour gradually. Pipe in whirls or finger-shapes on to greased baking-trays. Bake in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes; cool on trays. When quite cold, sandwich together with lemon-flavored butter cream.

• Chocolate Cream Whirls



ROLLED BISCUITS . . .

continued from page 7

OATEN DATE COOKIES

Six ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 4oz. rolled oats, 10oz. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder.

Filling: Half pound dates; ½ cup brown sugar, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, juice 1 lemon, 1oz. water.

Cream butter with brown sugar and lemon rind; add egg, beat well. Mix rolled oats with sifted flour and baking-powder, fold into creamed mixture, making firm paste.

Knead slightly on well-floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut with floured biscuit cutter, place on lightly greased baking-trays. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until golden brown. Cool on wire rack. When cold, join with date filling, sprinkle tops with sifted icing sugar.

Filling: Chop dates roughly, place in saucepan with other ingredients. Stir, cook over gentle heat 5 to 10 minutes or until mixture is soft and smooth; cool.

BARS AND SLICES . . .

continued from page 4

STRAWBERRY ALMOND BARS

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg (separated), 1 tablespoon strawberry (or other) jam, 3oz. icing sugar, 3oz. chopped almonds.

Sift flour and baking-powder into basin, rub in butter or substitute, mix in castor sugar. Bind to stiff paste with egg-yolk; knead well. Roll out on lightly floured board, use to line swiss roll-tin; pinch edges decoratively, prick well with fork. Brush jam over pastry.

Beat egg-white until frothy, stir in sifted icing sugar. Spread evenly over jam, sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in moderate oven 40 minutes or until top is crisp and pale golden. Cut into bars or slices while still warm.

LINZER BARS

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup ground almonds, 1 cup raspberry jam, 1 tablespoon sweet sherry.

Sift flour with baking-powder, sugar, and salt. Cut in butter until mixture resembles

LEMON SPOT BISCUITS

Pastry: Half pound plain flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter, 1 dessert-spoon castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 to 1½ tablespoons water.

Sift flour and salt into bowl; rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs; stir in sugar. Mix egg-yolk with cold water, add to flour and butter mixture. Mix to firm dough; turn out on lightly floured board, knead very gently until smooth.

Topping: Six ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter, 1½oz. castor sugar, few drops vanilla, lemon cheese.

Sift flour with salt. Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in vanilla, add half the flour; beat until mixture is very light. Then add remaining flour and beat until smooth and well blended.

Roll out pastry thinly, cut into rounds 1½in. in diameter; place on baking-sheet. Place prepared topping in piping-bag fitted with large star-pipe, and pipe circle round edge of each pastry base, leaving small hole in centre. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes or until cooked through. Cool; fill centres with lemon cheese.

coarse breadcrumbs. Add beaten eggs and cream, grated lemon rind, and ground almonds; mix well, form into firm dough. Allow to chill 1 hour. Roll out ½ of dough, line base of a 9in.-square tin. Mix jam with sweet sherry, spread over pastry base. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into strips. Place across jam to form lattice design. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool, cut into bars.

ORANGE ALMOND BARS

Pastry: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 egg, 2oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder.

Filling: Four ounces almond meal, 5oz. sugar, 4 tablespoons orange juice, few drops almond essence, grated rind of 1 orange, orange-flavored icing.

Sift flour and baking-powder into basin. Add butter, egg, sugar, and vanilla all at once, mix to pliable dough. Cut dough in halves, roll out one half, cover base of greased lamington-tin. Prepare filling.

Mix almond meal, sugar, orange juice, and almond essence to soft paste. Add grated rind of orange. Spread orange-almond mixture on top of pastry base. Roll out remaining pastry, cover filling. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes. While still hot, ice with orange-flavored icing. Allow to cool in tin, cut into bars.

beat eggs well, fill into top half

Refrigerator biscuits

• Dough for this type of biscuit is prepared in advance, then chilled several hours or overnight in the refrigerator to make it firm for cutting.

REFRIGERATOR BISCUITS — BASIC RECIPE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Cream butter, add sugars, cream together thoroughly. Add egg, beat well, beat in vanilla. Sift flour with baking-powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture, mix well. Shape into rolls about 1½ in. in diameter; wrap each in waxed paper. Chill in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Cut chilled rolls in $\frac{1}{8}$ in. slices. Place on greased baking-sheet, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

VARIATIONS

Chocolate: Add 2 oz. cooled melted chocolate or 2 tablespoons cocoa to creamed mixture.

Coconut: Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated or chopped, shredded coconut.

Fruit: Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, sultanas, or currants.

Ginger: Add 1 oz. finely chopped crystallized ginger or 1 dessertspoon ground ginger.

Peanut Butter: Substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter for the butter in basic recipe.

Spice: Sift with dry ingredients 1 to 2 teaspoons mixed spice (cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg).

American Zwieback slices

Three eggs, grated rind and juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond essence.

Separate eggs. Beat yolks with almond essence, lemon rind and juice. Gradually add sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved; fold in sifted flour, then stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill mixture into 2 small greased loaf-tins, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from tins and, when quite cold, cut into slices 1-3rd in. thick. Arrange on baking-tray, bake in slow oven 30 minutes, or until crisp.

Note: These biscuit slices are good to eat as they are or with ice-cream or fruit desserts. They can also be crushed to use for crumb-crust pie-cases.

BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUITS

Two cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, pinch salt, 4 oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Sift together flour, soda, cream of tartar, and salt. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla, beat well. Add dry ingredients to nuts, mix thoroughly. Shape into rolls. Wrap each in greaseproof paper, chill until very firm. Slice in $\frac{1}{8}$ in. slices, place on lightly greased baking-trays. Bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

DATE BISCUITS

Five ounces butter or substitute, 4 oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5 oz. chopped dates, 8 oz. plain flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream butter and sugar until soft and creamy, add beaten egg gradually, then vanilla. Stir in dates and sifted dry ingredients. Mix until dough holds together, then put on lightly floured board and form into oblong shape. Wrap in greaseproof paper, refrigerate overnight. Slice thinly with sharp knife. Place on greased baking-trays, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.



• Refrigerator Biscuits, cut into rounds and triangles.

RAISIN BISCUITS

Quantity of Butterscotch Biscuit dough (see recipe on this page), 1 cup very finely chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Cut chilled dough into slices, put filling between 2, press together with fork. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Filling: Mix together the finely chopped raisins, brown sugar, salt, and cornflour. Add the $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water gradually, mixing well. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool before using as directed above.

LEMON-COCONUT BISCUITS

Two and three-quarter cups plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, 8 oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2-3rds cup white sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon essence, 1 cup chopped, shredded coconut.

Sift flour with salt and baking-powder. Cream butter, add sugars gradually, cream-

ing thoroughly. Stir in lemon rind and essence. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour in 3 portions, mixing well after each; stir in coconut. Chill dough until firm, then divide into halves and shape into 2 rolls about 2 in. in diameter. Roll in greaseproof paper, refrigerate 4 hours or overnight. When firm cut into $\frac{1}{8}$ in. slices with sharp knife. Place 1 in. apart on greased baking-trays. Bake in moderately hot oven 8 to 10 minutes.

VARIATIONS

Chocolate-Nut: Omit lemon rind, essence, and coconut in recipe above. Add 2 oz. melted chocolate to dough before adding eggs, blend in 1 teaspoon vanilla and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts.

Cherry: Omit lemon rind, essence, and coconut. Blend in 1 teaspoon vanilla and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries.



● Almond Crescents.



● Chocolate Walnut Squares.

Nuts add flavor

● The Chocolate Walnut Squares and Chocolate Mint Creams below are excellent for packed lunches. Serve the other two as special treats for your family.

HONEY NUT SNAPS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. cream or evaporated milk, 2oz. liquid glucose, 2oz. honey, 8oz. roasted chopped peanuts or other nuts, 4oz. mixed peel, extra chopped nuts.

Chocolate Glazing: Six ounces chocolate, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon water.

Place butter, sugar, cream, and glucose in saucepan, heat until mixture boils. Add honey, peanuts, and mixed peel, cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture becomes thick. Spoon teaspoons of mixture about 3in. apart on greased oven-trays. Bake in slow oven 8 minutes. When firm but still warm, loosen carefully from oven-tray. When cold, lift from tray, spread chocolate glazing on top. Sprinkle with nuts.

Chocolate Glazing: Break chocolate in small pieces, place in top half of double saucepan with the butter and water; stand over hot water until chocolate melts.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT SQUARES

One ounce chocolate, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup plain flour (sifted several times), 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Melt chocolate and butter in top half of double saucepan, mix well. Place eggs with sugar, beat until light and lemon colored. Add egg mixture very slowly to chocolate, stir well. Stir in vanilla, milk, cinnamon, sifted flour, salt, and walnuts; mix well. Pour into greased 8in.-square shallow cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes or until top is firm. Allow to cool in tin, cut into squares to serve.

CHOCOLATE MINT CREAMS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1oz. chocolate, 1 cup plain flour, 1/2 cup icing sugar.

Filling: One can sweetened condensed milk, 1 1/2 cups desiccated coconut, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts.

Topping: Four ounces melted chocolate, peppermint essence.

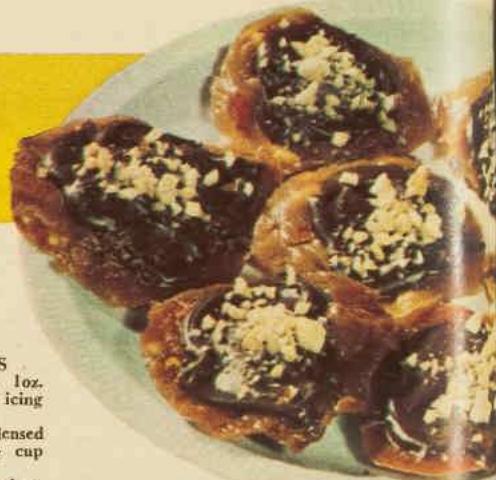
Melt butter and chocolate in top half of double saucepan over simmering water. Fold in flour and icing sugar; mix well. Spread over base of greased 8in.-square shallow cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. Prepare filling: Combine all filling ingredients well together, spread over base. Return to oven and bake further 25 to 30 minutes or until filling is set. Allow to cool in tin. Melt chocolate over hot water, add few drops of peppermint essence; spread evenly over filling. Refrigerate until chocolate is set. Cut into squares to serve.

ALMOND CRESCENTS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 egg-white, chopped almonds, extra castor sugar.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg gradually, and beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt with lemon rind. Work lightly to stiff, firm paste. Roll out thinly on floured board to 1/4in. thickness, then cut into small strips and work into horseshoe shapes on greased oven-slides. Brush with egg-white, sprinkle with castor sugar and chopped nuts, and bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes or until golden-brown.

● Honey Nut Snaps.



● Chocolate Mint Creams.



The Australian Women's Weekly — March 31, 1965

Made without baking

• No need to light the oven for these biscuits. Just mix ingredients, blend thoroughly, chill until firm, and they're made.

CHOCOLATE BISCUIT SLICE

Half pound plain coffee biscuits, 1lb. icing sugar, 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 5oz. white vegetable shortening, 1 egg.

Sift into basin the icing sugar and cocoa, add egg and vanilla. Melt shortening over gentle heat (be careful not to overheat — it should be just warm), pour on to ingredients in basin. Mix thoroughly until mixture is smooth and begins to thicken. Line small square cake-tin with greaseproof paper. Arrange alternate layers of chocolate mixture and biscuits in tin, commencing and finishing with chocolate mixture; refrigerate until set. Remove from tin and cut into slices.

Note: For best results, allow biscuits to soften slightly by exposing them to air before using.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN DROPS

Four ounces dark chocolate, 1oz. butter, 2oz. chopped nuts, 2oz. raisins, corn cereal flakes.

Chop chocolate roughly, place in top of double saucepan over warm water (or place in basin over warm water); add butter, stir until smoothly melted. Add nuts and raisins and enough corn cereal to bind mixture together. Drop in heaps on to greased paper, refrigerate until set.

RAISIN COCONUT SLICES

Half pound wheatmeal biscuits, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 cup mixed dried fruit (sultanas, raisins, currants), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons evaporated milk, coconut.

Crush biscuits to fine crumbs. Melt butter, mix with biscuit crumbs. Add all remaining ingredients except coconut; blend until mixture is consistency of firm dough. Form into roll. Roll in coconut until well covered. Wrap in greaseproof paper, chill in refrigerator several hours or overnight. Serve cut into thin slices.

RUM TRUFFLES

Two ounces stale cake-crumbs, 2oz. marzipan meal, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 tablespoon rum, 1 egg-yolk, melted chocolate sprinkles.

Mix cake-crumbs, sugar, marzipan meal, coconut, cocoa, rum, and egg-yolk well together. Form into small balls, refrigerate until set. Melt chocolate in top half of double saucepan, dip the balls, drain, refrigerate until chocolate has set. Spoon a little extra melted chocolate over top of balls, dip in chocolate sprinkles; refrigerate again until topping has set.

CHOCOLATE CRUMBLIES

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 5 tablespoons powdered milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, few drops vanilla, 1 dessertspoon sherry, 1 cup coconut, ½ cup sultanas, ½ cup currants, ½ cup raisins, 2 cups corn cereal flakes.

Place butter, sugar, and milk into saucepan, stir until dissolved. Pour into basin, sprinkle powdered milk on top; beat until well blended. Add cocoa, vanilla, and sherry, mix well. Work in coconut, dried fruits, and corn cereal. Place in small heaps on greaseproof paper, refrigerate until set.

MARSHMALLOW BARS

Half cup chopped almonds, 1 cup shredded coconut, 2½ oz. butter, 4lb. marshmallows, 4 cups corn cereal flakes, 4oz. chocolate.

Brown almonds and coconut under griller or in oven. Melt butter in saucepan, add marshmallows, cook over low heat until melted. Mix in almonds, coconut, and flakes. Press into greased lamington-tin or shallow tin; chill. Spread top with melted chocolate, cool, cut into bars for serving.

CHERRY FINGERS

Four ounces ground almonds, 1lb. plain sweet biscuits (crushed finely), 1lb. raisins, 1lb. glace cherries, 1lb. sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon almond essence.

Combine ground almonds and crushed biscuits, mix well; then add chopped raisins and chopped cherries. Place in saucepan the sugar, condensed milk, syrup, butter, milk, and essence. Bring slowly to boil, boil gently 10 minutes, then beat with wooden spoon until mixture just begins to thicken; quickly add biscuit and fruit mixture. Mix thoroughly, pour into greased shallow slab-tin. When cool, refrigerate several hours. Cut into finger-lengths.

BRANDY BALLS

Three ounces sponge or butter cake-crumb, 3oz. sifted icing sugar, 3oz. marzipan meal, 1 dessertspoon very finely chopped glace cherries, 1oz. grated chocolate, 2 tablespoons brandy, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, mocha icing, chocolate sprinkles or chopped nuts.

Mocha Icing: Four ounces sifted icing sugar, 2oz. grated chocolate, 1 dessertspoon brandy, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Put cake-crumb, icing sugar, marzipan meal, cherries, and chocolate in bowl. Mix together brandy, lemon juice, and egg-yolk. Gradually add to crumb mixture. Knead lightly to consistency of almond paste. Mould into small balls, dry on wax paper 2 hours. Dip into the icing (use fork for dipping), coat with chocolate sprinkles or chopped nuts. Serve in paper cases.

Icing: Put icing sugar and chocolate into saucepan. Stir in brandy and coffee essence. Add enough warm water to mix to stiff dough or paste. Put over low heat, stir constantly until icing will pour from spoon.



• Brandy Balls

OATEN FINGERS

Six ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 cups uncooked rolled oats, 4oz. dark chocolate (melted).

Beat butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add essence and cocoa, beat until well blended; stir in rolled oats. Chill dough several hours, until quite firm. Break off small pieces of chilled dough, roll to form small finger or log shapes. Spoon a little melted chocolate over each to cover completely; allow to set. Then drizzle fancy pattern down centre of each with remainder of chocolate.

For special occasions

● When you entertain, serve one of these Continental-type biscuits with dessert.

CHOCOLATE RUM SLICES

Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, few drops vanilla, milk.

Sift flours, rub in the butter, add sugar, and mix thoroughly. Beat egg slightly, add vanilla, gradually work into the flour mixture, using a little milk, if necessary, to make firm dough. Wrap in greaseproof paper, chill while preparing the filling and topping.

Filling: Six ounces ground almonds, 3oz. icing sugar (sifted), 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 egg-white, 2 tablespoons rum.

Place the ground almonds in bowl. Sift together the icing sugar and cocoa, add to almonds, mix thoroughly. Lightly beat egg-white, add to dry ingredients with rum. Mix thoroughly to make rather moist consistency.

Topping: One egg-white, 3oz. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon plain flour, slivered almonds.

Lightly beat the egg-white, sift in icing sugar, and flour. Beat until smooth and of pouring consistency.

To Assemble: Roll out pastry into long rectangle on lightly floured board. Lightly mark into 3 sections lengthwise, the middle section twice as wide as the 2 outside sections. Spread filling in the centre section; fold in outside sections to meet in centre. Grease oven-slide and place roll, folded side down, on to tray. Pour topping over the roll, spreading evenly. Sprinkle with slivered almonds. Bake in moderate oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, or until golden brown. While still hot, cut into slices, leave to cool.

TOASTED ALMOND BREAD

Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 cups plain flour, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup blanched almonds, melted butter, cinnamon, little sugar.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beat well. Add vanilla, lemon rind, and lemon juice. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, salt, and

blanched almonds. Divide mixture evenly between 2 small greased loaf-tins. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow loaves to stand overnight. Next day cut into thin slices and toast very lightly. Crunchy and nutty when served alone; delicious as an accompaniment to fruit dessert, ice-cream.

ALMOND WAFERS

Two-thirds cup blanched almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 2 tablespoons milk.

Grind or very finely chop almonds, then, in saucepan, mix with all other ingredients; stir over heat until butter melts. Drop teaspoons of mixture about 4in. apart on to greased and floured trays. Bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool slightly, but while still warm remove from trays and place over rolling-pin to shape; cool. Serve with bowl of whipped sweetened cream so everyone can spoon cream into the crisp lacy shells.

● *Almond Wafers.*

● *Chocolate Rum Slices.*

Color pictures in this book by Ian Mitchell and Barry Cullen



● *Toasted Almond Bread.*



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